May 25, 1940

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

hurst
Thompson

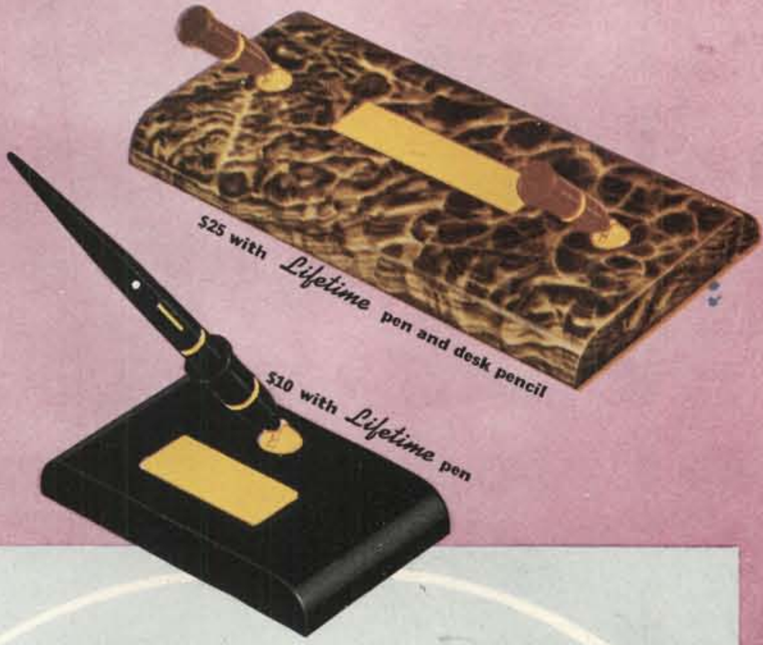
Beginning a story of War Intrigue on our own Doorstep

RAIN BEFORE SEVEN By JOHN AUGUST

JUNE
412 E
IOLA
KANS

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S [illegible]

May 25, 1940



$25 with *Lifetime* pen and desk pencil

$10 with *Lifetime* pen

For those starting new lives
Brides..Grooms..Graduates

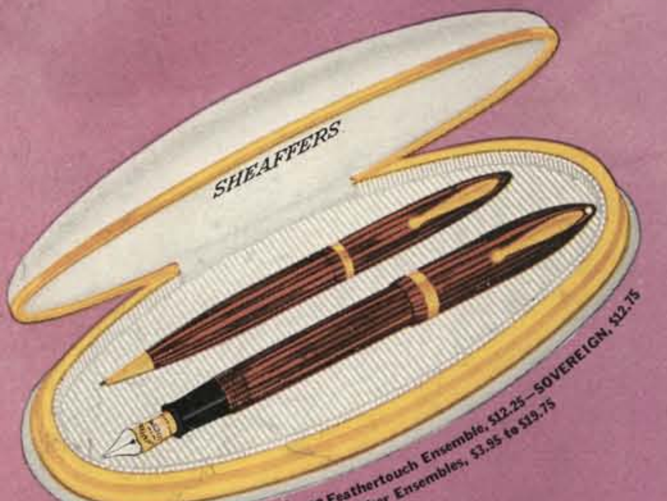
THE WHITE DOT *Lifetime**
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BESPEAKS LIFETIME SENTIMENTS

Brides and grooms—boy and girl graduates—all starting new lives—you wish them all of the best throughout life. And what gift better expresses your lifetime wish than a *Lifetime* gift itself? On every gift occasion, and every day thereafter, the proud White Dot on a Sheaffer's *Lifetime*° pen brings you to the owner's mind. You'll find recipients of Sheaffer's LIFETIMES value them more than almost any other gift . . . because they serve daily throughout their lives. Compare prices of fine gifts and you'll see that Sheaffer's are your logical choice—that the *Lifetime* pen, matched with the new permanently sharp Fineline pencil, costs less than other gifts that are the finest of their kind. Give Sheaffer's.

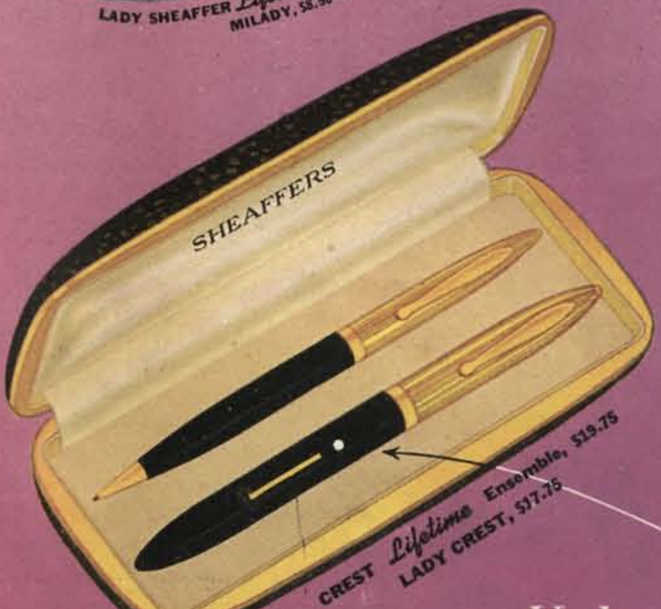
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IOWA, TORONTO, ONT., CAN.

°Sheaffer's guarantee-for-life has been faithfully carried out for the past 16 years and nationally advertised for the past 13 years—Other guarantees have come and gone—But no other comparable pen guarantee has been nationally advertised throughout even the past one year.

***Other companies can guarantee their pens for life—some do—but only Sheaffer pens can carry the trade-mark, "*Lifetime*"**



LADY SHEAFFER *Lifetime* Feathertouch Ensemble, $12.25—SOVEREIGN, $12.75
MILADY, $8.50—Other Ensembles, $3.95 to $19.75



CREST *Lifetime* Ensemble, $19.75
LADY CREST, $17.75

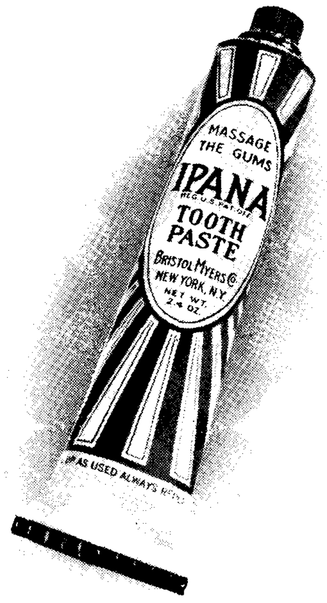
Unless it's **SHEAFFER'S**
it isn't a ***Lifetime**** - *Know the Pen by this White Dot*
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copyright, 1940
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

Do you see a Sturdy Youngster?
No! I see a Handsome Young Man of the Future.

What makes Him so Handsome?
His clean-cut Face and his Brilliant Smile!

Why is his Smile so Brilliant?
Probably because he started young to use Ipana and Massage.



Protect your smile! Help keep your gums healthier, your teeth brighter... with Ipana and Massage

HE'S pretty young, this rollicking boy, but he's old in the wisdom of proper dental care. For he already knows the importance of gum massage to healthy gums and sparkling teeth.

For, like thousands of other lucky youngsters these days, he has been taught in his classroom this lesson . . . one that many adults learn too late. He has learned that the soft, creamy foods we eat these days deprive our gums of the exercise they should have for vigorous health. Without it, gums often become sensitive, tender . . . and flash that warning tinge of "pink."

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a Warning!

The instant you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist!* Perhaps you aren't headed for serious trouble, but let him decide that. He, very likely, will simply say your gums have become tender . . . are warning you they need more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed to do more than clean teeth. Used with massage, Ipana helps invigorate the gums, aids them to better health. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That delightful "tang" you notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is pleasant evidence that you are stimulating your gums, helping them become firmer and stronger.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. Start now with Ipana and massage—for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more radiant smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction

WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers*
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI Mediterranean
MARTHA GELLHORN Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington

THIS WEEK

MAY 25, 1940

SHORT STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Spring Training. How to get your girl away from a ballplayer. Page 12

ERNEST HAYCOX
On Don Jaime Street. Pioneer towns have only two kinds of people. Page 16

WILLIAM MacHARG
Broken Glass. O'Malley makes it lead to a murderer. Page 19

JOHN and WARD HAWKINS
Double or Nothing. The best bet a golfer could lose. Page 21

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Good Guy, by Francis M. Cockrell. Page 17

SERIAL STORIES

JOHN AUGUST
Rain Before Seven. The first of ten parts. Beginning a new serial of love and espionage. Page 9

KATHLEEN NORRIS
The Secret of the Marshbanks. The seventh of twelve parts. Startling history. Page 64

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
When Mussolini Steps Down. Ciano steps up—with the aid of Mr. Muti. Page 11

S. DILLON RIPLEY
We Eat if They Do. Birds and what they do for us. Page 14

ALICE-LEONE MOATS
Britain's Best Bet. Meet the new ambassador. Page 18

CURTIS VINSON
Beauty and the Bull. Lady bullfighter. Page 20

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
First You Buy a Horse. Young Al Vanderbilt did, and now look. Page 22

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

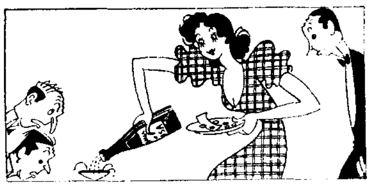
EDITORIAL
Who is Public Enemy No. 1? Page 78

COVER EARL OLIVER HURST

ANY WEEK

THE only substantial tip we have this week on the national outlook comes from Miss Edna T. Moskrip of Washington, D. C. She reports that "several of Mr. Roosevelt's inner circle have renewed two-year leases on their houses and apartments. Two of these gentlemen," says Miss Moskrip, "told their landlords that they wouldn't renew until they were assured that they would be in Washington four more years." We have written to Miss Moskrip asking her to find out who told them to renew their leases. We have a foolish vision of the lessees going to the White House for advice and being told, "Okay, boys, dig in for another term." But we hesitate to put all that faith in dreams.

AND a good thing we don't. Our skepticism is saving us twelve dollars, which we shall not send to Prime Minister Chamberlain. A lady we know will be disappointed. After Mr. Hitler rose early one morning and snatched Denmark and Norway, this lady took to her bed. While there she dreamed that the voracious Mr. Hitler had taken off from Norway in ten thousand airplanes and landed without ceremony in the well-bred Middleburg district of Virginia, arousing in the nice people of that area no end of disgust. Pulling herself together, our friend decided to do something worth-while for the Allies. Now she is serving nothing but domestic champagnes. The difference in price is going to the Allied war chest. Her decision has a patriotic angle as well—the consumption of an American product. She has written to us saying that she hopes that if we don't drink champagne we'll subscribe "any money that comes to you unexpectedly or that you save without intending to."



IN OUR earnest efforts to preserve our neutrality in the idiocy now prevailing in Europe we probably are oversensitive to propaganda. We have German friends who assure us that it is commonly said in England that "Britain regards Japan and the United States as the world's greatest yellow people." And then we hear from Englishmen that Germany regards us as "a nation of alcoholic cowards who haven't yet recovered from the fright you got in 1918." So we took it up with a French-Canadian who has recently got back from the Maginot Line. He told us that we were regarded by all factions in Europe as a "sucker nation." And he added: "England hopes that you prove it."

MISS MILDRED TAYLOR of Phoenix, Arizona, called upon a friend who had sprained her ankle. And naturally she asked her friend how it had happened. Miss Taylor's friend said nothing but weakly handed her visitor her lawyer's complaint: "The plaintiff was walking along and upon said sidewalk at a point near said hole in a generally easterly direction at a moderate and cautious rate of speed and for want of repair in said sidewalk at place aforesaid as herein above described said plaintiff's right foot in so walking fell into said hole and came violently into contact with said bottom and side of said hole and the same tripped said plaintiff and as a result thereof said plaintiff was violently thrown down and in so falling said plaintiff's body was violently thrown." Miss Taylor investigated and discovered that her friend had fallen into a hole in the pavement.

A THOUGHT from Mr. Fred Huntington of Billings, Montana: "If this isolationist bloc in Congress represents America, the Statue of Liberty should be holding up an ice-cream cone—soft ice cream."

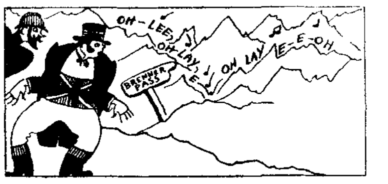
WE'VE just come back from Washington where, among our other ramblings, we dropped into the Social Security offices. We don't know much about what was going on although it seemed like a three-million-card monte game to us. A gentleman named Brazell offered to enlighten us. He had come in from Ohio to find out what was to be done about a pension applicant who didn't know where he was born, had no birth certificate, wasn't sure how old he was and couldn't swear that the name he had been known by for sixty years is really his. Mr. Brazell was referred to a lady employee who after listening to his story became slightly ruffled. Said she: "When are you people going to understand that we frown upon those who come in with unfriendly questions?" Mr. Brazell tried to explain. But she was firm. "Find out where the man was born, how old he is, what his real name is and what became of his birth certificate and we shall try to help you." So Mr. Brazell gave up. "Guess I'll support him myself," he sighed. "It would be cheaper."

WE'VE just opened a letter which ought to produce happier results. From Mr. Guillermo Staszeski of Buenos Aires, Argentina, we received the following: "I am one of the many readers of Collier's in this city and at the same time am very interested in American things. I should like to correspond with American people. That is why I shall be very thankful to you if you will be so kind as to make known my desire to change correspondence with person in the United States among the readers of your magazine by means of same."

WE HAVE a letter from an inmate of one of our larger penitentiaries. We had been given to understand that if one must go to a penitentiary, this one offered the sojourner the greatest possibilities in everything short of escaping. But our correspondent (who cannot, after all, be a very benighted fellow inasmuch as he reads Collier's every week, and thoroughly too) disillusions us. A tough stir. He tells us in some detail about the rigors of confinement within its walls and concludes with an entirely understandable statement. "This place," he writes, "ought to be busted wide open."

IN THE meantime a great many people are struggling with an idea planted in these pages some time ago by Mr. S. Dillon Ripley. He wrote, you remember, a foot-tickling article, "How to Get Away from It All." Apparently everybody wants to go to Mr. Ripley's Meheetia, where, they gather, it is impossible to be unhappy. We'd say, however, that Meheetia would do well to throw up breastworks. Here's a gentleman asking whether there is government relief in Meheetia. Another seeks free beach grants whereon to erect an amusement park and bathhouses. A man in Tulsa, Oklahoma, would like to open a movie theater and another in Los Angeles wants to build a tourist camp and a hot-dog kennel. We're asked whether one might find a wife in Meheetia—a wife with a few acres of cultivated land. And a mother in Bismarck, North Dakota, would like to go to Meheetia if there's a good high school for her two daughters. Of course Meheetia can do what she wants to about it. But we won't stand being told that we haven't warned her.

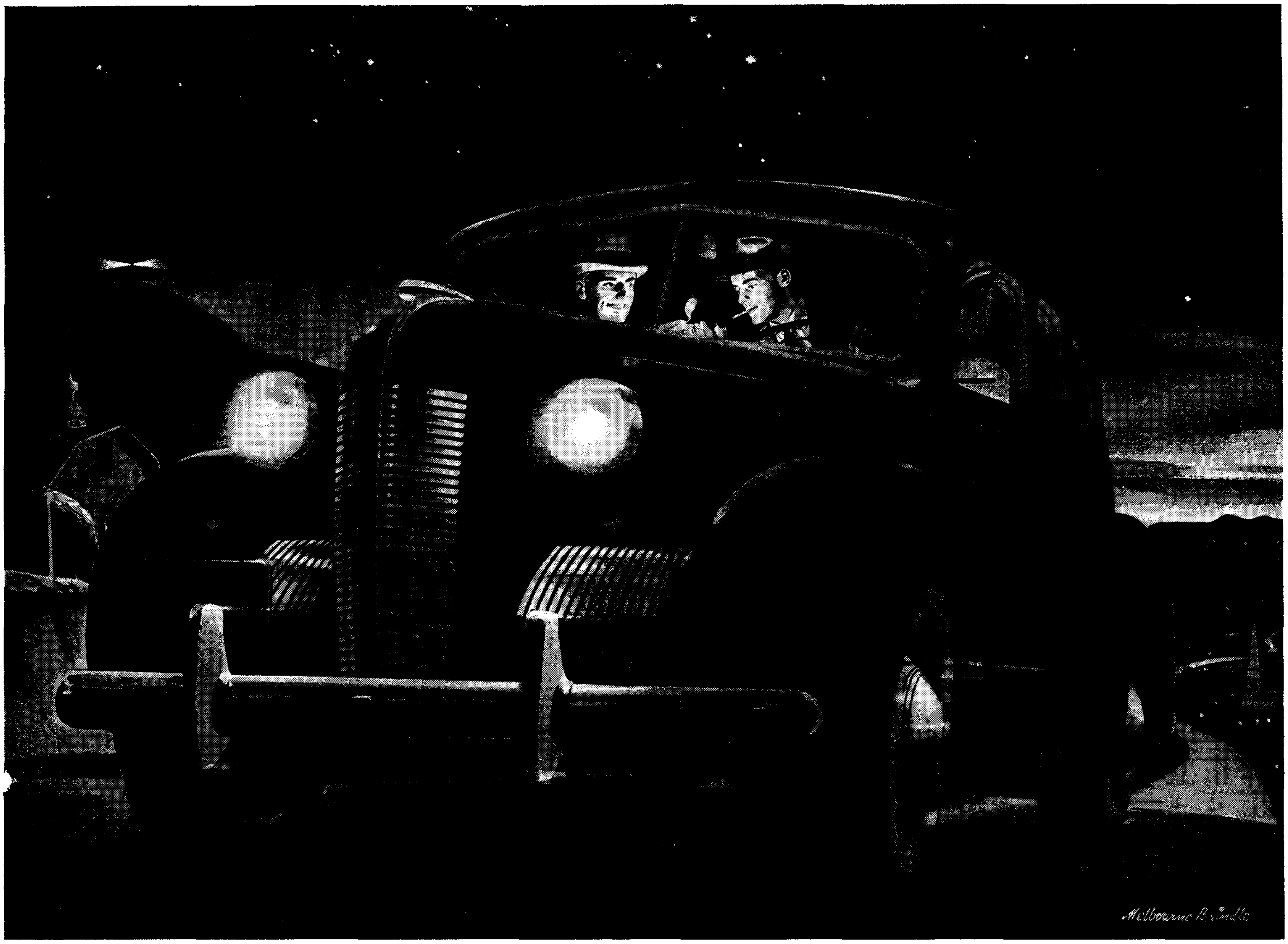
THEREFORE you can understand what a relief it is to get a letter like this one from Miss Kate Fenny of Brockton, Massachusetts. Writes she: "Where can I buy one of those raincoats you advertised last week? Quick, please, it's raining now."



WE HADN'T intended to say any more about war. Yet we feel as though we should help out Mr. Ed Detweiler of South Bend, Indiana. Mr. Detweiler can't understand why the Allies don't isolate Italy from Germany by blockading the Brenner Pass. "Of course," says Mr. Detweiler, "this means the taking of Switzerland. But that's the fashion these days. What are England and France afraid of?"

YODELERS. . . . W. D.

Vol. 105, No. 21. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



The most costly moment

IF YOU ARE a competent driver, this message is for you.

You appreciate the wisdom of never risking all the advantages gained through countless hours and innumerable miles of careful driving—in *one little moment* of carelessness or chance-taking.

That's the most costly moment! Turning to chat with someone in the car . . . fussing to get a smoke started . . . admiring the scenery . . . taking chances at a corner, or in trying to get around the fellow ahead.

There are many temptations to let that costly moment sneak in! The happiest, most accident-free motorist, however, doesn't indulge in those moments. You may be sure that throughout his motoring life:

- He attends to the business of driving—every moment.
- He doesn't seek alibis for speeding.
- He never tolerates alcohol at the wheel.
- He is doubly careful when driving in snow or on slippery, dangerous roads, in fog, rain, or at night.
- He checks the condition of his car regularly —especially brakes, tires, lights, vision.
- He knows and uses the correct hand signals.
- He knows and observes traffic and right-of-way rules.
- He has courtesy and consideration for other drivers and pedestrians.
- He is careful to have young folks taught to drive properly.

Driving is not the unconditional *right* of anyone. It is a privilege—for those properly trained, mentally alert, and physically fit to accept a driver's responsibilities.

As an aid to good driving, to help you safeguard yourself and your family, and to give the answers to many driving problems and emergencies, Metropolitan offers a free booklet, "Calling All Drivers." Send for your copy.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York, Dept. 640-C
Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Calling All Drivers."

Name____________________

Street____________________

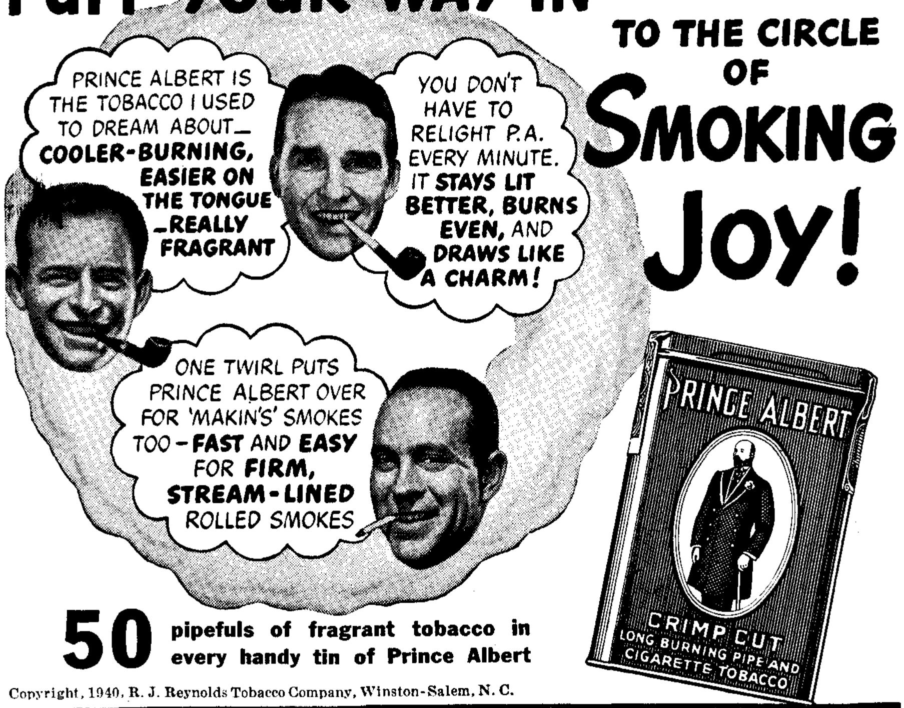
City________________State________

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.***

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AT A FIESTA IN THE SOUTHWEST
HO! HO! JUDGE, LOOK AT THE CAKE IN THIS PIPE — YOU COULDN'T HARDLY GET A PENCIL IN IT
WELL, I'M JUST TRYIN' TO GET MY PIPE TO SMOKE COOL
LET ME DIG THAT PIPE OUT FOR YOU — I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING
B-B-BUT, JUDGE, IT TOOK ME MONTHS TO GET THAT CAKE
NOW — THERE WE ARE — IT'S ALL LOADED AND READY FOR YOU TO TRY
AT LAST SOMEONE IS GETTING JOE TO TRY PRINCE ALBERT, THE COOL-BURNING TOBACCO
MAN ALIVE! EVEN WITHOUT A CAKE, THIS PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES COOLER, MILDER, AND TASTIER!
THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT — YOUR PIPE WILL CAKE UP BETTER WITH PRINCE ALBERT! AND THAT MEANS EVEN MORE SMOKING JOY!
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!

PUFF YOUR WAY IN


TO THE CIRCLE OF SMOKING JOY!
PRINCE ALBERT IS THE TOBACCO I USED TO DREAM ABOUT — COOLER-BURNING, EASIER ON THE TONGUE — REALLY FRAGRANT
YOU DON'T HAVE TO RELIGHT P.A. EVERY MINUTE. IT STAYS LIT BETTER, BURNS EVEN, AND DRAWS LIKE A CHARM!
ONE TWIRL PUTS PRINCE ALBERT OVER FOR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES TOO — FAST AND EASY FOR FIRM, STREAM-LINED ROLLED SMOKES
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The tuxedo made its first appearance in the cheap dance halls on the Bowery in New York City in the early nineties.

Automobile repairmen, ambulance operators and others who listen to short-wave police broadcasts of accidents and take advantage of the situation to get business, break the law and are subject to heavy penalties.

At the Davis Cup matches, held at the West Side Tennis Club in New York in 1914, McLoughlin of the United States defeated Brookes of Australia by a score of 17 to 15, the longest singles set ever to be played in one of these completed matches.

Standing in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is one of the few statues in the United States that symbolize and are dedicated to religious liberty. It was given to the American people in 1876 by the B'nai B'rith, the famous international Jewish organization.

The majority of the toupees worn by the bald-headed men of this country are made from women's hair.

Probably most of the stories about the origins of the 1,500,000 cattle brands registered in the West are legends. One such outstanding tale, still told and published as a true story, is that Burk Burnett adopted the famous brand "6666" in 1900 because he won his great Texas ranch in a poker game with a hand containing four sixes.

Two new devices are an electric razor that operates on a pocket-size dry battery and a machine that separates good seeds from bad ones.

A Midwestern railroad that rewards employees for suggestions on how to improve service and methods has adopted an average of twenty-five of their new ideas a week, during the past year, and paid as much as $750 for one of them.—*By George N. Crowell, Carbondale, Illinois.*

Although more than one third of New York City's population are Jews, none are ever found among the 8,500 unidentified dead that are buried in its potter's field each year, as the Hebrew Free Burial Association takes care of all such unclaimed bodies.

British Somaliland, a protectorate since 1884, with an area of 68,000 square miles and a population of 350,000, still does not have a railway, hotel, bank or European hospital.

The nutmeg tree is the only plant whose seed produces two common spices, nutmeg and mace, the latter being the dried arillode, or fibrous covering, of the nutmeg kernel.—*By Donald Barr, New York, New York.*

The powerful dissolving effect of digestive juices has been demonstrated by their action on various kinds of metals fed to rodents. In one case a steel ball bearing, while in the stomach of a rat for fifteen days, was reduced twenty-four per cent in weight.—*By Philip G. Knapp, Rochester, New York.*

Many registered trade-marks, solely owned by a manufacturer, have been so widely applied to similar products that they have become a part of our language and are found in dictionaries. Among them are autogiro, cellophane, ethyl, mercurochrome, parcheesi, pyrex, teletype and zipper.

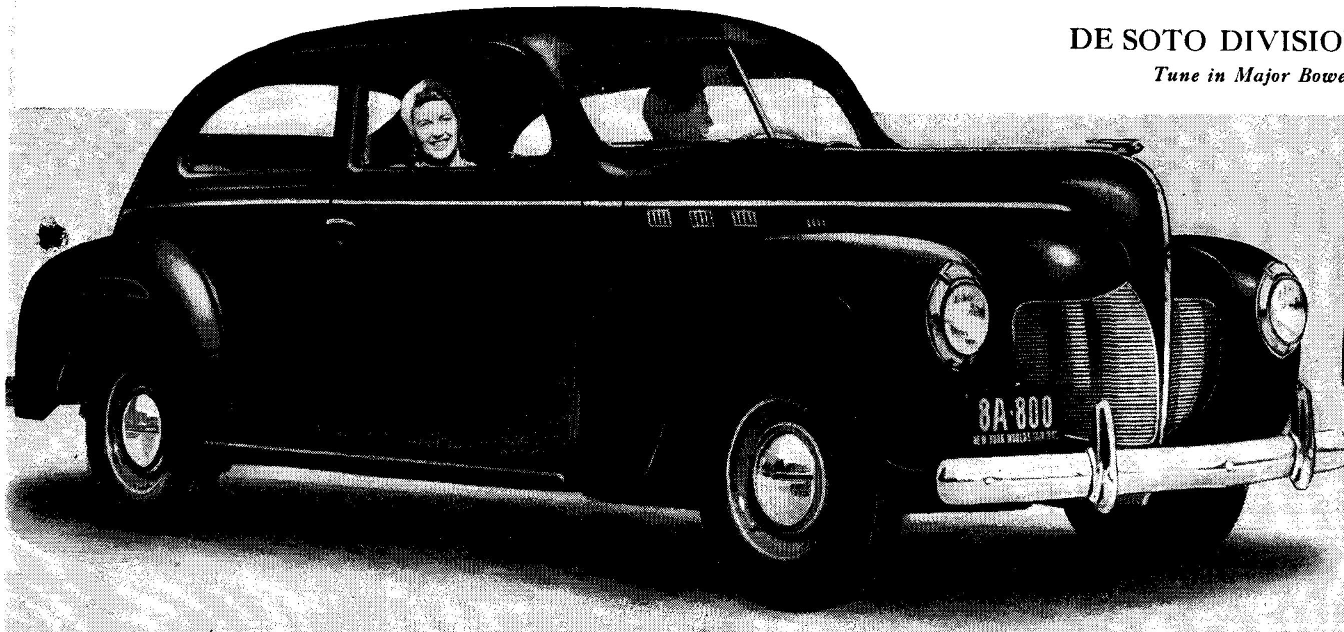
The recent statement in this column to the effect that passengers on common carriers may not legally carry motion-picture film applies only to inflammable (nitrocellulose) film, and not to the "safety" (cellulose-acetate) film used by amateur photographers.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

"I Stopped, Looked and Whistled"

It was love at first sight...and when I learned De Soto had 39 features not in my '37 car—that settled it. I stepped through that full-width door ...relaxed on that 51" wide seat ...took my first Floating Ride. It was wonderful...no bumps, no jar. De Soto has 100 "horses" under the hood—plenty of reserve power. You get the jump on traffic. Handy-Shift is up out of knees' way—plenty of room for 3 in front. When I discovered De Soto's made by Chrysler Corporation—priced $20 to $48 lower than last year—*I was sold!*

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION
Tune in Major Bowes...C. B. S., Thursdays, 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

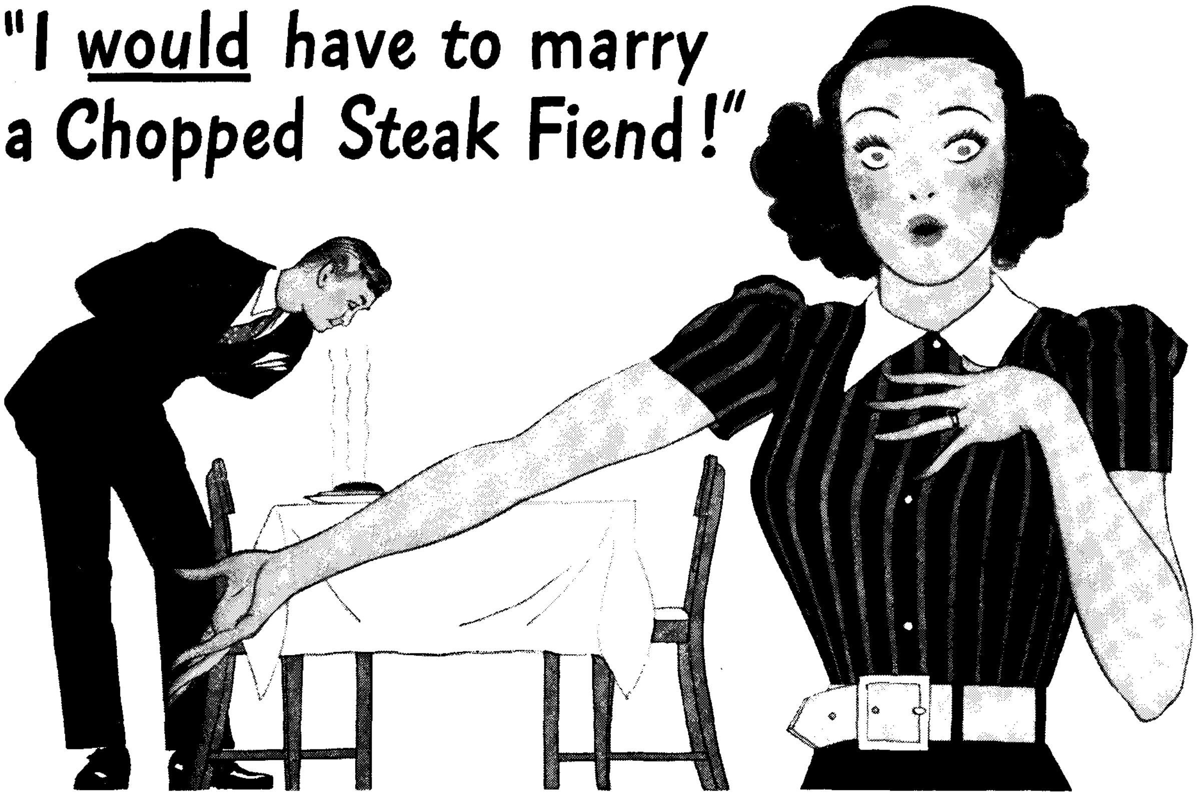


DE SOTO

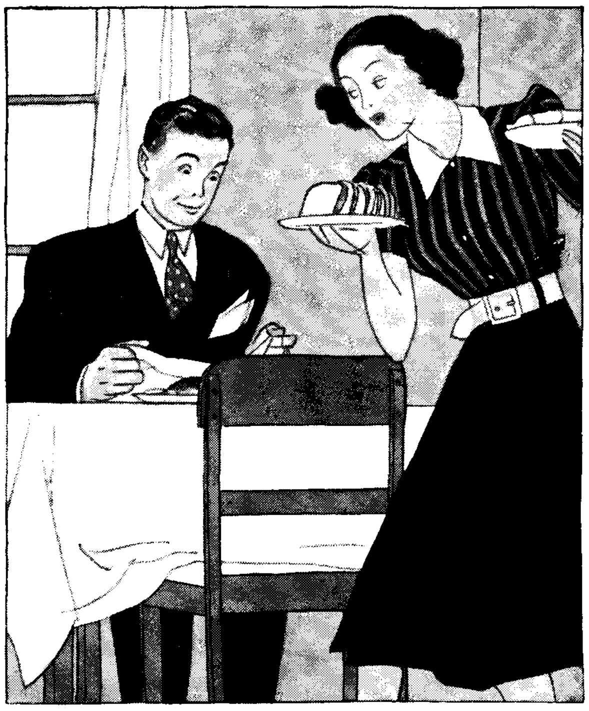
DE LUXE COUPE	DE LUXE SEDAN
$845	$905

Delivered at Detroit, Michigan. Federal taxes are included. Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, are extra.

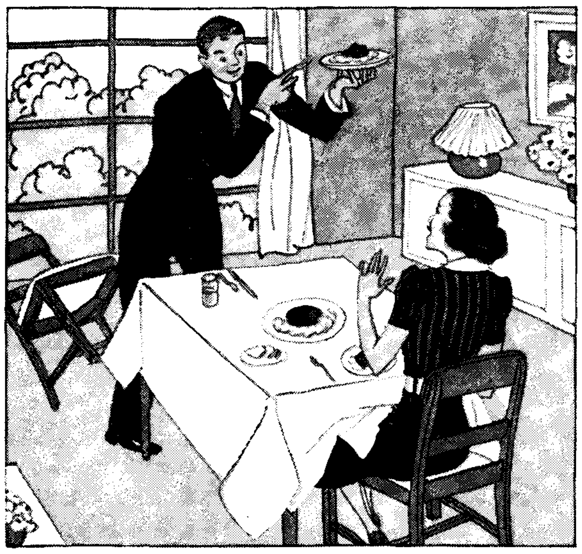
"I *would* have to marry a Chopped Steak Fiend!"



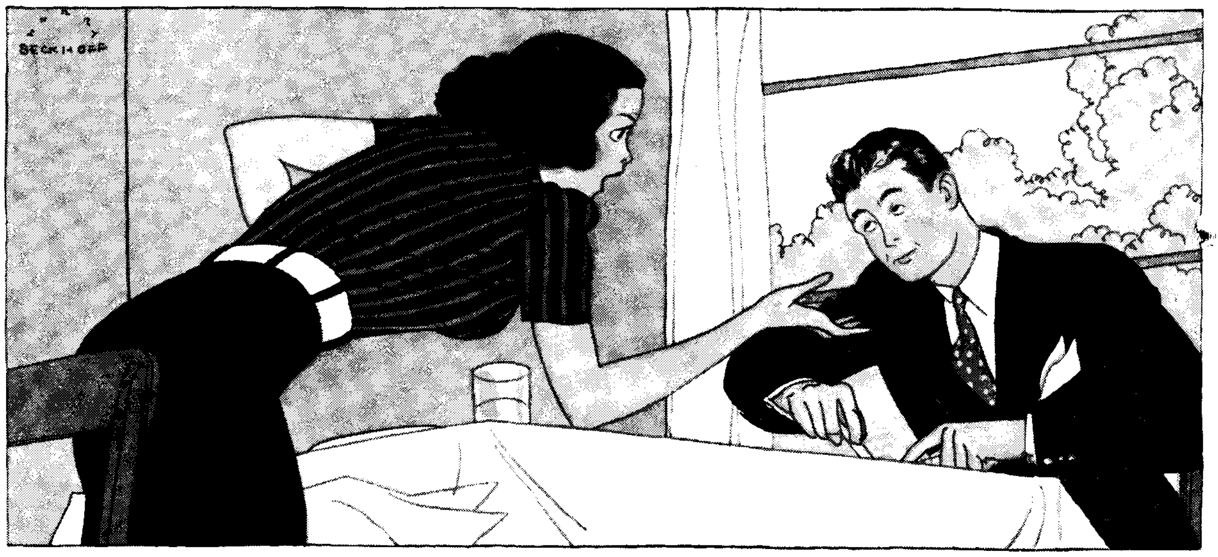
1. How my Frank hates it when I serve him food fixed just a little fancier than usual! So, I suspected trouble the night I tried a new recipe for chopped beef loaf. (The cook book called it "Hamburg Surprise.")



2. Goodness knows, it looked lovely on the table. There it was . . . tender, juicy meat loaf, garnished with tiny strips of pimiento and crisp parsley sprigs. And, on all sides, a fringe of well-browned potato patties. Frank *looked* impressed. Still, I'm never quite sure.

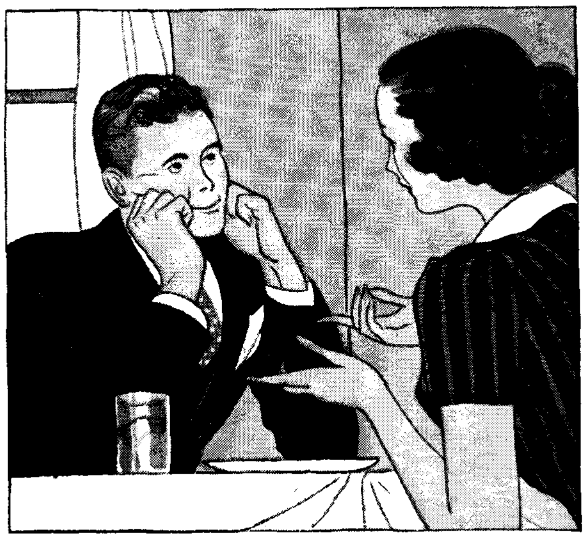


3. But when he'd finished eating, there was no mistaking his ear-to-ear grin. "Lady! Lady!" he blurted out. "Even in this disguise that's *real steer beef* flavor! It's *wonderful!* Imagine ordinary hamburger tasting like that!"



***4. That* got me!** "There's nothing ordinary about Birds Eye *Quick-Frozen* Chopped Steak!" I snapped. "It's *all* beef . . . made from round steak as fine as any the butcher sells. *Always* uniform . . . never too fat or too lean. And *always* chopped by knives . . . *never* ground to a pulp!"

5. "So . . ." Frank began. But I broke in. "So, Mr. Know-Nothing . . . not one bit of steak flavor is squeezed out! And not one jot *leaks* out either. Because *Quick-Freezing* seals the juicy goodness *in* till the chopped steak is ready for the table."



6. "Gosh!" Frank said, "I'm afraid to *ask* how much it costs!" That riled me all over again. "Look!" I said, "Birds Eye costs no more'n the best chopped steak you can buy anywhere. Besides, if you ever ran this kitchen, you'd *know* all Birds Eye Foods *save* us money!" (Frank never did get over this chopped steak. If *he* ran the house, he'd eat it every day and twice on Sunday!)

BIRDS EYE FROSTED FOODS
CHOPPED STEAK
Packed for FROSTED FOODS SALES CORPORATION NEW YORK, N.Y.
CHOPPED STEAK
CHOPPED STEAK

Here are a few of these wonderful foods!

Ocean-fresh Flounder Fillets
Corn-on-the-Cob
Strawberries—sliced for shortcake
Lobster Meat from Maine
Field-fresh Asparagus Tips
Broccoli—tender shoots only
Chopped Steak—never ground!
Stringless Green Beans
Spinach—washed, no sand
Garden-fresh Peas

And there are more than 50 others — all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today. Guaranteed.

FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES

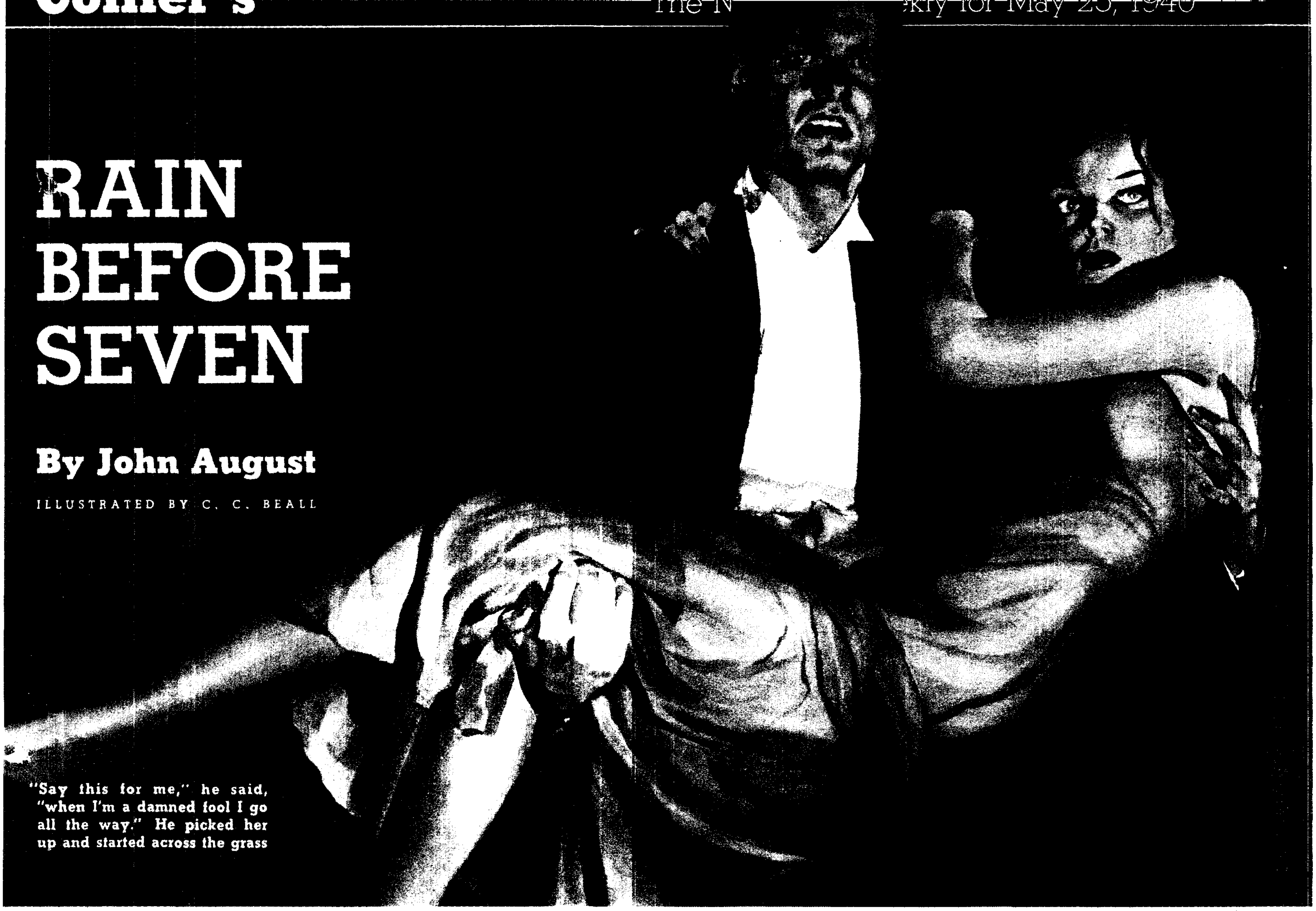
For more information, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corporation

7. Where can you buy these luscious foods? . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these grand foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only the *top* quality in Quick-Frozen foods. Therefore, be *sure* you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Collier's The N ekly for May 25, 1940



RAIN BEFORE SEVEN

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

"Say this for me," he said, "when I'm a damned fool I go all the way." He picked her up and started across the grass

Beginning a story of love and war—the great secret war now being waged on this side of the Atlantic

THE beginning was a careless good time in the gusty spring weather. Looking back, Hope Shaler was to remember with awed disbelief how innocent, how ignorantly carefree she had been on the brink of disaster.

That winter and spring the European war crowded steadily closer to Wallisport, Massachusetts. Since this was a neutral country, you were supposed to ignore the airplane carrier that was being built at the shipyard, the marines guarding the Naval reservation on the Point, the lighters towed out to Boar Island where the Navy had an ammunition dump, the eight Navy planes at the airport where there used to be only one, their regular flights out to sea, the searchlights that practiced crisscrossing in the night sky.

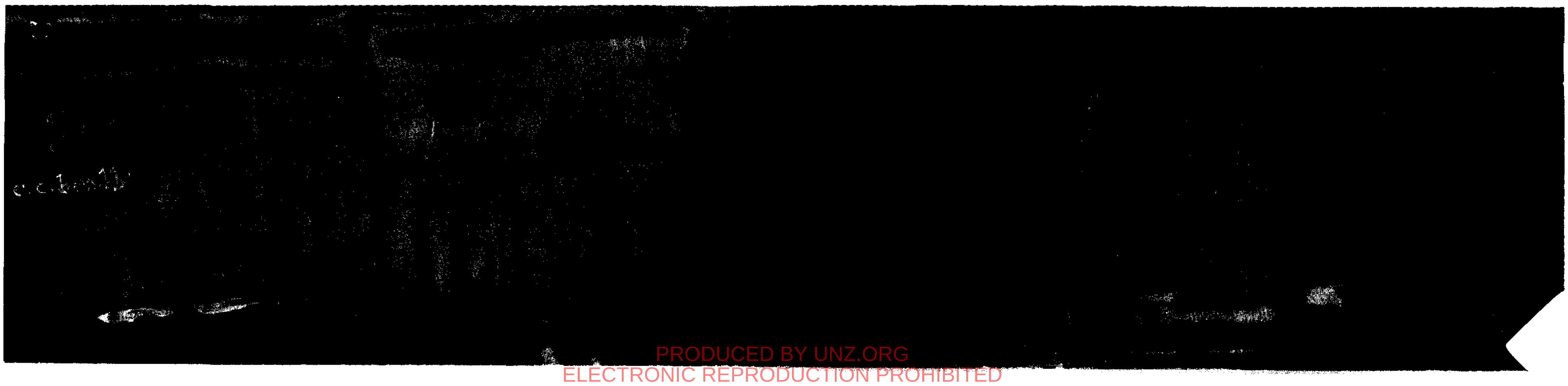
But there were things no one could ignore. The Gabriel Machine Tool Company was working three shifts a day—making machines for the makers of munitions. John Gabriel, the heir apparent, was in Washington so much and was so overworked when home that Hope Shaler was startled when he began to be aware of her. There were guards at the Gabriel mills, guards at the Wallisport Chemical Company, guards and a high wire fence which was said to be electrified at the transoceanic radio station on Sachem Head.

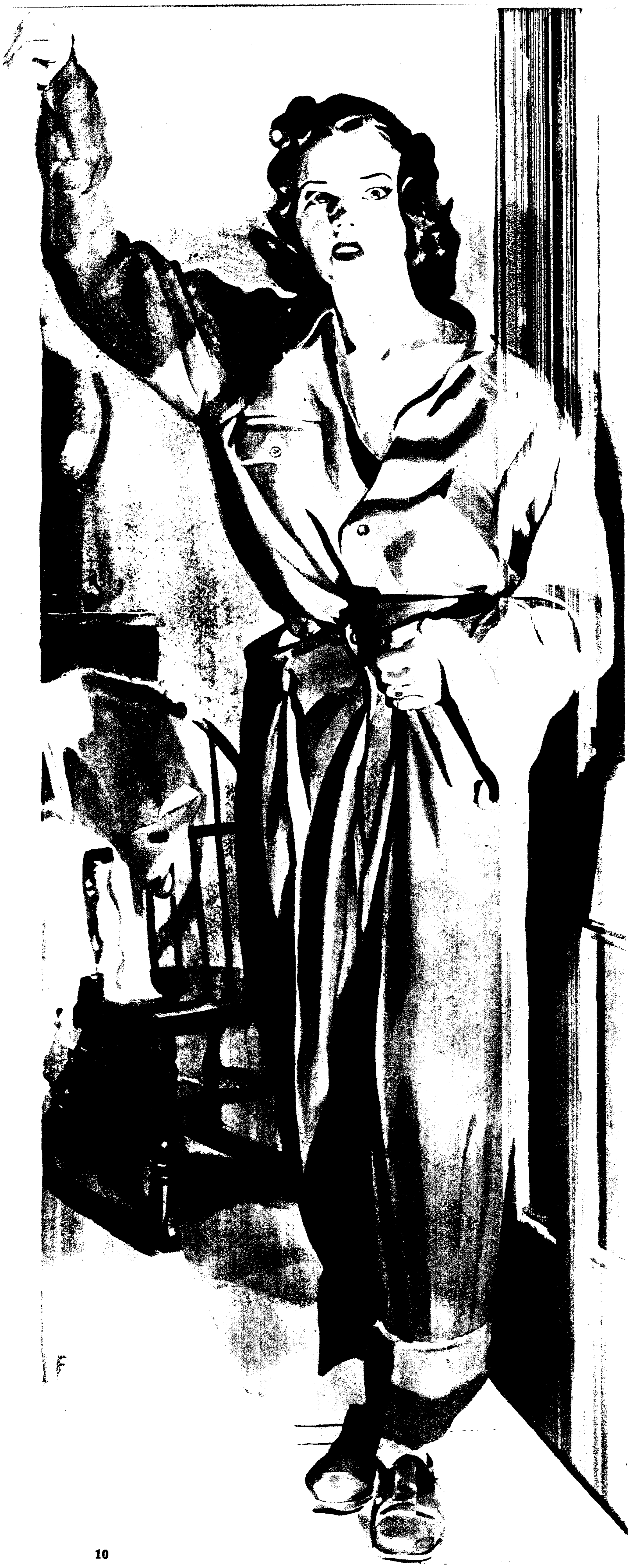
Wallisport was gay, hysterically gay. Everyone was always giving parties. People drank more, laughed louder, played games more intensely, drove farther to find more dangerous skiing in upper New England, got their boats into the water earlier. They worked so hard to have a good time, to forget the war, that you knew they couldn't forget it. Aunt Elinor said it had been like this when 1916 grew into 1917 and that other spring came on.

AND this winter and spring, for the first time in history, a lot of men were finding Hope Shaler attractive. That was the oddest war phenomenon of all, and Hope wasn't the only one who found it odd. "But the boyish figure hasn't had charm since 1926," Natalie Gabriel, John's widowed sister-in-law, protested. "You're an anachronism and men don't really like the long ago. Heavens! How a hip or two would improve you! And it would be wistful optimism if you put on a brassière."

Hope said, "Darling, no one would expect you to understand subtlety," but she agreed with Natalie. Subtlety was not the word for what her mirror showed. The lines of the long legs were creditable but the boyish waist and hips were dull, and black hair went badly with the blue eyes which, Caleb Thatcher said, proved there was an Irish scandal somewhere in the Shaler ancestry. Hope was honest, Grade-B Yankee stuff, serviceable but unesthetic—with a reputation for being erratic and a tongue like a file, and so full of character that it amounted to a calamity. She had a gift for excitement, not for exciting. The mirror knew why men had always thought of her as a testimonial for tweeds, brogues and outdoor exercise.

Natalie Gabriel found other things to say: "Men admire the girl who can work up an honest sweat at tennis; they admire the girl who's eager about politics; but there's no pulse beat in admiration. Frank friendship is pathological, dear; what's worse, it's suicidal."





She burst through the door to the big room. "You've got to get me home fast," she told him. "You've got to get me . . ."

"But maybe I'm a snow maiden," Hope said, "maybe in the last reel Robert Taylor wakes me to passion with a kiss." Maybe. But certainly there was nothing snowlike about Natalie's harmoniously rounded blondness and Natalie did not have to wait for Robert Taylor or the last reel. Aunt Elinor, who had brought Hope up in the white house at North Wallisport, was more disheartening still. She assumed that Hope would soon be helping her run the Women's Legislative League.

SO IT was confusing when Harvard boys week-ending on the South Shore began to act as if she looked like Natalie. In any given time she was getting rushed a lot. She still took late walks on the outer beach with Caleb Thatcher, who for ten years had treated her as just his caddie and gunbearer, but now she was definitely an embellishment at dances. At twenty, she was in competition—and an element of spice got into the gossip about her late hours and her erratic ways. That Wallisport regarded Caleb as a man of mystery and a dangerous radical added more spice, and presently John Gabriel showed signs of interest, though in a stately way of course. That was big news in Wallisport, where John was the crown prince, even though Caleb jeered.

"That bird will smooth out your angles fast, he'll pickle you in respectable behavior," Caleb said. "Before you rate Castle Gabriel, your guileless talent for running into four-alarm fires will have to be checked outside the church." Hope laughed, for ever since Caleb had begun letting a girl ten years younger than he tag after him, they had shared that talent for getting into scrapes. "All you know about respectable behavior is what you read about in Emily Post," she said, "and when they put you in the stocks for being a Red, the young crown princess will drop by and throw a cabbage at you."

The new phase had unpleasant moments. She was sitting on the balcony with Gregory Ashburn at a hunt-club dance and feeling how sad it was that Greg might be called home to England any time. His small Boston business was ready to be closed at a moment's notice, his small farm at Wallisport was for sale. Lots of Englishmen like Greg—handsome, serious, not awfully bright—were dying right now, maybe, and maybe Greg would be killed too. Suddenly Greg was kissing her. She felt sympathetic and tearful—and without warning it turned from kissing to pawing. Revulsion surged in her, and she pulled away.

"Sorry!" he said in a harsh, grating voice, as if she had insulted him.

THE next night a gale blew spray over Persis Neck and, sure enough, she went to get Caleb to walk in it. All that was left of the once extensive Thatcher property was what had been a shooting lodge fifty years ago when there were ducks down where Witchcraft Creek edged through a marsh to the sea. Before they started, she told Caleb about that kiss. He gave a derisive hoot.

"Don't be moral—be sensible. Since when has it been a crime to make a pass at a pretty girl?"

Hope, who was stretched out on his leather couch, bridged like a wrestler on her head and heels, blew hair out of her eyes, and said, "Look what's calling me pretty! Don't exert yourself, darling. Just tip me a dime."

Caleb's thin, Yankee face got stern. "Pull down your sweater, cover your knees and act twenty years old!"

"Aw, it's just an old last year's rag—and they're bony."

"Sure, but compelling to the eye. Somebody ought to bawl you out. When I went away three years ago you were just a cub—about as seductive as a rag doll. I come back and find all that changed."

She sat up. "Dear Dorothy Dix, am I seductive now? No, wait, let me guess."

"And how much virtue does any dinner table leave you when talk gets around to how you bum about with a bum like me?"

Well, probably the people who thought her erratic would like to think her immoral. The people who called him a Red called him dissolute too. Everyone thought he had left Wallisport because Natalie French had married Mark Gabriel. Everybody thought he was back now because Natalie had been a widow for more than a year. For that matter, Hope thought so too, if it was any of her business.

What Wallisport principally held against Caleb was that he had been in the Spanish Loyalist army for the last six months of that war. She couldn't make him say anything about it, except that he'd just driven a truck without seeing any fighting, which she thought was a lie. That war service made him a Red to Wallisport. The rest was just that he had always gone his own way and that some years ago he had been a labor reporter on a Boston paper. She would have liked to know about Caleb and that war but it didn't make any difference to their ten years' companionship. But now she realized that there was a change—though that change didn't make any difference, either.

EXPLAINING this novelty, she said: "You might make a pass at me. I never realized that, but it's true. If you happened to want to, you would. The difference is, you'd be honest about it. You wouldn't count on my being a setup because maybe you would soon be shot—and if he is, watch me run up a flag and cheer."

Caleb grinned, "Well, if sometime you happen to look feminine, watch out." A change came into that grin and, with a surprising expertness, he grabbed her and kissed her. He said, seriously, "Even Wallisport can be right, you idiot. Sure I'm ten years older than you, but that doesn't make me senile."

Hope sputtered into laughter: "You're so old-fashioned and honorable, Caleb! Thanks, I'll watch out."

So they went out to walk where spray was blowing clear across the Neck. It was all so lighthearted! Whatever the town thought of Caleb, she could count on having a good time with him. She was to remember thinking that. To remember thinking that another man had kissed her and so many men had been kissing her that maybe Hope Shaler was having a kind of spring flowering. It was a gay idea to carry through windy darkness beside the boiling sea—and dreadful things such a little way away.

Curiously, it was getting angry at John Gabriel over Caleb that first showed how she was beginning to feel about John. He had said, mournfully, "I suppose defiance is attractive. Girls like the sense of danger. But I wish you'd think things out more carefully." John had made such hints before and she was furious. "That's stupid and unfair!" she said. "You keep calling Caleb a radical—in Wallisport anyone is a radical who knows what John L. Lewis' middle initial stands for. I wish you would stop thinking like a bank

(Continued on page 30)

When Mussolini Steps Down

By Frank Gervasi

BY CABLE FROM ATHENS

When Il Duce is gone, his son-in-law, Galeazzo Ciano, will carry on. Anybody who has different ideas about this is due for some bad news—in the person of the toughest Fascist of them all, the iron-jawed gentleman at the right, Ettore Muti

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BRICARELLI

WHEN Young Galeazzo Ciano captained his "La Disperata" squadron in Ethiopia, a tall, broad-shouldered man who looked and moved like a light-heavyweight boxer always slept outside the tent of Il Duce's son-in-law, with an automatic within instant reach and eyelids partially open.

This man was Ciano's co-pilot, Ettore Muti. War correspondents who wondered why Ciano needed protection from highly unlikely Ethiopian prowlers were told that, after all, one cannot rise as rapidly as Ciano has in Fascist politics without acquiring a few non-Ethiopian enemies.

After the Ethiopian affair newspapermen lost track of Muti. They never heard of him again until October 31st of last year. Then a brief communiqué appeared in the Italian press, announcing that Ettore Muti had been made secretary general of the Fascist party. He had become Blackshirt Number Three, one place removed from Il Duce himself.

This was an important job to give to an unknown. Italians who did not know he was Ciano's bodyguard, that he had fought in the first World War, in the African campaign and in Spain, spun myths about his past.

They said he was the man who assassinated Giacomo Matteotti, the Socialist who in 1924 was found in a gunnysack with the broken end of a steel file in his back. This could not be true. The job was not in Muti's style. Muti would have drilled Matteotti between the eyes with a thirty-eight. Or he would have bashed in the liberal's face with a club. But a file in the back—never.

Other mythologists related the story of how Muti, hearing that two Italian Fascists had been attacked in a Paris honky-tonk, raided the place singlehanded, brought down five Frenchmen in a gunfight and escaped to Italy without stopping to have his own wounds tended.

The story got around, too, that Muti, in introducing himself to strangers, shakes hands saying, "Muti, five murders for the Fascist cause," as one might say, "Smith, manager of the Ajax chain stores."

About all these stories there is only one true common denominator. Muti is very tough. Furthermore, he is the first man to burst through the arid topsoil of Italian Fascist politics since diplomat Dino Grandi and flyer Italo Balbo. He, like them, has won the sympathies of the Italian people. And without a black beard, either.

For this there are two reasons. Forty-eight hours after Muti displaced the flyweight-sized Achille Starace as party chief, every crooked politician in Italy was out of his job or had quietly shot himself rather than face charges of corruption.

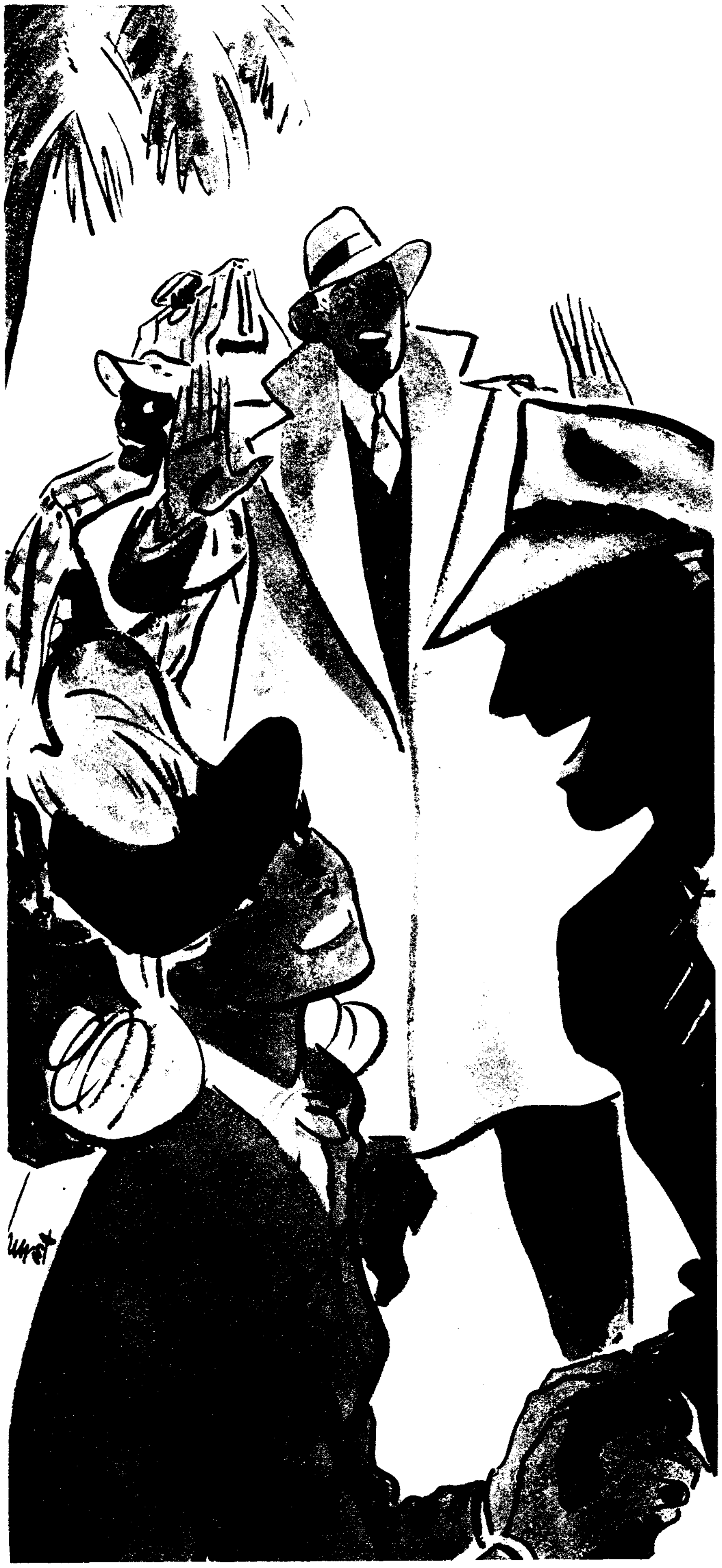
Secondly, Muti really looks like what he is—a man who loves his danger highly spiced and his women highly Spanish; he is *(Continued on page 56)*

Spring Training

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Explaining a man who did not want to meet the girl he loved



"Hey, break it up, you two," Buck shouted. "Give me a chance to be welcomed"

MIKE WITHERS, who works in my service station, saw it first in the papers and showed it to me. He was grinning all over, and he said, "Hey, Chief—you'll love this. The Ramblers are spring training here in Sunrise."

So I said, "Gee, that's swell," because it was what he expected me to say, on account of me having been utility infielder with the Ramblers for three years. But I really wasn't a bit happy about it.

On account of Ellie.

The Ramblers doing their Florida stuff in Sunrise meant that Buck Harrison would be there, and Buck Harrison meant Ellie. It meant Ellie because Buck had been married to her for more than a year now. He'd bring Ellie with him, and I didn't want to see her again—ever.

A guy can't help it if he's still in love with a girl, can he? Even if she is married to someone else.

Sure, I told Mike it was swell that the Ramblers were coming, but if I'd spoke the truth I'd have said I thought it was a lousy break. I'd have said I'd been trying to get away from Ellie ever since I left the club, after finding out that she and Buck Harrison were going to get married. I'd have admitted that I'd got away from her, but that I'd never got her out of my mind, and seeing her again would only put me back to where I started from.

Of course, there was an off chance that Ellie wouldn't come along with Buck. Or I might leave town, but there wasn't any percentage in that because my service station is a one-man-and-helper business that wouldn't run so well under its own power, and spring training for a major-league ball club isn't a matter of just a few days. It's weeks. So it was diamonds to ditchwater that I'd have Ellie and Buck underfoot for quite some time. I knew the other lads would be noticing things and that I'd have to play the good sport. Well, that's a swell role to read about, but I knew it wouldn't be so pleasant around this gas station, because I'd always felt like it was half Ellie's anyway.

LONG, long ago when I'd been up there in the majors as utility man with the Ramblers, Ellie and I had figured things out. We didn't kid ourselves. Like I told her one night, "What's the use of making believe? I'm the kind of ballplayer you can buy for a dime a dozen. I'm all right until somebody good comes along. So then what? So then I'm back in the minors but with this difference: that I've already had my big chance, and there won't be another. If we're going to discuss this getting-out business, Sugarfoots—let's do it that way. Let's admit that I've got a future, but it ain't in baseball."

Ellie seemed pretty fond of me then, fond enough to wear a ring and make out that we were engaged. So she said a lot of nice things about me low-rating myself and she wouldn't stand for me to do it, but finally her hard common sense got in its licks and she said she saw what I was driving at, and why didn't I get out while the getting was good and use my savings to buy a gas station down in Florida and start building for the future. Maybe—this was how she figured—I'd some day own half the gas stations there, and they could be painted special colors so motorists would know that when they saw that color they'd get the best service . . . you know: crazy stuff that youngsters dream about and that all seems plausible and wonderful even though you know it won't work out, except that you think maybe it will in your case. Provided you've got Ellie stringing along with you.

And I was doing pretty good at that. My station was mine; no mortgage or anything like that. I was living nice, and putting dough in the bank every week. I was a solid citizen of a solid little town. I liked it. I liked it fine. It just got lonely after a while. And now the Ramblers and Ellie and Buck had to come along when I'd begun to think I was set for life.

Even if I'd mentioned Ellie to anybody in Sunrise, it wouldn't have registered. Of course, if I'd said, "She's Buck Harrison's wife"—well, that would have been different. Everybody knew Buck Harrison. He had blazed up like a rocket three years before, and had been exploding ever since.

I AIN'T got anything special against Buck. Except maybe that he not only pitches southpaw but he thinks that way, too. And I certainly couldn't figure him out a dope because he fell for Ellie. As for her liking him, well, what girl wouldn't?—especially if she was nuts about baseball the way Ellie was? At that time Buck was baseball itself, triple distilled and bottled in bond. When the sports writers said he was phenomenal, they were pulling their punches. In the box that guy had everything—plus. Curves, breaks, control, shrewdness and a fast one that you couldn't even see.

The only thing I had against Buck—the only thing any of the boys had against him—was his own opinion of Buck Harrison.

The local paper was full of what they called "the impending visit of that superlative ball club, the Ramblers, with their outstanding twirling ace, Buck Harrison . . ." and they repeated themselves so often that they had to interview me, and I was a real hot-shot.

Only I couldn't sleep so good at night, thinking of Ellie.

One night I like to've went nuts, and I read over some of her letters. Especially the one she wrote to me to announce she was marrying Buck. I don't know why I bothered to read it. I could recite it by heart. Let me see . . .

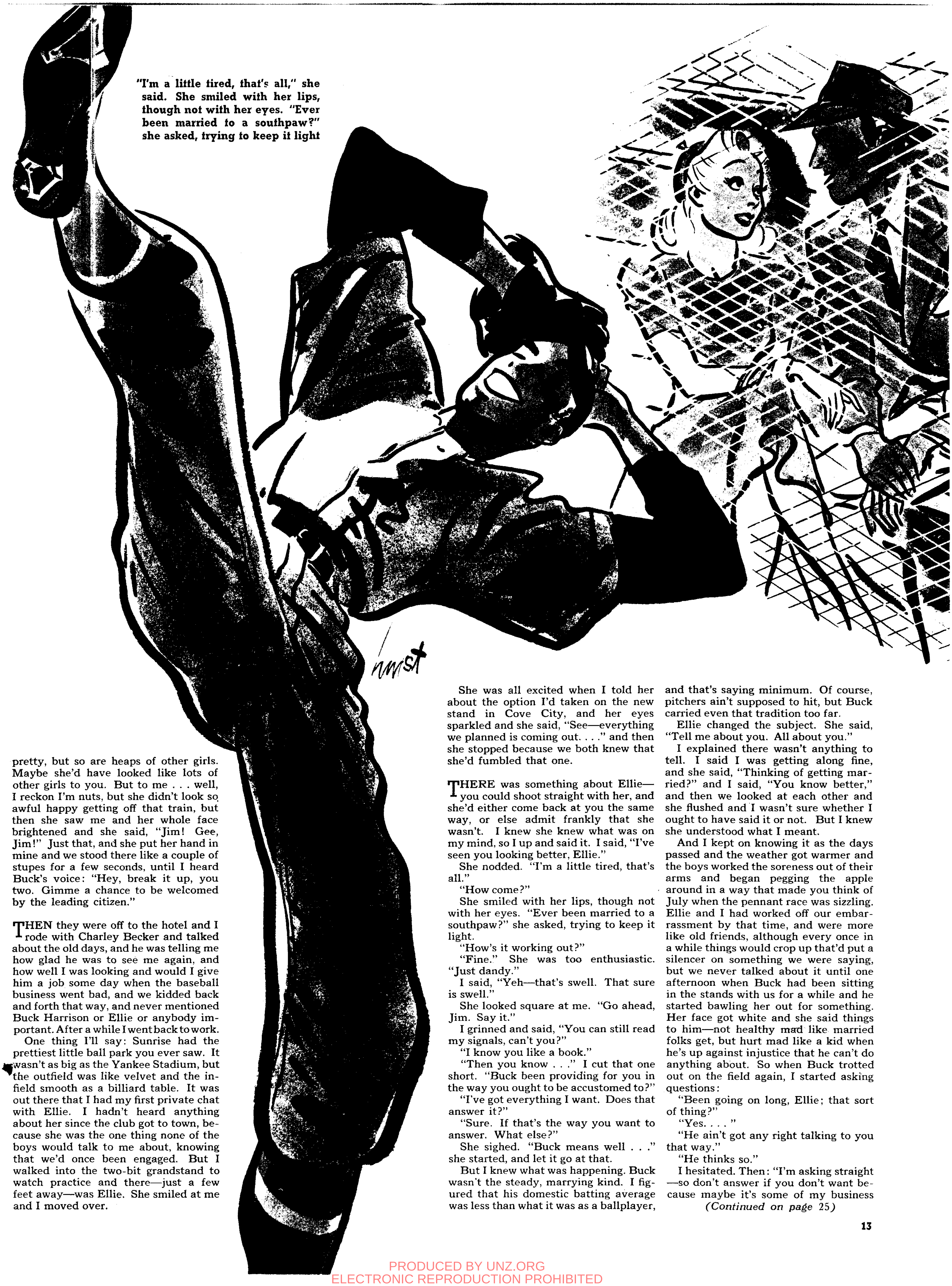
". . . and I would have said yes long ago, except that I didn't want to hurt you. I don't ever want to hurt anybody, Jim—especially you. But here I am doing it, because, Jim—I'm getting married to Buck Harrison.

"That's about all there is to it, Jim—and you understand what it means. But I also want you to understand how much you always have meant to me, and always will . . . and that I'm hoping your dreams come true and that you build up that big chain of gas stations and become real rich, and that you find a wife a lot worthier of you than I am. . . ."

The big chain of gas stations! Well, I still had that to tie to. Just recently I'd taken an option on a honey of a stand in Cove City. It was better than this Sunrise one, and I was fixing to take it over soon as I found the right man to help me. But shuh! when you've planned that sort of thing with a certain girl in mind, and the girl is married to somebody else . . . it's like sitting down to the swellest meal in the world when you ain't hungry.

I WAS at the station to meet them, because I'd figured out that there wasn't any chance of avoiding them and I might as well meet 'em first as last. So I shook hands with Charley Becker, the manager, and a lot of the boys I knew, and then Ellie came along.

I won't get sloppy about what I felt, but I'm admitting I felt it. If you could have seen her, maybe you'd have wondered why. She was little and trim and



"I'm a little tired, that's all," she said. She smiled with her lips, though not with her eyes. "Ever been married to a southpaw?" she asked, trying to keep it light

pretty, but so are heaps of other girls. Maybe she'd have looked like lots of other girls to you. But to me . . . well, I reckon I'm nuts, but she didn't look so awful happy getting off that train, but then she saw me and her whole face brightened and she said, "Jim! Gee, Jim!" Just that, and she put her hand in mine and we stood there like a couple of stupes for a few seconds, until I heard Buck's voice: "Hey, break it up, you two. Gimme a chance to be welcomed by the leading citizen."

THEN they were off to the hotel and I rode with Charley Becker and talked about the old days, and he was telling me how glad he was to see me again, and how well I was looking and would I give him a job some day when the baseball business went bad, and we kidded back and forth that way, and never mentioned Buck Harrison or Ellie or anybody important. After a while I went back to work.

One thing I'll say: Sunrise had the prettiest little ball park you ever saw. It wasn't as big as the Yankee Stadium, but the outfield was like velvet and the infield smooth as a billiard table. It was out there that I had my first private chat with Ellie. I hadn't heard anything about her since the club got to town, because she was the one thing none of the boys would talk to me about, knowing that we'd once been engaged. But I walked into the two-bit grandstand to watch practice and there—just a few feet away—was Ellie. She smiled at me and I moved over.

She was all excited when I told her about the option I'd taken on the new stand in Cove City, and her eyes sparkled and she said, "See—everything we planned is coming out. . . ." and then she stopped because we both knew that she'd fumbled that one.

THERE was something about Ellie—you could shoot straight with her, and she'd either come back at you the same way, or else admit frankly that she wasn't. I knew she knew what was on my mind, so I up and said it. I said, "I've seen you looking better, Ellie."

She nodded. "I'm a little tired, that's all."

"How come?"

She smiled with her lips, though not with her eyes. "Ever been married to a southpaw?" she asked, trying to keep it light.

"How's it working out?"

"Fine." She was too enthusiastic. "Just dandy."

I said, "Yeh—that's swell. That sure is swell."

She looked square at me. "Go ahead, Jim. Say it."

I grinned and said, "You can still read my signals, can't you?"

"I know you like a book."

"Then you know . . ." I cut that one short. "Buck been providing for you in the way you ought to be accustomed to?"

"I've got everything I want. Does that answer it?"

"Sure. If that's the way you want to answer. What else?"

She sighed. "Buck means well . . ." she started, and let it go at that.

But I knew what was happening. Buck wasn't the steady, marrying kind. I figured that his domestic batting average was less than what it was as a ballplayer, and that's saying minimum. Of course, pitchers ain't supposed to hit, but Buck carried even that tradition too far.

Ellie changed the subject. She said, "Tell me about you. All about you."

I explained there wasn't anything to tell. I said I was getting along fine, and she said, "Thinking of getting married?" and I said, "You know better," and then we looked at each other and she flushed and I wasn't sure whether I ought to have said it or not. But I knew she understood what I meant.

And I kept on knowing it as the days passed and the weather got warmer and the boys worked the soreness out of their arms and began pegging the apple around in a way that made you think of July when the pennant race was sizzling. Ellie and I had worked off our embarrassment by that time, and were more like old friends, although every once in a while things would crop up that'd put a silencer on something we were saying, but we never talked about it until one afternoon when Buck had been sitting in the stands with us for a while and he started bawling her out for something. Her face got white and she said things to him—not healthy mad like married folks get, but hurt mad like a kid when he's up against injustice that he can't do anything about. So when Buck trotted out on the field again, I started asking questions:

"Been going on long, Ellie; that sort of thing?"

"Yes. . . . "

"He ain't got any right talking to you that way."

"He thinks so."

I hesitated. Then: "I'm asking straight—so don't answer if you don't want because maybe it's some of my business

(Continued on page 25)

The Cedar Waxwing (above, left) gets a glad welcome home at lunchtime. Entree, insects; dessert, caterpillars; and it takes an astonishing amount of each to keep this family contented. Directly above is an Indigo Bunting about to take off with a fine grasshopper. Such harmful insects form a very large part of his diet

Cardinals (left) belong to that large group of birds that keep down weeds by eating tons of weed seeds yearly, which is very helpful to farmers even though some seeds are thus disseminated. All of the pictures shown on these pages were made with infinite skill and patience by Dr. A. A. Allen, Professor of Ornithology, Cornell University

The air-mail, special-delivery lunch for the Junco fledglings (below, left) consists of insects, but they'll grow up to become indefatigable consumers of weed seeds the year around. The Thrush (below) has also discovered that nesting time is a perpetual mealtime

The Humming Bird, nesting at the right, is one of our tiniest and loveliest birds, one you usually see hovering daintily before a blossom as he sips nectar. But a substantial portion of his diet consists of spiders—some nearly as big as he is. The bird at the far right is a Whiteheaded Woodpecker. Woodpeckers are death on insects that live in your trees

WE EAT IF THEY DO

By S. Dillon Ripley

These are the birds that eat the insects that would eat the crops that we eat. We hope they stay on the job

THE birds go south in the autumn and come back in the spring. But what if they hadn't come back this year? What if something happened and they never came back?

By August of the first year I can visualize a scene something like this: Leaving the house, you walk across the lawn and down toward the fields. The grass is sparse and there are anthills everywhere among the stiff stalks. You can see right through the trees because the leaves are all small and new and rather crumpled-looking. Already they are beginning to yellow. You can tell the sap is running low because this is the third set of leaves so far this summer.

The field is much the same as the lawn. You scuffle through a tangled mass of pigweed. Only a few shriveled stalks of your oat crop rear up through the choking growth. At the noise of your coming a million grasshoppers take the air. There is a ditch at the end of the field with a little water in it. Our worst worry of all is the streams. If the trees die, we will have a hard time conserving our water supply. The outlook for ten years hence is extremely serious.

The orchard is even worse than the field. The trees are covered with white shrouds, tent caterpillar nests with long, woven runways leading to the fruit. The apples are wizened and scarred by worms. Only a few bees circle about drowsily, most of them having died off from the scarcity of flowers. The roar of grasshoppers has died away and the only sound is the queer, clicking sound of insects eating, that frightening noise of a trillion knitting needles working in unison.

Suddenly there is another roar. You look up in time to reach for your oxygen mask and adjust it. A plane goes over very low, spraying behind it a cloying blanket of whitish gas. It is all a futile effort. A few million insects will be killed but that will be nothing. Without the birds our forces will need to be organized a hundred times more efficiently if we are to combat the insects.

At first, when the birds failed to come back it was a matter of interest only to the bird lovers. The newspapers ran a few editorials about the mystery of our feathered friends not turning up on their appointed rounds. Then there were early crop failures. The boll weevil destroyed most of a $500,000,000 cotton crop. The fruit went too. The grain crops were severely damaged and in some sections entirely lost. Cotton screening saved a part of the garden crop but had no effect at all in the West, where a plague of locusts ate right through the screens. All of this had its effect upon livestock production, which was cut in half. A worm that feeds on oysters multiplied greatly and destroyed a large part of the oyster beds, all because a particular sandpiper hadn't come back to feed on larvae of the worm.

Our Unpaid Allies

This is a part of what would happen if the birds didn't come back. In order to understand the possibilities a little better, let us look at the free service the birds render us when they do return. We don't pay a cent for it. It's as much taken for granted as the wind or rain. And it's just as important.

Not long ago an expert survey was made in one of the South Atlantic states. The early crops were being damaged by a small insect known as the wheat aphid. This little fellow had the situation so well in hand that it was a question whether there would be anything left of the wheat, rye or oat crops. That was in early March.

By the beginning of April the spring migration had started. From farther south waves of birds began to arrive, warblers and orioles, goldfinches and sparrows. All through April they came, and May. By mid-May they had gone, but other birds replaced them and stayed to nest all through June. The effect on the infinitesimal aphid was devastating. It was estimated that something like ninety billion aphids alone were being eaten every day in that state. The total haul for three months at that rate would be enough to make a solid wall of aphids fifteen inches high around the earth at the equator.

These figures sound spectacular, but they are nothing of the kind. Every year in that period of indecision known as early spring there is a sudden activity among the birds that have deserted us in the North for so many months. Under that mysterious impetus known as the migration instinct they begin to wander in search of new feeding and nesting grounds.

At the same time there comes a marked shift in the diet of many birds. During the winter months, even in the south, where insects are plentiful, birds have a tendency to eat a much greater quantity of vegetable food. But in the spring there is a change. Experts on the subject might call it a desire for proteins. Whatever it is, the birds begin to eat more animal food, which means for the smaller birds insects of whatever kind happen to be available. In the instance just cited it happened to be aphids. Don't forget, however, about the billions of billbugs, leaf hoppers, wireworms and clover-root borers that were being consumed at the same time along with cutworms, white grubs, chestnut and cotton boll weevils, not to mention horseflies, gypsy moths and tent caterpillars.

Of all the birds the champion feeder is probably the common House Wren, which may raise from twelve to sixteen young in a season. The wren's food is 98 per cent insects and it has been estimated that the parent birds are busy feeding their young at the rate of about once every two minutes during the daylight hours. Wrens are thus one of the most beneficial birds to have around the house and garden and should be encouraged everywhere by putting up nesting boxes for them to use.

Most city dwellers, however, wouldn't notice it much at first if the birds didn't come back. Birds are remote and comparatively unimportant in the city. There would be no robins in the park and the flocks of starlings might be reduced somewhat, but there would still be pigeons and English sparrows.

But it is the economic point of view that would affect the largest number of people. There would probably be an appalling increase in pests of all kinds, insect and otherwise. What would happen, for example, if no hawks and other large birds came back? Let me refer you to my statistics. It has been estimated by the Department of Agriculture that during the plague of field mice in Nevada, the hawks, owls and gulls that flocked to the scene consumed nine hundred thousand mice a month, saving a large proportion of the local crops. It is a well-known fact that when there is an unusual outbreak of this sort birds of all kinds will suddenly appear to feast on the unexpected food supply.

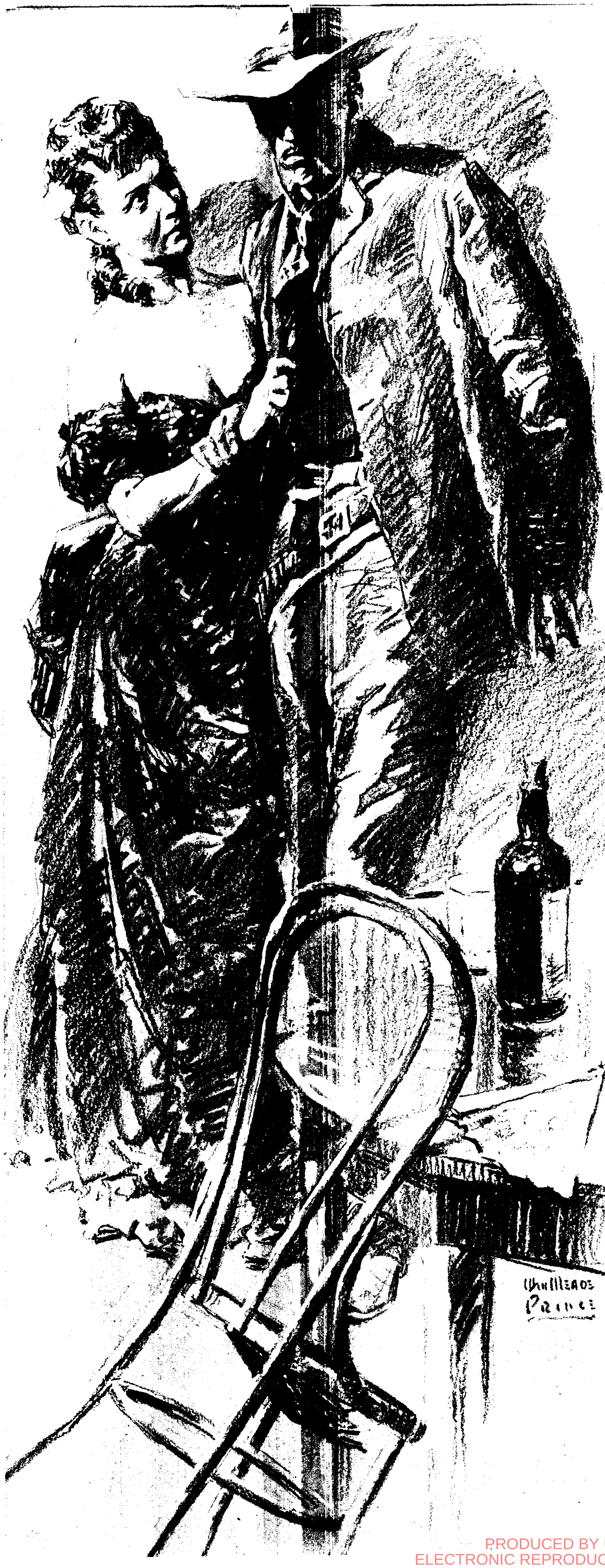
To the farmer or gardener, weeds are one of the most irritating features of the landscape. Weeds in their insidious way do a great deal to reduce the value of certain crops such as hay or oats. Some birds eat weed seeds almost exclusively. Take the Tree Sparrow, our friend *Spizella arborea,* as he has been so aptly named. The late Professor Beal, who specialized in this sort of thing, worked out the annual consumption of weed seeds by *Spizella* in the state of Iowa to be 875 tons, or enough seed of various kinds of destructive weeds to sow over a good deal of the Eastern states.

Quails and Chickadees

Another great weed eater is the Bobwhite Quail, one of the most beneficial birds around the farm. This familiar, cheery little bird, known to most of us who have tramped about in abandoned fields and along hedgerows in the fall, lives mostly on some of the common weeds, weeds with such curious names as partridge pea, beggar lice, nail grass, lamb's-quarters, corn cockle and Spanish needles. How the quail ever copes with the last-named weed is rather a mystery.

Another local bird that we are fortunate enough to have all the year round is the Chickadee, which with its relatives is spread all over the United States. Ounce for ounce, there is probably no more valuable, helpful or energetic bird anywhere. Chickadees are inquisitive and bustling little birds, wherever they appear they are numerous and they make up for lack of size by energy and numbers. No crack in the bark of a tree trunk is too small, no twig too slender to escape their notice. Therein lies their peculiar value.

(Continued on page 51)



On Don Jaime Street

By Ernest Haycox

Some of the things Mrs. Gerrish did not know about the man whom they called Curly Jack

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

HIS mother's voice, never rising above a note of patient self-control, boosted him out of the front door: "The first bell is ringing, Ben. That's a new shirt—try not to get in a scuffle today."

As he crossed the street he looked behind to watch the print his shoes made in the deep dust; he made an exact turn at Mrs. Ketchum's gate and another when he reached the corner of Stafford. From the round brick-colored hills behind town came the steady grind of ore moving along the mine conveyors, like the grumbling of a great chained beast. He made up a picture of how such a beast would look and meanwhile tried not to hear the school bell's brass gong tolling.

He was eleven, tall for his years and blackened by the Arizona sunlight. He wore long trousers, a pair of shoes with brass eyelets and a double-breasted flannel shirt which was the same kind of a shirt sported by Ike Ball, driver of the Tucson stage, who was a god sitting on boyhood's highest throne of worship. Halfway along Stafford he closed his eyes and began to count and when he counted forty he opened his eyes and turned into Lode, which was Dragoon's main street. At this early hour, shadows lay beneath the board awnings and the whole town seemed deserted. Beyond the end of Lode the desert glittered under winter's bland sunlight.

He crossed Lode and entered Don Jaime Street, a narrow way connecting Lode with Border. All of Don Jaime was saloons and dance halls and buildings that his mother merely referred to as "those other houses." Now that the school bell had ceased to ring, a kind of sleepy feeling lay over everything and when he stamped his shoes against the loose boards of the walk echoes rattled all around. He kept his head down, fascinated by the shining of the brass eyelets on his shoes. Then a man said, "Feelin' ornery, bub?" and he raised his head and saw Curly Jack leaning against the front of the Louvre saloon.

"No, sir," he murmured, and was stabbed by a cold, insecure feeling. This man was danger itself: he was an outlaw whose name was spoken carefully by grown people so that he would not be angry at them. His legs were very long, his hat lay on the extreme back edge of thick, yellow hair; and cigar smoke drifted in gray ribbons around his face, and as he smiled his eyelids moved close together until the light came out of them in bright streaks.

"You're Gerrish's boy," said Curly Jack. "You're Ben. You know me, Ben?"

"Yes, sir."

Curly Jack seemed to laugh inwardly and he seemed to be pleased. The cigar angled upward between his lips. "What you going to be when you get older, Ben?"

"Maybe," said young Ben, "I'll drive stage."

Curly Jack's silent laughter showed more strongly. "Come to me when that happens, Ben, and you'll never have trouble on your trips." He took something from his pocket and pressed it into young Ben's hand. Young Ben said, "Thank you," and moved on. Opening his hand he saw that he held a two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece and halted dead in his tracks, knowing at once trouble would come of this. Curly Jack called after him, "That's all right, Ben, I gave it to you," in the voice of one who would not be disobeyed.

YOUNG BEN crossed from the north to the south walk, passing saloon doorways from which drifted the rank-bitter smell of chewed cigars and spilled whisky. The town bum lay sound asleep on the walk, his mouth a toothless opening in a gray, seamed face. A liver-colored pup, his tail threshing the board walk, sat near the painted window of the Pavilion dance hall and watched young Ben come on. Young Ben paused to rub the pup's long ears and cut around the corner of the newspaper shop into Border Street. He stopped here, listening to the scrubbing run of the pup's feet.

The pup rounded the corner and crossed his front legs and fell over and over and sat up, his tongue hanging out like a red shoe flap. Young Ben took him under an arm, went by the great dark arch of the stage barn, and moved slowly to the gaunt school building sitting alone in its yard. The second bell sent out a single clap as last warning and he dropped the pup and said, "Stay there," and went up the school steps.

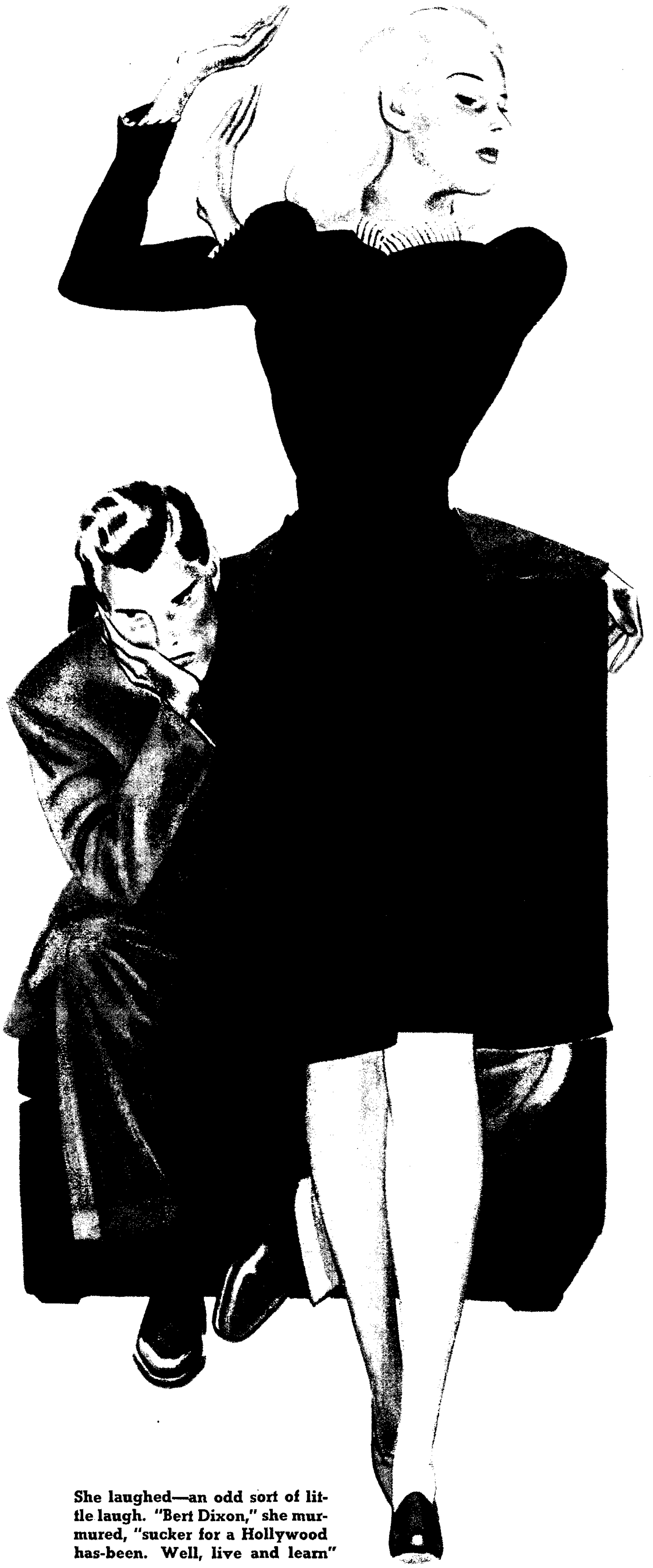
Curly Jack watched the boy turn the corner and his glance thereafter moved along Don Jaime Street, carefully touching the shade-drawn windows and the narrow alleys lying between buildings. The cigar teetered between his teeth, his lips drew back from the cigar. Behind him in the Louvre a swamper grumbled over a broom and the barman's murmuring talk rubbed against the emptiness of the place. Curly Jack pushed himself from the wall and paced

(Continued on page 65)

He stood against the wall until Poker Belle left her partner and came obediently to him. He said, "Come on," and led her to the alley

Good Guy

By Francis M. Cockrell



She laughed—an odd sort of little laugh. "Bert Dixon," she murmured, "sucker for a Hollywood has-been. Well, live and learn"

DURING a long career in the picture business Lee Brand had made good money and thrown it around only moderately, by Hollywood standards; he was going to form his own unit now and produce independently, with his own capital and complete control. It would be pretty swell, he told his best friend, a writer named Wesley Granger. None of the politics and passing the buck that you couldn't avoid in a big studio. It would be a small unit and the men hand-picked; each one strictly a right guy.

Granger looked dubious at that, but Brand assured him he just had a cynical nature. "There's plenty of good guys in Hollywood," Brand said. "You're one."

"I might have been once," Granger said. "I wouldn't bet on it now. This town does things to people. You've given a boost to plenty of guys, when they were breaking in," he went on, "but hell, if they thought you were broke and really on the skids I bet you couldn't raise two hundred bucks out of the whole bunch." Then he chuckled sardonically. "Say, that's not a bad gag. You could get away with it, too. You've been out of town three months and nobody knows whether you were fired or quit at Continental."

The idea appealed to Brand. He by no means had a blind faith in humanity as a whole, and this would also be a simple way of eliminating some men as prospects for his producing unit.

The letter to Lou Magee was a good sample:

"Dear Lou:
As you may know, I have been idle for several months, and if you could let me have say two-fifty until I am working again I would certainly appreciate it. I am stopping with Wes Granger.
My very best to Martha and a thousand thanks for anything you can do.
Yours,
Lee Brand."

The letters were sent only to men to whom Brand had been of real service.

THREE mornings later he and Granger sat over their breakfast coffee with the results on the table between them: nine replies, and one check for ten dollars.

"Now," Granger said, "*You see!*"

"Maybe so," Brand admitted, "but I didn't ever expect—"

The Filipino boy announced a gentleman to see Mr. Brand. This turned out to be one Bert Dixon, a little guy of worried mien who had been lately, and briefly, an associate producer of some dreadful B pictures out at Eagle.

However, they shook hands, poured him some coffee and politely discussed the day's entries at Santa Anita with him while he worked up to the purpose of his visit.

He broached it, when he did, rather diffidently. "I don't know," he said. "I guess it's none of my business, only I was in Jerry Brown's office yesterday and Lou Magee was there and they both had a letter from you and—well, it just sort of made me sore, Mr. Brand, the things they said. And well, I mean, look," he blurted, "I got a little dough I don't need and if you still—that is if it'd help you out—and—and, well, I'd be mighty glad to do it, Mr. Brand."

Brand regarded him uncertainly a moment. "I—I hardly know what to say," he said. "It's damned decent of you—but, we hardly know each other—"

"Nuts to that," Dixon said. "Six months from now *I'm* liable to be the one needs a stake. I'm not so dumb." He had drawn a check from his pocket and now held it out. "I hope—I hope it's enough to help," he said.

The check was for five hundred dollars. Brand was silent for a moment. Then he stood up.

"Bert, I—I can't tell you what this means to me," he said truthfully, "but don't think I'll ever forget it."

"That's okay," Dixon said. "I'm just glad I had a chance to—to do it."

Dixon had been gone some minutes before Brand finally broke the silence. "There's a guy," he said emphatically, "that has a job if he ever wants one!"

DIXON was sprawled on the sofa in the living room of the little apartment on Highland. The girl seated near him was blond and shapely.

"It's tough," he said, "because it sure would have put me on the inside looking out, and I mean solid. After I found out yesterday those other guys had got the same kind of letters Brown and Magee did I was *sure* it was a gag, and I'd have bet he was getting ready to produce, too, or step into a good spot." He was silent for a moment, and then shrugged. "But he must really be washed up," he said, "because he took the check."

"Well," she said, "it didn't cost you anything to try. You went by the bank and stopped payment on the check, didn't you, like you said you were going to?"

Dixon shifted uneasily on the sofa. "I was going to tell you about that," he said. "That is—well, I didn't go by. I — you see—" He looked up at her. "I'm sorry, babe," he said. "I know it's a lot of dough, Bren—nearly all—and it's tough on you. I guess maybe I shouldn't have—only . . ." His voice trailed off.

She looked at him a moment quietly. Then she said, "There's probably still time. You could call the bank now."

"But he'll pay it back, Bren," Dixon said uncomfortably. "He'll be back on top again pretty soon, I bet."

"You don't believe that," she said. "You know when they go in this town they go fast and for good."

Suddenly he jumped up and barked irritably, "All right! What if he doesn't? I don't care! Damn it, he's a good guy, see, and *somebody* oughta be able to give him a break and if it's me, it's me, that's all." Then he subsided and sat down. "Don't be sore, babe," he said. "I'll get something before long. I just—" He stopped. "Nuts with it."

For a moment she regarded him silently. Then she laughed—an odd sort of little laugh and stood up. "Bert Dixon," she murmured, "sucker for a Hollywood has-been. Well, live and learn."

"Nuts," he said, but she had gone into the bedroom.

He lit a cigarette and sat there puffing it. In the bedroom Brenda was sitting at her dresser looking at a sheet of paper propped against the mirror. There was a message on it for Bert:

"Writing this while you're out. I'll be packed by the time you get home, and if you've done what I think you're going to do, I'll be leaving and I won't be back. I always knew you were a dope. It's too much if you're a rat besides. If you ever get to read this you'll know what's happened and you'll know why."

Brenda tore the message into small pieces and dropped them in the wastebasket. There were two full suitcases on the bed. She opened them and began putting the contents away. She was hanging up the last of the rumpled dresses when Bert opened the door and came in to see what was keeping her.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

BRITAIN'S BEST BET

By Alice-Leone Moats

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Probably no one in England knows America and Americans as well as does Philip Kerr, Eleventh Marquess of Lothian. His job is, frankly, to keep us feeling friendly toward his country. The ambassador is, among other things, proof that England doesn't always muddle

IN AUGUST, 1939, four days before England's declaration of war, The Marquess of Lothian, Britain's new ambassador to the United States, came out of the White House after presenting his credentials to the President. As he appeared on the steps, one of the mob of press photographers awaiting him picked up a black cat that happened to wander by and thrust it at the ambassador. Amiably Lord Lothian took the cat, petted it and posed for pictures with the animal on his shoulder.

Lord Lothian says he isn't superstitious; he will walk under a ladder just to show his scorn for such nonsense. But this black cat should have made him superstitious. Its appearance at that particular moment was probably the luckiest thing that ever happened to him. The reporters were instantly disarmed and delighted by a British ambassador and a marquess who could take such an episode in his stride, and the news photographers, the most ferocious members of the press, were completely won over. That is important in a country where public opinion is so much swayed by newspapers and at the moment when the chief part of a British ambassador's job is to keep America feeling friendly toward Great Britain.

Ask any reporter or columnist in Washington how he feels about Lothian and he will answer, "I like him because he is so human." The secret of this pleasant relationship probably lies in the fact that the ambassador likes newspapermen. As Philip Kerr before inheriting the title, he was a journalist himself, editor of the Round Table and contributor to the Times and Observer, director of United Newspapers, Ltd., and political director of The Daily Chronicle.

He enjoys talking to newspapermen and they usually find themselves answering rather than asking questions. What was once the most inaccessible embassy in Washington has now become the most accessible. Practically every day when he is not out himself, the ambassador gives lunches and dinners of eight, ten or twelve people, made up of political bigwigs, fellow diplomats and usually a newspaperman—someone like Arthur Krock or Drew Pearson.

As a rule, a typical British diplomat starts off with two strikes against him in America because his reserve, elegant Oxford accent, monocle and fancy clothes are regarded as the attributes of the stuffed shirt. Lord Lothian isn't a typical British diplomat.

To begin with, he is a noncareer man—the first to be sent to Washington in fifteen years—which is an asset since we are traditionally disposed to regard diplomats as too smart for us. He is simple, genuinely democratic, dislikes all red tape, preferring to come to the point immediately, and speaks English like a cultured man with no particular accent at all.

He has been making regular visits to this country since 1909 and has picked up a lot of our colloquialisms and, what is truly extraordinary, he is one Briton who uses them correctly. Coming out of the Secretary of State's office one day recently when the British were bombing a German naval base, he said to the reporters, "Well, we're socking them in the nose!"

At a Sunday luncheon party in Washington all the men appeared in striped trousers because the British ambassador was to be there; he wore a blue shirt. When he went to pay his first calls on the members of the Cabinet, he arrived alone, wearing a sack suit, which is probably what prompted one of them

(Continued on page 61)

Broken Glass

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L TIMMINS

Detective O'Malley looks for a murder clue, and finds it in a perfume bottle

"THIS is that nurse that got knocked off," O'Malley said. "You must have read about it in the papers. She was on a case taking care of a sick lady and she asked to go out in the evening for a little while. The idea is she was going to meet somebody. Then a park cop found her dead in Central Park."

I'd read about it. "She telephoned before she went out," I said, "but they don't know to whom."

"Yeah, now the phone company traced the call. She called up a hospital, but they got no record of who she talked to there."

We were looking at her. She was a small girl in her twenties and she had been choked. It had been easy to identify her because her name, Emily Cassing, was on the back of her nurses' pin.

"She seems like a sweet kid," I said. "It's a pity!"

"Somebody thought different."

We saw the place in the park. A small piece of broken glass was on the walk and O'Malley picked it up.

"Cops went to that hospital to see who it was she phoned to," O'Malley remarked. "We'll see what they got."

We went to the hospital. Some policemen had a young man in a small room that opened from the hospital office. He was an intern and said he was twenty-eight years old. His name was Burm.

"This the right guy?" O'Malley asked the officers.

"We figure that. Nurses here told us he went with the girl. He said she hadn't phoned him. Then we found a nurse that had heard him talking with her, so he said she had."

"How about it?" O'Malley asked Burm.

"Well, she did phone me, but I don't know what it was about." Burm appeared troubled.

"Come again," O'Malley directed.

"She telephoned and said she had to see me. She wouldn't tell why, and I didn't want to go."

"Why not? You was going with the girl."

"No; not recently—not for several months. We used, as you say, to 'go together,' but we'd broken off. When we were seeing each other right along, we used to meet at a place in the park. I finally agreed to meet her there. I went there and waited, but she didn't show up, so I came back to the hospital."

"Yeah? Why did you tell these officers she hadn't phoned you?"

Burm was more troubled still. "I'd read about this in the paper and I didn't want to get mixed up in it. I'm expecting to get married."

"Brother, I guess we got to lock you up."

"A sad business, O'Malley," I remarked, when we had seen Burm started for the station house.

"You think he's the guy?"

"Can there be any doubt? It's an unpleasant but familiar murder pattern. He broke off with Miss Cassing in order to marry somebody else and she wouldn't stand for it. She was going to make trouble between him and the girl he loves."

"I guess we'll go see that sick lady."

He had the address. It was a big brownstone house on the East Side. The people were named Mellit. A sullen-seeming manservant opened the door and said we couldn't see Mrs. Mellit. Then Mr. Mellit appeared. He was a fine-looking man in his thirties.

"I'm sure my wife will see you," he declared. "She is quite ill and this unhappy event has upset her terribly. Miss Cassing had been taking care of her for more than a month and Mrs. Mellit had grown very fond of her."

HE TOOK us upstairs. Mrs. Mellit didn't seem very ill to me. She was a pretty, gray-haired woman lying in a long chair with a pile of books on a little stand beside her.

"What men did Miss Cassing talk about when she was taking care of you?" O'Malley asked her.

"She didn't talk about men."

"She seem like she was afraid of something?"

"Not afraid. She sometimes seemed troubled."

"Tell us about her phoning."

They couldn't tell that. Miss Cassing had used a phone downstairs and a servant had overheard her. They sent for the servant, whose name it appeared was Smeed. He was the same man that had refused to let us in.

"Why was it you was listening when the nurse phoned?" O'Malley asked.

Smeed was resentful. "I was not listening. I was passing through the hall and Miss Cassing was telephoning to some man."

"Yeah. So then you listened. How did you know it was to a man?"

"By the tone of her voice."

"What did she say to him?"

"She said she'd meet him."

"You and the other servants here get along with the nurse all right?"

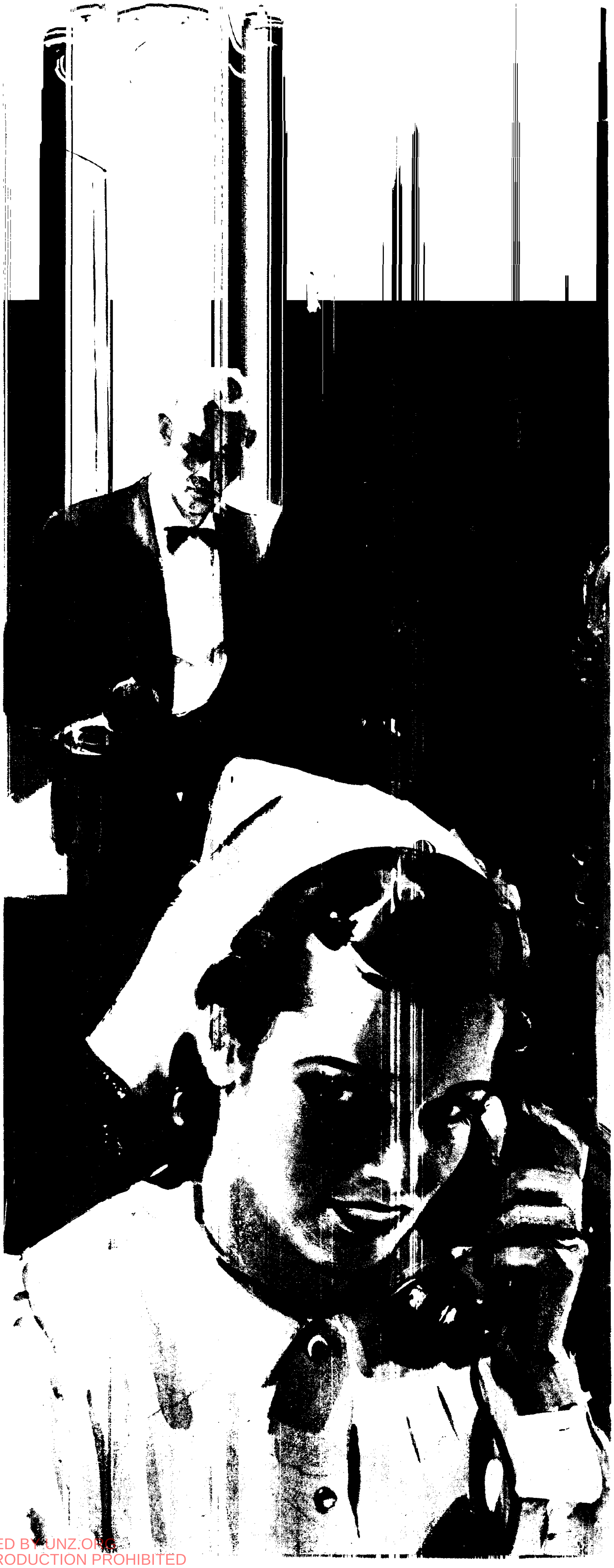
"Well enough."

"You didn't hear her phoning to nobody else?"

"No."

"Not much in these people," O'Malley remarked to me. "Let's look where she lived."

(Continued on page 43)



"I was not listening. I was passing through the hall and Miss Cassing was telephoning"

Beauty and the Bull

By Curtis Vinson

Her name is Conchita Cintron and she threatens to steal the bullfighting honors from the best matadors in Mexico. They'd hate to lose out to a girl who is 17, petite, pretty and—worst of all—an American

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD TORP

DOWN in Mexico, which is still a man's world, especially the bullfighting part of it, a slender blue-eyed girl of seventeen is making history in the *corridas de toros.*

Her name is Conchita Cintron. Five feet six inches tall, she weighs less than 110 pounds. With a frenzied bull charging down upon her, she looks even smaller.

Nine months ago, accompanied by her mother and her manager, she arrived in Mexico City from the parental home in Lima, Peru. At the time, her name stirred only a vague recognition among even the better-informed followers of bullfighting.

It's different today. *Si, señor.* Since her first arena appearance in Mexico, August 20, 1939, this remarkable young Peruviana has been wowing the *aficionados* all over the republic with her grace, cool daring and the skill of her ring performance. Seeing her play the blood-stirring game of death with 1,200 pounds of fighting bull brings them to their feet yelling.

Bullfighting has always been 99.9 per cent a male's domain, and for a girl so to excel in this dangerous art as to win the homage of emotion-swayed throngs, accustomed to cheer or deride only male performers, is an astonishing thing.

Maybe environment has something to do with it. Conchita was born of American parents August 9, 1922, at Antofagasta, Chile, and has lived nearly fifteen of her seventeen years in Lima. Consequently, so far as habitat is concerned, she's a Torrid Zone girl. So, it's not too strange, when you come to think of it, that she should go in for bullfighting, which is popular in that part of the world.

On the other hand, Conchita has one of the most positive and direct personalities imaginable. Virtually no chitchat finds a place in her conversation, but she's genial, friendly, hospitable, and has a smile like a flash of sunshine.

Her two absorbing interests are horses and bullfighting. And she has a cool and stimulating courage. Maybe heredity, which the sociologists also recognize, has something to do with that. She has a grandmother named McCarthy.

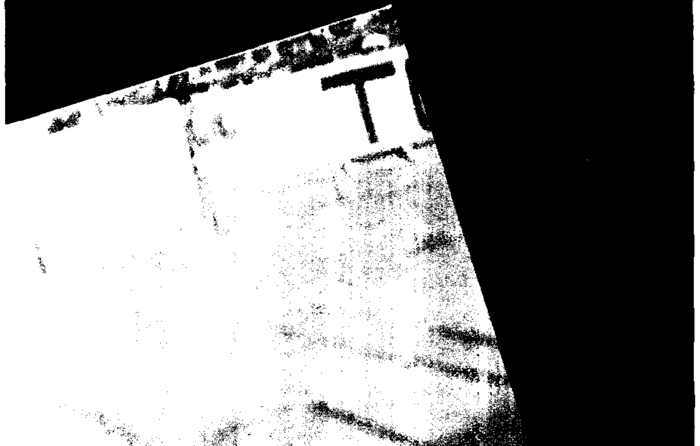
Conchita isn't just an ordinary run-of-the-mill bullfighter. Her art combines two types of performance, that of the Portuguese, on horseback, and that of the Spanish, on foot. This double-header style gives her a prestige far above that of the few other women who have appeared in the bull ring and, as a matter of fact, sets her apart from the stellar male fighters of today in Mexico. She is the only exponent in the country of the two styles of fighting.

In bull-ring parlance she is known as a *rejoneadora matadora.* And that's quite a title, *señoras y señores,* in the gentle art that Ernest Hemingway has so definitely labeled Death in the Afternoon. As a *rejoneadora* she plays a very dangerous game of tag with the bull while astride one of her marvelously trained horses. From her mount she places the long, barbed darts, or *banderillos,* just back of the heaving shoulders of the rushing animal.

As a *matadora,* she plays the bull with the *capote,* the large cape used when the animal comes charging into the ring, and later, with the *muleta,* the small cape employed for the close-in work that precedes the kill. And then she drives home to the heart of the heaving animal the long, glistening sword. The bull wavers, topples to the hot sand at her feet and the fight is ended.

Bullfighting, its devotees declare, is an art calling for a high degree of skill and grace in the exposition of which a stellar performer is comparable in a way to a great dancer. In any event, it is not a sport, say the experts, very definitely not. And most of the great fighters, like the great ballet dancers, have behind them

(Continued on page 76)



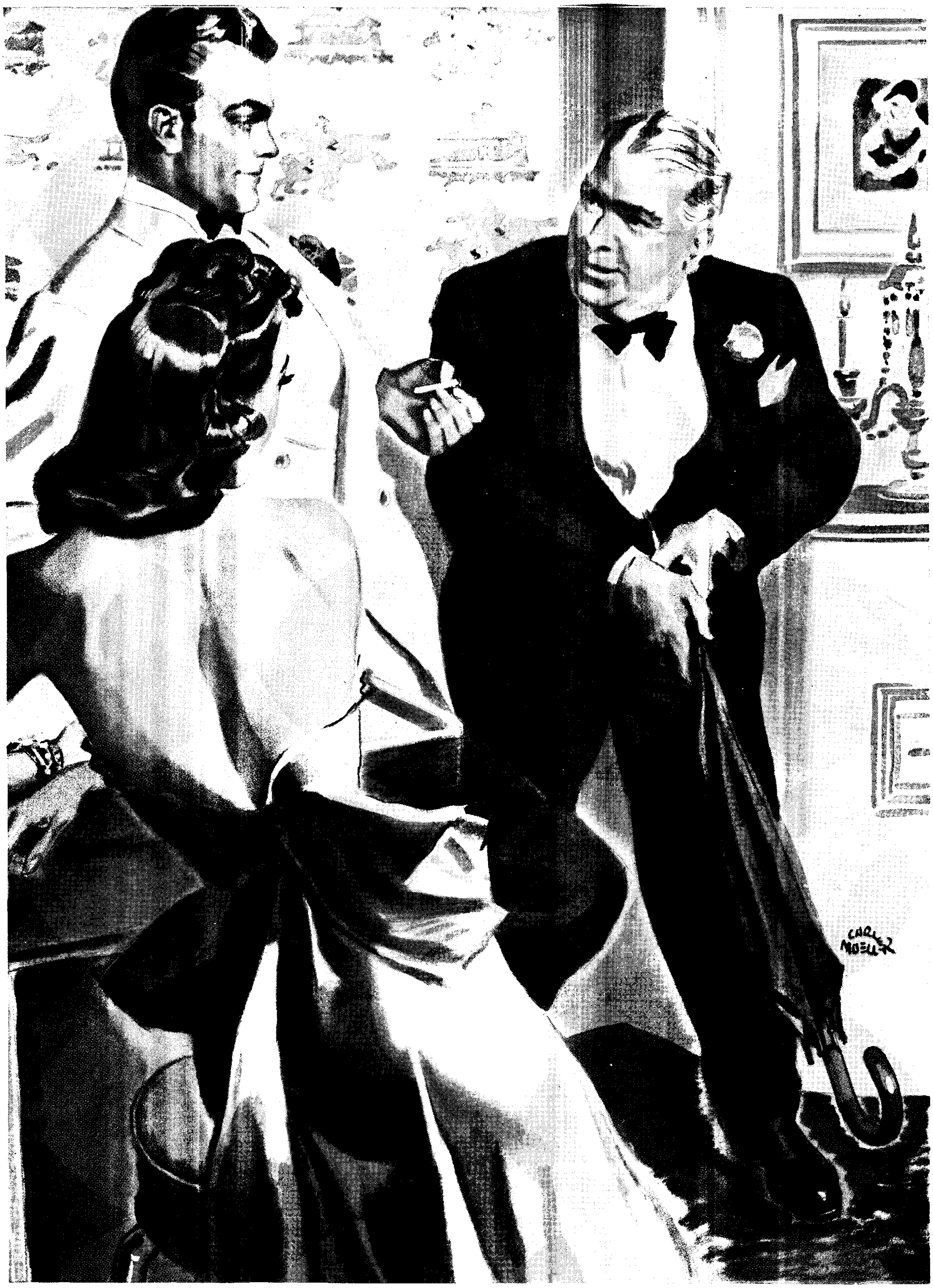
Conchita Cintron fights her bulls either from horseback, in the Portuguese style, or on foot, in Spanish fashion

Double or Nothing

By John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

The story of a golfer who was a little too good to suit his wife, and how she fixed that



In the bar a fat man sidled close, asking, "Aren't you the Peterson I saw in the Open?"

ELM Street called them "the nice Petersons . . ." which was a pretty good description. They were a young and handsome couple; they'd been married a year and ten days. Dorothy could toss together a passable cake; her roses were the envy of the block. George was a golfer—a good golfer—and that explains why Dorothy found him grooving his swing in the living room on Tuesday afternoon.

"Aren't you working?" she asked.

He said, "I'm playing Rogers at three."

Again the club head swished over the rug. "Here it comes," thought George. "When she sees the new clubs she'll have a fit. She'll—"

Dorothy said, "The grocer called today."

"I'll write him a check tonight. I forgot—"

"Did you forget the car payment too?" There was an edge of anger in Dorothy's voice. "And the rent?"

"No," he said. "But I haven't paid them yet."

She looked at him. "Those clubs are new."

"Yes. Ben Shore made them up for me."

"At twenty dollars each." She said it in a soft, bitter way—the tone she might have used in speaking to a disobedient child, or someone very old. "You buy woods at eighty dollars a set—but you don't pay the rent."

"I needed these . . ." George began stiffly.

Dorothy said, "Damn golf!"

George stood quite still, looking down at the smooth, black grip of the club he held. Things were catching up with him. He was broke. There wasn't enough money to go around, and that was why he'd put off writing checks for the month's bills. That, though money had never been mentioned, was the real reason he and Dorothy had been snapping at each other, quarreling. The pressure was closing in—car payments, insurance, bar bills, rent and all the rest of it—and all he could do was grin, keep going and hope something would break.

He couldn't even tell Dorothy, for each time he tried the echo of his own voice came back to him, saying: "We've got enough money to meet our expenses for the next six months. And here's the best part—we've got four hundred dollars foolish money. You know for things we want—clothes, parties, liquor. . . ." That day, that swell, crest-of-the-wave day, had been just a month and a half ago. Now all the money was gone. Simply gone.

So he couldn't tell Dorothy. Not after swearing old John Martin's big policy was as good as in the bag—and then losing it. Not after buying the automatic phonograph, the matched set of Shore woods. . . .

"Look, Dot." He rubbed his chin. "I had to take these clubs. I ordered them a long time ago."

Gently, she said, "We're broke, aren't we?"

He swallowed. "Just about."

"What are we going to do?"

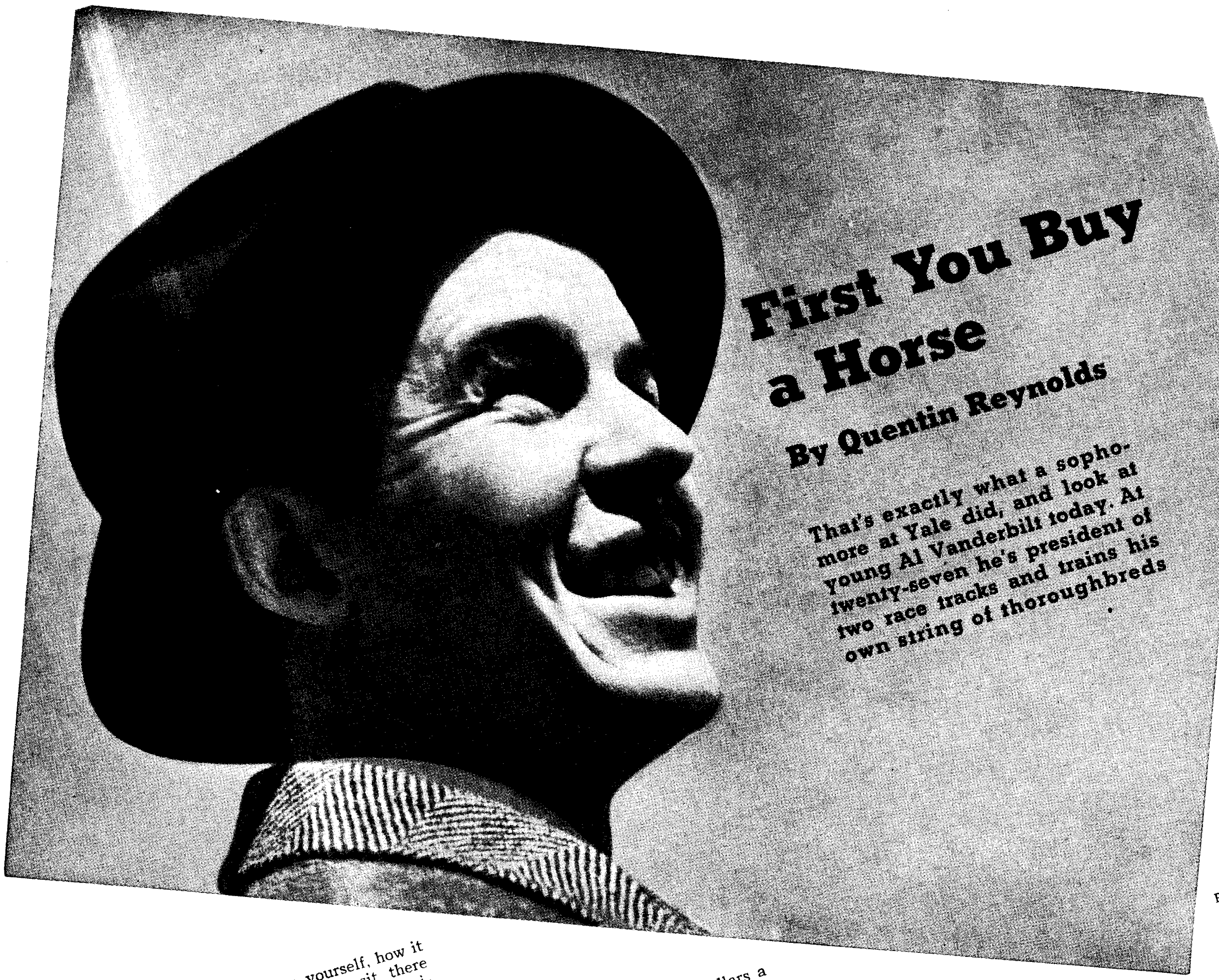
He said, "Darned if I know."

Suddenly he felt better. It was like Dorothy to come straight to the point, once she guessed the trouble; like her, too, to be concerned with tomorrow and not nag about the yesterdays. One of the best, Dorothy—slender and small, with hair that was black flame in the sunlight. The kind you could laugh with, plan with. The kind who always understood—funny he'd forgotten that.

"We'll have to cut expenses," she said.

He nodded agreement. "Sure. I'll

(Continued on page 45)



First You Buy a Horse

By Quentin Reynolds

That's exactly what a sophomore at Yale did, and look at young Al Vanderbilt today. At twenty-seven he's president of two race tracks and trains his own string of thoroughbreds

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

WELL, you know, yourself, how it is at auctions: You sit there quietly minding your own business and then suddenly you hear a strange voice shouting, "Three hundred dollars." You look around in the dead silence that follows to see who the rash bidder is and then, to your horror, you discover that the voice is your own and that you now possess a hundred-year-old bird cage, a two-hundred-year-old copper foot warmer or a one-year-old horse.

That's what happened a few years back to a nineteen-year-old sophomore at Yale named Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. He had gone to the yearling sales at Saratoga that night only because he had seen the one moving picture in town. He liked horses all right, but had about as much intention of buying one as he had of flying a kite. Then, when they had led this one-year-old dark beauty out, some force over which he had no control had made him shout, "Three hundred dollars."

That put him in the horse business and he's been in it ever since. Today Al Vanderbilt is the biggest figure in the turf world. He's president of the Pimlico track, president of ancient Belmont, and he owns and trains a fine string of colts. He works at his job from sunup until sundown and, at the ripe old age of twenty-seven, his opinion is respected by owners and trainers from Santa Anita to Empire, from Narragansett Park to Hialeah.

But to get back for the moment to the incident which put young Vanderbilt into the horse business. The filly he had bought was named Sue Jones. Sue was a good-looking lass but, like most good-looking brunettes, she ate a great deal. In fact, young Al found to his horror that it would cost him seven dollars a day to board Sue. At Yale they hadn't taught him about the healthy appetite traditionally displayed by good-looking brunettes. At Yale the emphasis had always been on blondes. Now Vanderbilt's mother was generous enough. She gave him an allowance of two hundred and fifty dollars a month out of which he had to pay for room, clothes, board, books and tuition at New Haven. Keeping pretty Sue in the style to which beautiful young brunettes like to become quickly accustomed demolished $210 of that $250 allowance. Of course Al had to cut down. He cut down on clothes—didn't even buy a tie for a year.

About Men Who Buy Horses

He entered Sue Jones in a race as a two-year-old and the pretty lassie finished fourth. The intrepid young owner was furious. He had distinctly seen his pet bumped on the far turn, pocketed coming into the stretch and kicked in the final furlong. Highly indignant, young Vanderbilt took pen in hand and wrote a scathing letter to the stewards. They replied promptly and courteously telling him that they had held a special meeting to consider his protest but that they had been forced to the regrettable conclusion that Sue had merely been the victim of bad racing luck.

"I certainly had a lot of nerve," Vanderbilt says ruefully now, "but I hated to see my horse get kicked around like that. But that race did one thing. It made me horse crazy and I haven't been interested in anything else since."

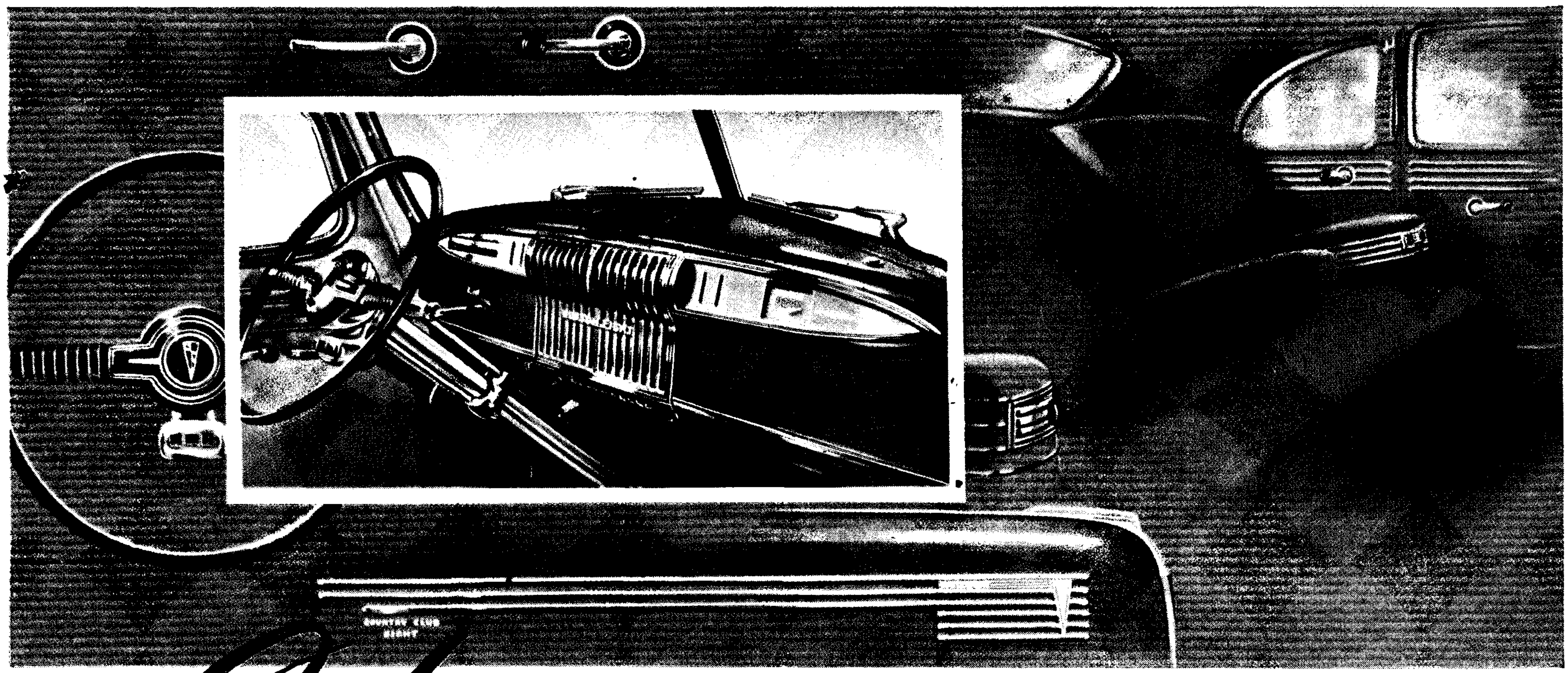
There are several types of horse owners. First there is the wealthy man who buys and runs horses as a child runs electric trains. He doesn't know anything about 'em—he just gets a kick out of watching them run in his colors. Then, too, it contributes to his social prestige to be able to sit in a box with a nice, shiny owner's badge on his lapel. He hires expensive trainers who buy expensive colts for him and sometimes he'll win a stake race and buy champagne for everybody in the joint. He doesn't, as a rule, own breeding stables. He just outbids others at yearling sales.

Then there is the gypsy owner with one or two horses who frankly tries to make a living out of the game. Gypsy owners support the very small tracks and are supported by them. Colorful, robust characters, these gypsy owners, and they know as much about horses as any other men in the land. They train their own nags and they are clever at spotting their entrants in races where there isn't too much class.

Then there is the type of owner who is in the game just because he's crazy over horses. The backbone of American racing is composed of these men and women. William Woodward is one. So is Warren Wright, and Hal Price Headley of Kentucky, and William Brann, who owns Challedon, and John Hertz, and the whole Whitney family. They know horses and love horses and they don't merely let their checkbooks race for them. There are others: E. R. Bradley and Joseph Widener and C. S. Howard and Maxwell Howard and a young fellow in Hollywood named Bing Crosby. These know the difference between a windsucker and a cake of soap. Racing isn't merely a rich man's play to them: racing is an avocation. And among this group no one commands more respect than the 27-year-old young man who got into the horse business by not keeping his mouth shut.

By the time Al Vanderbilt was twenty-one he had quit Yale and had inherited both a fortune and Sagamore Farm. He quit Yale, he says, because they had no

(*Continued on page 52*)



Color CREATES A SYMPHONY...
In This New Custom Hudson

A car distinguished by complete harmony of interior and exterior coloring, combined with custom styling, fabrics and appointments unique in the moderate price range

Would you like a look at the future? A glimpse of the *complete harmony*...inside and out...the goal of automobile designers for years?

Hudson has achieved it, in this new luxury car! A carefully selected range of rich body colors . . . and, blending with them, a choice of harmonizing upholstery tones with matching interior finish!

Seats are tailored in the broad, smooth strokes characteristic of custom-built bodies. Fabrics are French whipcord specially woven for use in costliest cars. Fittings are lavishly complete.

This new Hudson is one of the roomiest of all cars. You ride on seat cushions of Airfoam, unmatched for comfort. Underneath, there's a chassis famous for its precision and endurance. Ahead, a silken motor (Six or Eight) that whispers its way through city traffic, or takes a continent in its stride.

Yet we say with confidence that the first cost of this new Custom Hudson is less by several hundred dollars than that of any other fine car worthy of mention in the same breath. We invite you to be among the first to see it at Hudson display rooms.

Hudson Country Club Custom Sedan Prices Start At $1044* for the Six; $1144* for the Eight . . .
Other Hudson Prices As Low As $670 *delivered in Detroit
including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Low time payment terms. Prices subject to change without notice.

*Model shown is 125-inch wheelbase Hudson Country Club Custom Eight Touring Sedan, $1144**

Drive
WITHOUT A CLUTCH PEDAL!
JUST
SHIFT AND ACCELERATE
A "NEW IDEA" THAT'S OLD WITH HUDSON
Hudson's Fluid-Cushioned Automatic Clutch, proved by 11 years and millions of miles of use.
Only $20 Extra
See your dealer for demonstration

New HUDSON *Country Club* CUSTOM *Sedan*

HUDSON OFFERS TODAY'S WIDEST CHOICE OF FINE AUTOMOBILES . . . In Every Popular Price Class *Beginning With the Lowest*. Sixes or Eights . . . Every Popular Body Type . . . Extra Wide Range of Colors and Upholstery. Whatever Price You Plan to Pay, See Your Hudson Dealer for MORE CAR FOR YOUR MONEY

They bought their Pontiac for him

You know how it is! He's three—and always wants to go wherever his mummy goes. Especially when she takes the car!

So she has to have a car that's easy to handle—that steers easily—has big, safe brakes—and lots of room inside.

And, too, when you have a swell fellow like that, you want a big, beautiful car to show him off in! Yes—they really bought their Pontiac for him.

OF COURSE, those same virtues which make a Pontiac such a logical choice for the parents of a three-year-old boy—make Pontiac a logical choice for almost everybody.

Everybody wants a car that's safe, that's easy to handle, that's big and comfortable and beautiful.

Pontiac is unique in that it gives you all these big-car features—at a cost that almost anyone can afford. Pontiac is not only priced down near the lowest—but it gives amazing gasoline mileage. Owners actually report 18 to 24 miles per gallon.

Before you buy your next car, better check into Pontiac. It's the proper choice for most people.

Help promote Safety—
Dim your lights when passing

Special Six 4-Door Touring Sedan, as Illustrated $876★

$783 FOR THE SPECIAL SIX BUSINESS COUPE
OTHER MODELS SLIGHTLY HIGHER

★Delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors terms to suit your purse.

Pontiac

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

Spring Training

Continued from page 13

and maybe it ain't, but . . . are you still in love with him?"

She stepped right into it, like she always did with fast ones: "I'm married to him. That's as far as I'll say."

"If you had it to do over . . . ?"

"But I haven't."

I said, "You know I'm still in love with you."

"Yes. . . ."

"Just one more thing, Ellie. If you're *happy*—swell. If you're not . . ."

She didn't pretend to misunderstand. She said, "That goes deep, Jim. But I'm not having any. I couldn't leave Buck."

"Reasons?"

"Yes. But I can't explain. So let's forget it."

WELL, I laid off that line of attack, feeling pretty good and pretty miserable, all at the same time. Good, because I knew she wished now that it had been me instead of Buck; miserable because it hadn't been, and because she thought she had good reasons for not doing anything about it.

But it was one of those things I couldn't argue. She'd closed the door tight, and I had to take it, knowing Ellie as I did. There were things going on, but I couldn't find the answer. And then something else happened that didn't add up right. It was Buck, and he drifted by my place one morning when I wasn't busy and said he wanted to talk a while.

He was a long time coming to the point, and even then I didn't figure the play in advance. He eased into it by saying—in that sort of sneering, patronizing way of his—that I'd been a smart guy, and I asked how. He looked around and said, "This."

"Meaning what, Buck?"

"It's a better racket than baseball. You make it slower but you spend it slower, too—and you've got it for the future. Making out pretty good, ain't you?"

"I'm getting along."

"How much is a joint like this worth?"

"If I wanted to sell, which I don't, ten thousand might buy it."

"Ten thousand!" He looked at me as straight as Buck ever looks at anybody. "I'll give you five. Cash."

"I wouldn't take charity," I said. "So quit gagging."

He said, "I'm serious. I'm looking for a spot."

"With the season just starting?"

"I'm fed up with baseball. I'd rather get out while I'm on top. My offer's on the level."

I started to say something about what was the idea of ribbing me, and then I realized that he wasn't kidding. Here was the best pitcher in the world offering to buy a bush-league service station . . . and him a guy who had built up a rep for spending his off hours on wine, women, song and himself.

I asked him a few more questions and he gave the same answers. I knew he was lying, but I couldn't figure why. I had a hunch that Ellie was in the background somewhere, and I told him most of what he wanted to know about the business: That it paid well provided you did most of the work yourself and watched it every minute. Finally he got up and said, "My offer of five thousand cash still holds. Think it over, Jim."

I thought it over all right. I wanted to ask Ellie what was happening, but that didn't seem the right thing to do so I let it slide. And the answer came accidentally one evening on the porch of the little Sunrise hotel where I was sitting with Charley Becker, the manager of the Ramblers, talking baseball.

"Swell club you got, Charley," I said. "Three pennants in a row—two world's championships—and this year looks like another push-over."

Charley didn't look awful happy. He grunted, "Maybe. It all depends."

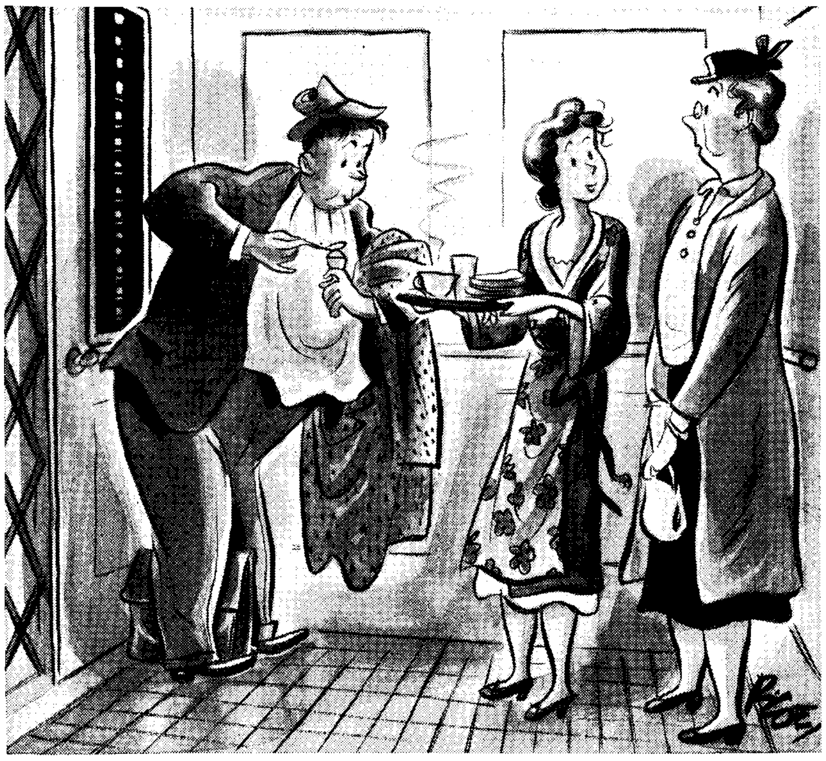
"On what?"

"Pitching. I ain't got enough good pitching."

That was a laugh, and I said so. I started checking over his staff, leaving the best for the last. "And Buck Harrison," I wound up. "He's a cinch to win twenty games, and maybe twenty-five."

Charley looked me straight in the eye. "Buck's through."

I gulped and asked a question with my



"Now that we've moved to the tenth floor George has time for an egg, too"

ROLAND COE

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Helen Hokinson

Hettie: Why, Horace! Congratulations! We hear you're engaged!

Penelope: He doesn't seem very *happy* about it!

Penelope: Hettie, a little job for us. He hasn't any "pep appeal!" We'll take him in charge and teach him his vitamins.

Hettie: You poor boy! What *have* you been eating? You just *can't* have "pep appeal" unless you get all your *vitamins*. You come with us.

Kellogg's
PEP

Hettie: Yessir, you'll start right with that delicious cereal — appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP. For it's extra rich in *two* of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

Horace: *Saay!* I didn't know PEP *tastes* so delicious. You *bet* I'll eat it—every day!

Horace: Thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a change there's going to be in your nephew!

Penelope: You know what they say—"Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

Jim had the funniest reason for liking Spring!

1. I wanted to marry Jim, but he was *so* grouchy! He hated almost everything. He hated Fall because the leaves come down. He hated Winter, and snow. But he *did* like Spring. "I like Spring," said Jim, "because the nights are getting shorter!"

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

2. "He's gone crazy!" I thought, backing away. Then: "I don't sleep well," he explained. "Long winter nights are terrible! But in the spring and summer the nights are shorter, and I don't have so long to lie awake!"

3. "What keeps you awake?" I wondered. "I'm not sure," he said. "Some people tell me it's coffee. But if it is, that's just too bad 'cause I'm a man who can't get along without it. I just *love* coffee!"

4. "It's not the coffee," I told him: "it's the caffein. Have you tried Sanka Coffee? It's delicious, and it's 97% caffein-free so you drink it and sleep!" "Who says I can drink it and sleep?" he grunted!

5. I found a Sanka ad. "Look," said I: "the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."

6. That impressed him. So much so that he tried Sanka. No reason for not marrying the man now! He's as chipper as a June bug, claims he sleeps like a top, and seems to be in love with the whole world—especially me!

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

No matter how you prefer to make coffee, you can use Sanka, for it comes in both the "regular" and the popular, new "drip" grind.

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* network—see your local paper for time and station.

NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN HISTORY!

eyes. So Charley said: "His arm's gone to hell."

I couldn't grab it at first, and I said the usual thing about kinks always working out of a sore arm, but Charley cut me off: "I'm not telling the world, Jim. I'm telling you. Buck threw that arm just after the big series last fall—playing handball. Just one of those things. He's spent the winter with the best doctors in the country. No soap. He hasn't got any arm—that's all."

"It ain't possible, Charley."

"Of course it ain't. But it's true. Only a few insiders know it. I couldn't trade him for a thin dime. He couldn't pitch for a high-school team. I can't use him anywhere else on the club because he couldn't hit half his weight."

I TOOK that idea back to my service station with me. It explained a heap of things I hadn't understood before. Most of all it explained why Buck wanted to buy my gas station. He *was* looking for a soft spot. And unless I was all wet—he was offering five thousand because that's all he'd been able to save out of the fancy salary the club had been paying him. Night clubs and dizzy dames run high in the big leagues.

And, of course, he happened to pick that night to see me again. I was sorry for him, but sorry or not, you couldn't help getting sore at the way he played big dog. Kind of sneering, and me knowing what I knew. "Last chance," he said, "five grand cash or forget it."

That baby always did get on my nerves. Things began to boil up inside. He'd joined the Ramblers when things were going good with me. I'd had the low-down on myself, and, what was more important, I'd had Ellie. I was fixing to quit even then—but it was a neat idea, because she was going with me.

I did quit . . . and he cut in on me with her. He married her. And he'd done a lousy job of making her happy. Now I knew her reason for sticking . . . she was too good a scout to walk out on him when he was about to be slapped down.

I said, "Forget it, Buck. I ain't playing."

He scowled and said, "You better."

"And if I don't?"

"I'll open a place of my own across the street. I'm famous, and I'll grab the cream of your trade. It's five thousand or nothing."

I knew he didn't have enough dough to do what he said, but there was always a chance he could raise it. I said, "You're talking to the wrong guy, Buck. Go peddle your apples somewhere else."

I was good and sore. I hoped he wouldn't be able to raise the money. I hoped he'd get what was coming to him. I hoped he would . . . and then I remembered Ellie.

She was in on that, too. What hit him hit her. Where he was, she'd be, too. I commenced to think how it would be to look across the road day after day and see Ellie helping Buck—and Buck and me most likely unfriendly. I'd be knowing that she wasn't happy.

It didn't total up pretty no matter how I figured it. Mike wanted to know the next morning was I sick, and I said no, I simply hadn't slept. I kept on being like that for days, and finally I went to Charley Becker.

"Club's pulling out next week, ain't it, Charley?"

"Yeh."

"What about Buck Harrison?"

"He's gonna announce his retirement from baseball. He says he wants to do it that way."

I hesitated. Then: "How's he fixed for dough?"

Charley shrugged. "He's got a little, I guess. But mighty little."

"Suppose, Charley, Buck wanted to go in business. Suppose he needed a nice wad of money to finance him along: could he get it?"

"Not these days, Jim. They got all the crazy people locked up in asylums."

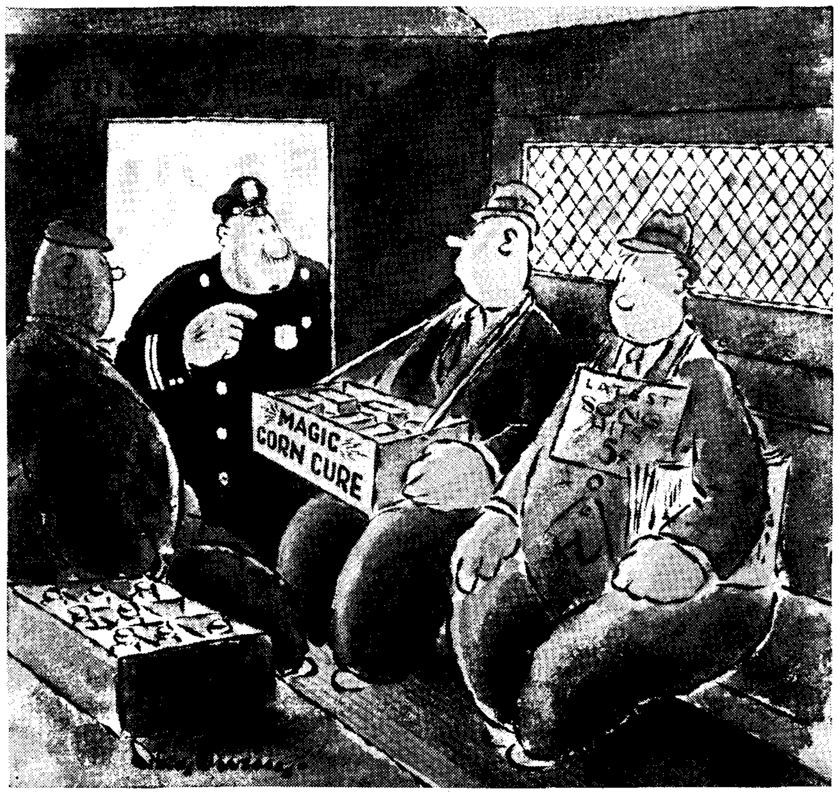
"Is it that bad?"

"It's worse. Buck was a great pitcher, but financially he's a screwball."

All the way back to my place I tried to feel happy. Charley was right, of course. Nobody who knew Buck would lend him a cent. So there wasn't any danger of me having him underfoot all the time . . . him and Ellie. They'd go somewhere else—they and their five thousand dollars. . . .

I discovered that I wasn't cheering at that prospect, either. They were facing a whole lot of no fun.

Thoughts like that grow inside of you. Now me, I ain't a sentimental guy, but hell—when a man really loves a girl, he doesn't enjoy seeing her pushed around. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed that there wasn't but one decent



"'S 'at stuff really any good?"

JAY IRVING

OWN CAR LEADER

CHEV
USA-1
1940

"CHEVROLET'S *First Again!*"

Men and products may vie for leadership, but it is the public that confers it. And again in 1940, for the ninth time in the last ten years, people are buying more Chevrolets than any other make of car!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,*
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series.

$659
MASTER 85
BUSINESS COUPE
Other models slightly higher

All models priced at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

The public names its own car leader . . . *and names Chevrolet again in 1940* . . . for the ninth time in the last ten years!

It stands to reason that people wouldn't buy more Chevrolets than any other make of car year after year over such a long period if they didn't know from actual experience that Chevrolet gives them more for their money than any other car they could buy.

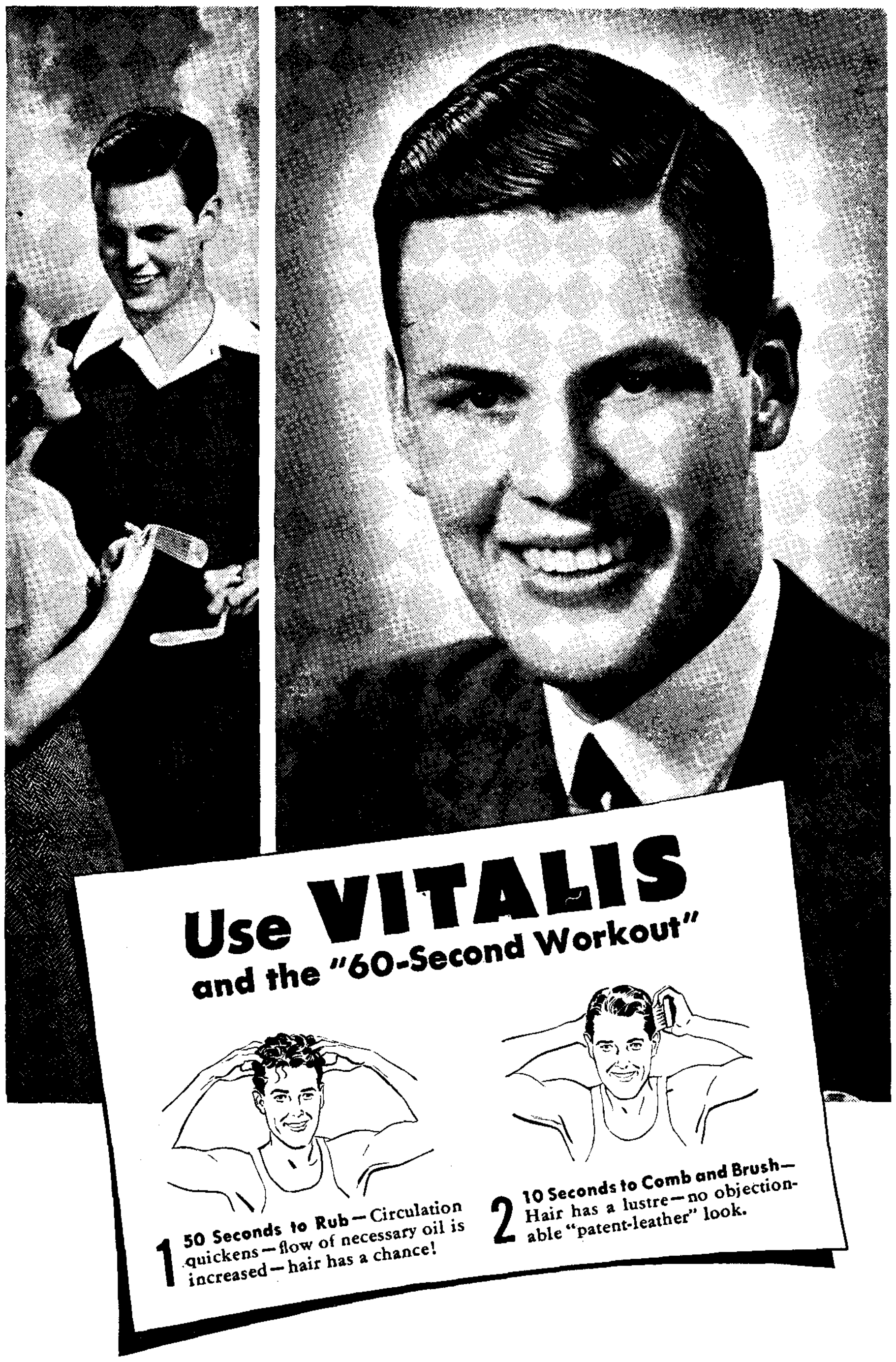
It stands to reason also that the car which has won this overwhelming endorsement is worthy of your own careful consideration, regardless of what automobile you may have purchased in the past.

Buy a Chevrolet for '40 and you'll get ultra-luxurious Fisher Body beauty, ultra-smooth Knee-Action* riding qualities, and ultra-safe braking with Chevrolet's Perfected Hydraulic Brakes.

Buy a Chevrolet for '40 and you'll discover that it out-accelerates, out-climbs and out-performs all other cars in the low-price field!

Buy a Chevrolet for '40 and you'll get so many advantages, *at such a big saving in purchase price, gas, oil and upkeep,* that you'll find yourself asking, "Why pay more—why accept less?"

Good-looking Hair can win you Admiration and Respect


Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"
1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!
2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

EVER notice how good grooming—especially neat, handsome hair—seems to go hand in hand with business and social success? For well-groomed hair wins the approval and regard of everyone you meet. And that's why men everywhere are turning by the thousands to Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

What a difference Vitalis makes!

For good-looking hair—apply Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Notice the lively tingle as sluggish circulation speeds up. Soon your scalp starts losing its tightness . . . becomes more flexible and supple. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural oil of the scalp—overcome dryness—impart a rich lustre to your hair. And Vitalis routs unsightly loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair. When you comb your hair, it stays neatly in place. And there's no objectionable "patent-leather" look!

Have hair that will work to your advantage—that will count in your favor with everyone you meet! Keep it neatly groomed—help to keep it healthy, too—with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout". Get a bottle of Vitalis at any drug store.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

thing to do. It meant helping Buck—which I hated. But it also meant three squares a day for Ellie and a chance to get something besides misery out of life.

All right. I was a sap. So what? A guy can afford to be that way once in a while, can't he? And if he can't—or if he shouldn't—well, that's his business. So I went to Buck Harrison the day before the club pulled out of Sunrise and I said, okay, I'd take his offer of five thousand cash. I said I had a better proposition in mind somewhere else, over in Cove City—because there was one thing I was sure of: I wouldn't stay in the same town where Ellie was living. Buck with my business and my girl—there was a combination I didn't want any part of.

The way Buck took it, I wanted to slap him down. He said, "I thought you'd come around. It's the only way to save your neck."

DRAWING of the papers didn't take awful long. And while it was going on, I kept away from Ellie. Seeing too much of her had started to hurt. I got Buck's five thousand, and I could tell from what he said that he didn't have much cash reserve, but I knew how the business was going and that he'd have a daily profit right from the start.

I checked out of Sunrise. I went over to Cove City and took up the option on that other station.

It was plenty hot in Florida, and I worked hard. I had a little office in the rear of the station and it was while I was sweating over my books one day that somebody came in and a voice said, "Hello, Jim," just casual like that.

I jumped up like I'd been shot. I said, "Ellie! What are you doing here?"

She looked out of the window, and then she said, "I've left Buck."

Something grabbed hold of me inside and kept me from saying anything. She waited a minute and went on: "He and I have decided to get a divorce."

I said, "Ellie, did you come over just to break the news, or are you trying to tell me something?"

She looked straight at me. "That depends on how you want it, Jim."

Well, what happened right then must have given her a pretty clear idea that I wasn't a very changeable guy, and I told her I couldn't figure what the hell she was crying about and so she laughed and said, "All right, Strong Man—what's wrong with your own eyes?"

We had a lot of talking to do, but we couldn't find the right words. It was a long time before I got around to asking her how come.

"I couldn't stand him any more, Jim. That's about all there was to it. So I simply waited until I was sure he didn't need me. . . ." She pressed my hand. "That's a nice little business you sold him, Jim. He'll make out all right with it if he's willing to work."

I said that was swell, and then I asked what particular match set off this wonderful skyrocket.

She said, carefully, "A girl can stand certain things, Jim. She gets used to it. Then something new crops up. . . ."

"Like what, for instance?"

"He's been boasting about how clever he is, about how he bluffed you into selling the business to him at half price. I stood all the good things he said about himself and all the bad things he said about me. But I began to hit back when he took that tack . . . especially," and she took my hand again, "especially when I knew exactly what you really had done."

I said, "I didn't do a darn' thing."

"Tell that to someone who doesn't know you so well, Jim. You knew Buck was all washed up. You just the same as gave him five thousand dollars so you could be sure I'd eat regularly. It was . . . mind putting your arms around me, Jim?"

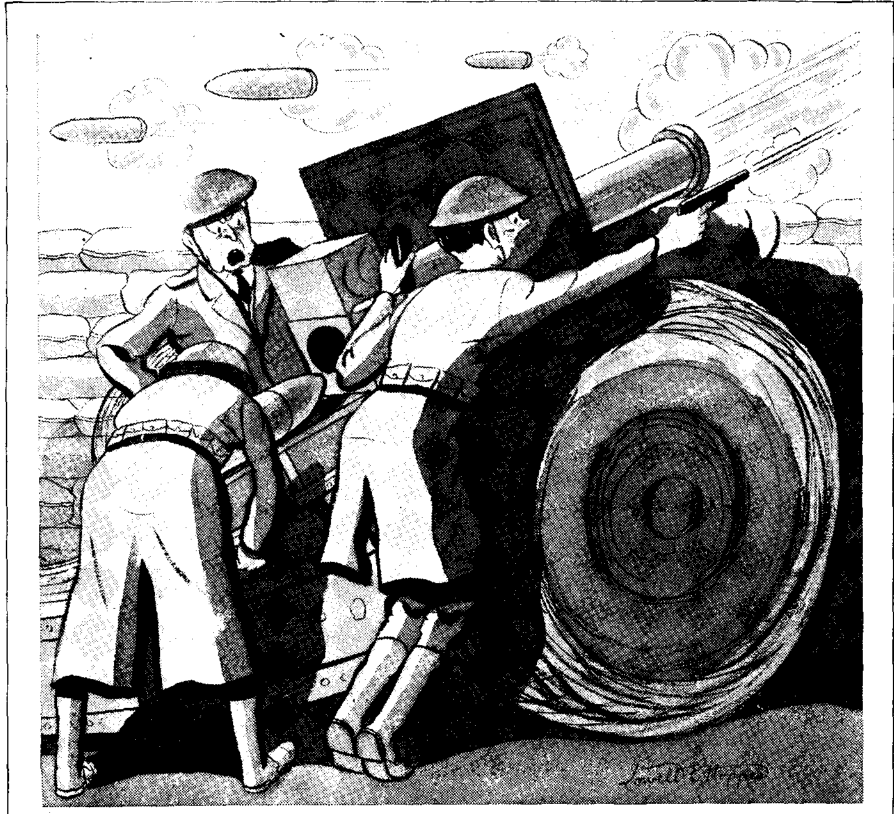
I wrapped her up tight, and said, "Go on, honey, and take as long as you want. I like this."

"I was just thinking," she said to my shoulder, "how queer this thing worked out. Trying to do something nice for me—making a sacrifice that you figured would separate us forever—you put Buck on his feet, and because of that I didn't mind leaving him. Then letting him think he was smarter than you made him boast so much that I got the courage to do what I wanted to. It's kind of sweet, isn't it, Jim?"

I said, yes, it was sweet and then I suggested we go downtown to see a friend of mine.

"What about?" she asked.

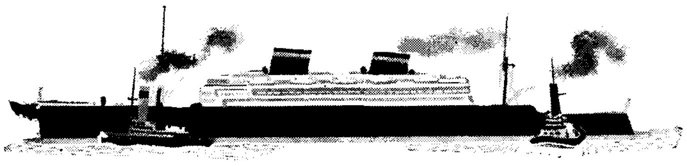
"I want to find out how quick you can get that divorce," I said. "I've waited an awful long time for the right partner."



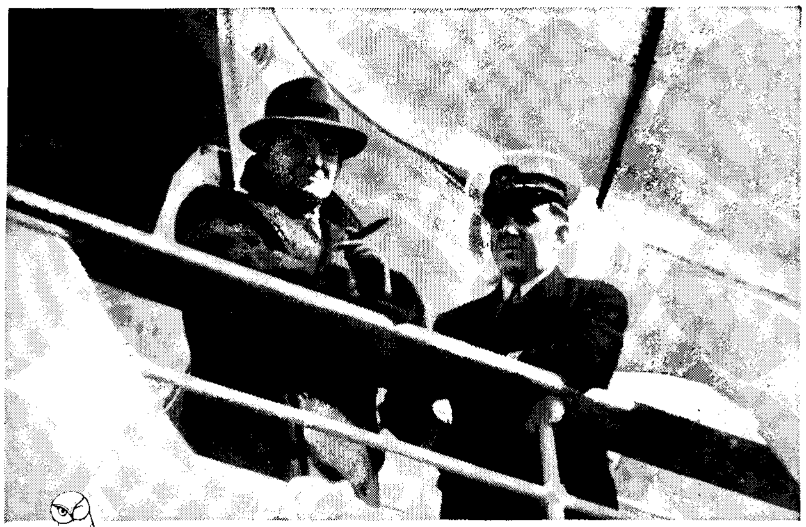
"Just fire the big gun, Summers, and we'll see that you get credit for doing your part"

LOWELL HOPPES

JUST OFF THE BOAT FROM HAVANA:



Octavus Roy Cohen O.K.'s HAVANA TASTE of NEW WHITE OWL



OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, one of America's top-notch fiction writers, recently returned from his latest of many trips to Cuba. We interviewed him at the dock, while his memories of Cuba were still fresh in his mind.

OWL: Welcome back, Roy. Been down for some Havana inspiration?

COHEN: Been down for it—and brought it back . . . plenty of hunches for new stories.

OWL: I suppose you've kept the edge on your keen taste for Havana cigars . . . you'd know a true Havana flavor?

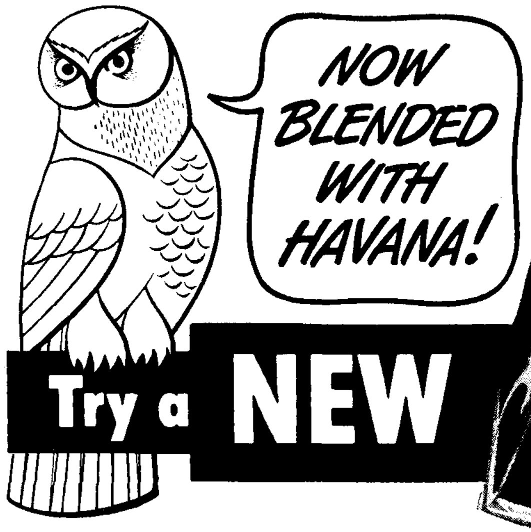
COHEN: Guarantee to spot it at ten paces.

OWL: Will you do us a favor . . . light up one of our *new* White Owl Cigars and tell us whether or not you think it has a Havana flavor?

COHEN (puffing cigar): Right! Of course, it is a lot milder than the all-Havana cigars of Cuba—but it sure has a real Havana flavor!

MR. COHEN is known to his friends as a "Havana commuter" because of the frequency of his trips to Cuba. A connoisseur of fine Havana tobacco, he knows intimately the rich taste of a good cigar. Note what he says about the *new* White Owl.

The *new* blended-with-Havana White Owl does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Octavus Roy Cohen on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for White Owl sales record. Are you missing out on this cigar "find" of the year?


NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!

WHITE OWL
WHITE OWL

Try a NEW WHITE OWL—Today 5¢

See how the new White Owls are made—New York World's Fair, 1940

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

I'M A LADY WITH A PAST!
WHY, JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO...
DON'T RUB IT IN, SUE! OF COURSE I HAVEN'T A BID TO THE CLUB DANCE. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT A DUD I AM WITH THE BOYS!
OH, AMY! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER AND SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH! SORRY TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS, BUT THAT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU DON'T CLICK WITH MEN!
AMY CHECKS UP...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
AMY, YOU MUST TRY MY NEW FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE'S MARVELOUS!
LISTEN, SUE--AMY DOESN'T NEED A FORTUNE-TELLER! SHE KNOWS HER PAST AND PRESENT--AND HER FUTURE BELONGS TO ME!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 10

statement." He looked troubled, hesitant to offend her. "There's a war going on. People who believe as he does are natural enemies of us all. Any moment an enemy can be dangerous."

She felt little quivers in her knees, it was so unanswerable and so unjust. But John's solemn face had such shame in it, as if he'd violated the code of the Gabriels, that she thought suddenly, he isn't saying what he means, he's jealous, jealous because of me! Hostility went out of her and she had a novel impulse to touch his cheek. Then she felt shy. "I just helped him work his boat when I was twelve, John. He's exactly like my old boots, dependable and nice but hardly fascinating."

There was a disarming slowness about John—not Caleb's quick, acid mind but something much more solid. And he felt such an absurd reverence for her! Her pulse skipped; she felt an odd, pleasant alarm. She thought for a moment that John was going to kiss her but he didn't—only looked as if he wanted to. Then he looked bleak, and said, "I wanted to take you to the yacht-club dance. You'll never know how much I wanted to. But Natalie wants to go—she's had a dull time since Mark died—it's proper for her to go out now, but she ought to go there with a member of the family. Will you—well, I'll want you to dance with me—a lot."

If it had been Caleb she would have grabbed his hand, but maybe she'd better suppress impulses the way John did. That made her flutter like a young girl and she said awkwardly, "Of course!" So John daringly took her hand instead, and looked frustrated. She was left wondering if the kiss you didn't get wasn't the one you wanted most. That was an astonishing, a disturbing notion.

ALL Caleb Thatcher wanted in Wallisport was to forget the war. Slowly his spirits revived and he even felt a faint stirring of ambition. He was moved, one day, to ask Greg Ashburn, his nearest neighbor, if there was a job in Greg's firm—which gathered industrial statistics and analyzed them for subscribers. Greg looked like the Spirit of Great Britain and said, "Sorry, old chap. The office won't survive me and I'm always packed to go." The plunge taken, he went round to see John Gabriel. John looked skeptical, a composite of Boston rectitude, and asked Caleb what he thought he could do in the Gabriel mills.

Automatically Caleb stiffened with a hostility that was as old as both of them. "Why," he said, "haven't you heard I'm too clever for my own good? I'm offering to sell some cleverness in a promising market."

He had never been able to resist baiting John. And now John said slowly, "Maybe you're only reckless and imprudent, Thatcher. Maybe your reputation is unfair to you. But in times like these it's a dangerous reputation. The mills are important to the national defense. I can't take a chance on you."

"That's right," Caleb said, "I might sabotage you, I might be a spy. Red, Nazi or only C.I.O.?" He couldn't feel angry at John's self-righteousness and he could feel only amazement at the town's belief that he was a dangerous person. Just how?

It was clear, though, that after all he wasn't heartbroken. Meeting Natalie at the houses that were still open to him, he could impersonally observe her rich loveliness without feeling either regret or anticipation. So you could fall out of love. But he had an indefinable feeling that Natalie didn't want him to. She rode a lot in the woods between the hunt club and Witchcraft Creek, and though he sometimes saw her horse at Greg Ashburn's place, accident seemed to bring her to Caleb's place quite frequently. She would talk intimately, regretfully, unhappily.

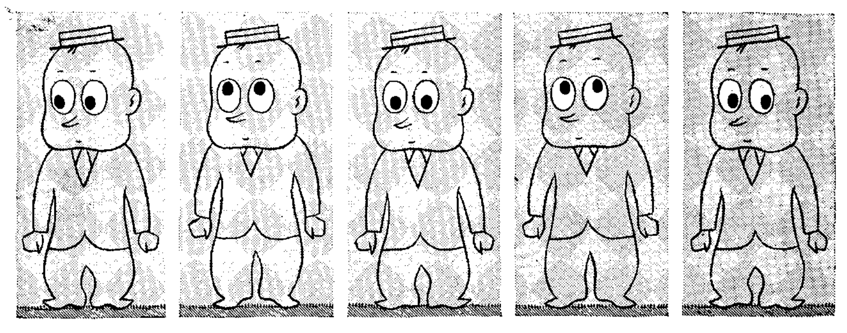
One Sunday morning she slid out of the saddle and leaned against the fence beside Caleb. "Why don't you ever come over to see me, Caleb? I used to be worth your while." A felt hat curved away from curls of sand-blond hair above the white forehead, above the sea-blue eyes he had once all but drowned in. Those eyes turned toward him, unhappy, ambiguous, shadowy with something. "You were right about me—I didn't want to marry Mark. I thought I did, but I didn't. I suppose I had to prove it but you were right."

Caleb said nothing. There was something wrong, out of harmony, an indefinable insincerity. Her shoulder was touching his, soft, yielding, her arm round and warm in its moleskin sleeve. She whispered, "How much do I have to say, Caleb?" Three years ago he would have been on fire, but now it was with a kind of experimental curiosity that he took her in his arms. Her lips were cold. Caleb stood away. "You didn't want me to kiss you," he said quietly. "Just what is the idea, Natalie?"

She turned antagonistic and flippant: "Only to live up to what they say about us." Then she mounted the sorrel mare and rode away.

A SUCCESSION of battered men, sometimes ragged, sometimes furtive, came into town and touched him for a dollar or five dollars or ten because they had been comrades in arms. All of them were down on their luck, some of them were probably wanted by the police, and they made for the war veteran with a sure instinct. The town would label them Communists because their clothes were shabby, and would hold them as evidence against Caleb. The hell with the town!—these boys had been under fire.

Then one evening he came back to



Leap Frog

CROCKETT JOHNSON

Cute...

No question about this little cocker's pedigree. It includes twenty-six champions in five generations.

but *WHAT'S HIS* PEDIGREE?

WHEN you're paying out good money for a dog, you're interested in more than his looks. The first question you ask is *"How is he bred?"* And you want to see *proof* of his pedigree—because without that proof he's just another dog.

It's plain common sense to buy *tires* the same way. Choosing new tires for your car is mighty important. It involves the safety of your family. But in the confusion of extravagant tire "claims" and glib sales talk it's easy to get bewildered.

Remember this. Almost anybody can build a tire that *looks* good. Almost anybody can *say* his tire will give long, safe mileage. But what you want is *facts*, backed by proof of performance.

A good tire has a "pedigree," just as a good dog has. Before you buy tires, find out who made them, how long they have been making tires, how many tires they have made and how those tires have performed in service. Find out what their production facilities are for making quality tires to sell at a low price.

Goodyear makes a *complete line* of tires, for every driving requirement and every purse—now at *new low prices!* For example, Goodyear's Great "G-3" All-Weather Tire, road-proved favorite of millions, is now made *better*—priced *lower*—in all popular sizes. And you get the same values in all Goodyear Tires.

You can't pay less than Goodyear's low prices and get the same safety and the same service—and you don't need to pay more!

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. Are you one of them? Ask your nearby Goodyear Dealer about his "90-10" offer and his Easy-Pay Plan.

GOODYEAR TIRES

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

"ALL-WEATHER"—T. M. THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Goodyear's "All-Weather" Tread—Proved for Driving Safety—Under *All* Conditions—By *More* People—Over *More* Miles—Than *Any* Other.

GOODYEAR TIRES
Always as good as you think.
Now cost less than you imagine.

The First Thing to Remember . . . when buying a New Car

Every Car Needs Simoniz

Modern cars are built to run well for thousands of miles. But no car looks well for long unless Simonized. Beauty soon dies. The lacquer or enamel breaks down—gets dull and discolored—on exposure to weather, dirt, and the sun's rays. Simoniz alone stops this destruction. Protects the finish always. Lets you enjoy gorgeous lustre and color year after year. In fact, each application of Simoniz builds up more beauty! Besides, you save washing. Dust and dirt wipe right off with a dry cloth. *Is your car dull?* Clean it the new way with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. It restores the true beauty of the finish so quickly and easily. Simoniz your car right away!

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL

Always insist on world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages.

THE SIMONIZ CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

the hunting lodge and a short, muscular figure got out of his armchair, a tanned, freckled face was grinning at him, and Bert Hendricks was saying, "*Salud!* I always thought you was a millionaire! So here you are, puttin' up at the Ritz."

Caleb shouted joyfully and before the hour was out two war veterans were handsomely tight. It was a reunion of men who had gone through war and fear and boredom together, who had faced death together and had come through. Bert was hard enough to turn the edge of a rock drill—and the best man Caleb had ever known.

"At the moment are you ahead of the cops?" he asked Bert the next day.

"Even if I wasn't, they couldn't prove nothing. This is a business trip."

The business was sweetly simple. The Labor Relations Board had ordered an election in the Gabriel mills and Bert was here to keep an eye on it for the C.I.O.

"That's just dandy," Caleb said, "more pitch to defile me in John Gabriel's eyes. John already knew I made bombs secretly—now he'll know I use them. I was the Red menace before you came, and you came straight from Comrade Stalin."

"I tell you," Bert said, "I'll come up to you on the street and you call a cop and tell him to keep them mendicants from annoyin' you."

Unobtrusive men at all the factories would be watching Bert. For Bert was the real stuff: a union organizer with a long record of agitation, a man who had felt deputies' clubs on his skull, a man who knew the inside of jails. Quite possibly, Caleb knew, a man who was dangerous to John Gabriel and others. If the town had needed any further evidence about Caleb, here it was.

But he brought a zest that had been lacking. They sat in dingy saloons drinking beer late at night, fighting the war over, spinning the interminable reminiscence of old soldiers. Hope Shaler liked Bert at sight, and some nights now there were three of them racketing about in Caleb's car and eating hamburgers at ungodly hours in dining cars.

"He's a sweetie," Hope told Caleb privately, and it was an uproarious word for Bert's reinforced concrete structure. She accepted him on his own terms, he belonged, and she was deeply interested too. "Is he a real Red?" she asked.

Caleb grunted: "If you mean is he a Communist, no—he's as white as your handkerchief. But he doesn't want to hold out a helping hand to John Gabriel. If that's being Red, maybe sometime you'd like to take a look at John through Bert's eyes."

BERT went about his business in Wallisport, and no doubt a lot of people checked up on him. And in due time his errand there failed. The Gabriel employees voted for the company union. Bert had sulphurous remarks to make but took the defeat in his stride. It was just a skirmish; they would keep going on for a long while yet.

"But I must be gettin' soft," he said. "Or else you showed me too good a time. Most towns I make ain't got a Ritz I can get into."

Caleb had a sudden, vivid glimpse of Bert's life—on to the next place, to turmoil that never ended, perhaps a cracked skull, perhaps a penitentiary. "Come back sometime," he said. "This is Veterans' Rest. You've got a latchkey."

Bert grinned. "Maybe I'll be back for another crack at the Gabriels." His gaze went round the room. "Chairs, sofa, rugs. Whisky in the cupboard, food in the bin. No mud, no lice, no bits of plaster fallin'. . . . By the way—what would you do if some day you run into a fat machinist captain with a scar on his jowl?"

"I'd light a pipe and curl up somewhere with a good book."

Bert stood up. His eyes were metallic. "Me," he said, "I hope I make his acquaintance sometime."

In this familiar room, surrounded by the books and possessions he had known all his life, in Wallisport, in a peaceful nation, Caleb found it hard to believe he had ever sworn to kill a man at sight.

SMILING acidly, Aunt Elinor said, "I remember how all of us New Women fought to abolish the ancient bondage of our sex."

Squirming, Hope panted, "You grab that lace and pull!" She felt as if her diaphragm had been tilted at an angle, and she could have used a lot more breath than she was getting. "Ouch! More still, I can take it—I've got to. Tighter! I'm no sissy." The pink satin instrument of torture, edged with a froth of lace, gouged into her middle, and the mirror showed her expanding above and below it. "Forty dollars to mingle your liver with your upper lungs! But the Shaler girl has hips tonight if I have to do my breathing through a tube."

She could bend over just far enough to fasten the garters, and that felt as if the steel boning had come loose and penetrated the abdomen. But results had been achieved and she patted them with honest pride. "Look at the elsewhere! Look at the also! Grandma was cuckoo to want them and I know now that grandma didn't fake those fainting spells, but I can look Natalie in the eye and tell her to go to hell."

"You can't look John in the eye and tell him you're not a fraud. You ought to rest your case on those agreeable legs, or go for a man who likes nature unassisted."

"Mystery, darling, mystery and feminine glamor. Nature let me down."

But when the golden-yellow dress had covered that artful aid, though the waist was unquestionably wasp, it was the eyes she liked. Why, they were shining! She would remember tonight forever. She went sedately down the stairs to Caleb—the corset made you go sedately—spun on a spike heel so that the yards of skirt dipped and ballooned, and, pointing, said, "Look—hips! Would you have thought it possible?"

Caleb studied her. "Trying to live up to the underwear ads, huh? Just how would you swim Dullard's Gut in an iron lung?"

"Is that all witchery means to you? Next time you overturn a boat in Dullard's Gut you'll be alone. From tonight on I'm languorous fragility in a forty-dollar corset." She squeezed his arm. "It's got to be a big night, Caleb. It's got to be youth and lilacs and the last spring of all."

It was a month short of lilacs but the April night was warm and soft, and from the moment when their taxi drew up at the yacht club it was more delightful than she had dared to hope. She danced with Caleb, an excitement traveled down the side lines and she danced with a dozen urgent young men, she danced with the all but inarticulate John for a tantalizing moment till some youth took her away. The whispering skirt swirled reassuringly around her legs, maybe square shoulders weren't so bad, maybe the women who looked at her were whispering something it would be good to hear.

Even Natalie! In a black net dress that nobody would ever mistake for mourning, Natalie was as lovely as a crystal statuette. The weariness in her eyes, the unhappy droop of her carmine mouth only added to the effect. She said, "It's a first-rate effort, dear. I wonder! They call it Castle Gabriel but sometimes I've thought the Big House would be a better name. And John is so simple it's hardly sporting." She got contrite about that barb and touched Hope's arm. "I'm a cat. Have a good time."

She looked unhappy, she looked lost somehow, and sadness for her touched Hope's heart. But she forgot it, for John was coming back, purposefully, as if to a stockholders' meeting. He was so solemn, so absurd—and it was dear to have him solemn and absurd.

He whispered, almost defiantly, "You're beautiful!" That was an overstatement but she secretly made a snoot at all the people who had ever called her a tomboy, and her pulse had begun to flutter. This was getting—well, more serious than she had thought. The music was no longer tunes, it was an insistence in her veins telling her that this grave, inept man thought a lot of her, that she was glad he did. He muttered, "A man can't—this is no proper place. . . ." and her hand tightened on his shoulder and his arm tightened on her waist. A sweet, confusing apprehension broke out in her. He said, "Let's not dance!" and this was she, Hope Shaler, whispering to the crown prince of Wallisport, "There are better things to do." She had never before trembled because a man was going to kiss her.

AS THEY went up the stairway that had brass ship's trimmings she saw Caleb grinning at her knowingly across the hall, and John, seeing him too, said angrily, "He won't be coming to places like this much longer." An automatic defensiveness made her say, "If he hadn't tonight, I wouldn't be here, John."

Then she forgot Caleb and everything else, for in the half-darkness of a little chartroom, John took her in his arms. It was not like anything she had expected—no wild ecstasy but quiet, comforting, too sweet to be borne. Tears were stinging her eyes. But clearly John wasn't feeling quiet and when she had stepped back, hands at her hair, he said hoarsely, even desperately: "Hope! I didn't mean—not here—darling, there are so many people! I'm crazy about you."

Her voice broke: "You're—sweet. Something is happening to us."

"I've got to take Natalie home." He was just short of groaning. "Hope, wait up for me when you get home! No matter how late. I'll come—I'll surely come. There won't be anyone there, we'll be—oh, private! Will you?"

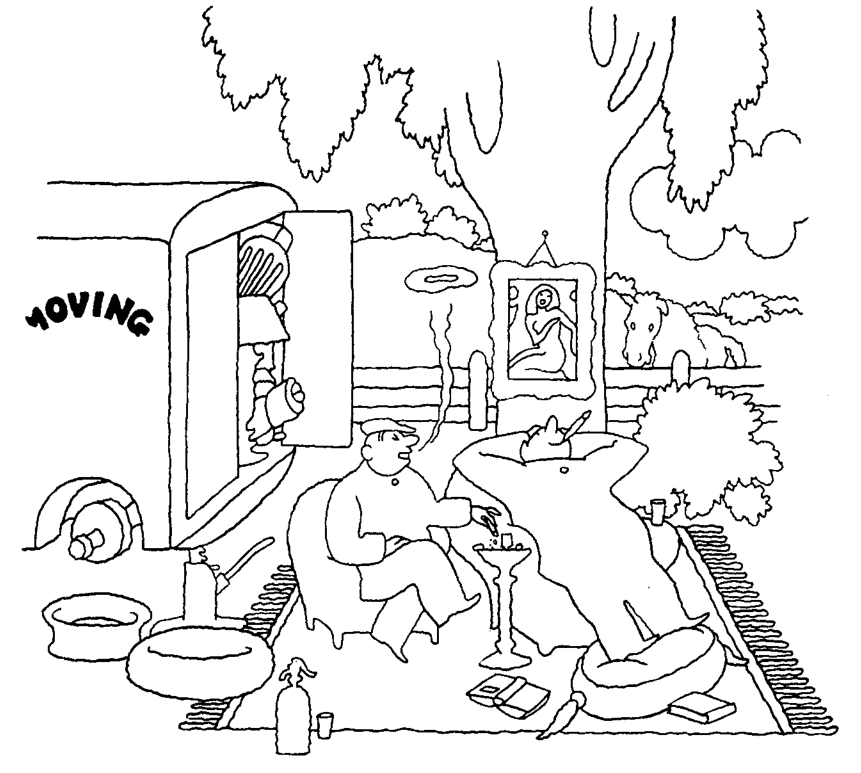
She said, "Darling!" and was being kissed again, and whispered against his cheek, "I'm—I can't get my breath, and it's not this darn' corset, either! Go find Natalie. I better fit the pieces together before anyone sees me. I'll wait till dawn for you, till breakfast time, till noon!" So he was gone and in the darkness she really did cry a little and then, after a long time, she went out and there was a strange peacefulness in her heart.

She would not dance again tonight! . . . Afterward, looking back, she was to realize that if she had now done anything at all differently none of the ghastly things would have occurred. But she did what she did—there was no other way. And at the top of the stairs, seeing John and Natalie's black dress going out, suddenly she wasn't peaceful any more, suddenly she was ecstatic with the knowledge that it had happened. She was in love.

Caleb said at her shoulder, "I'm amazed that Robert's Rules of Order would kiss a girl in a vulgar crowd but I know when a girl has been kissed."

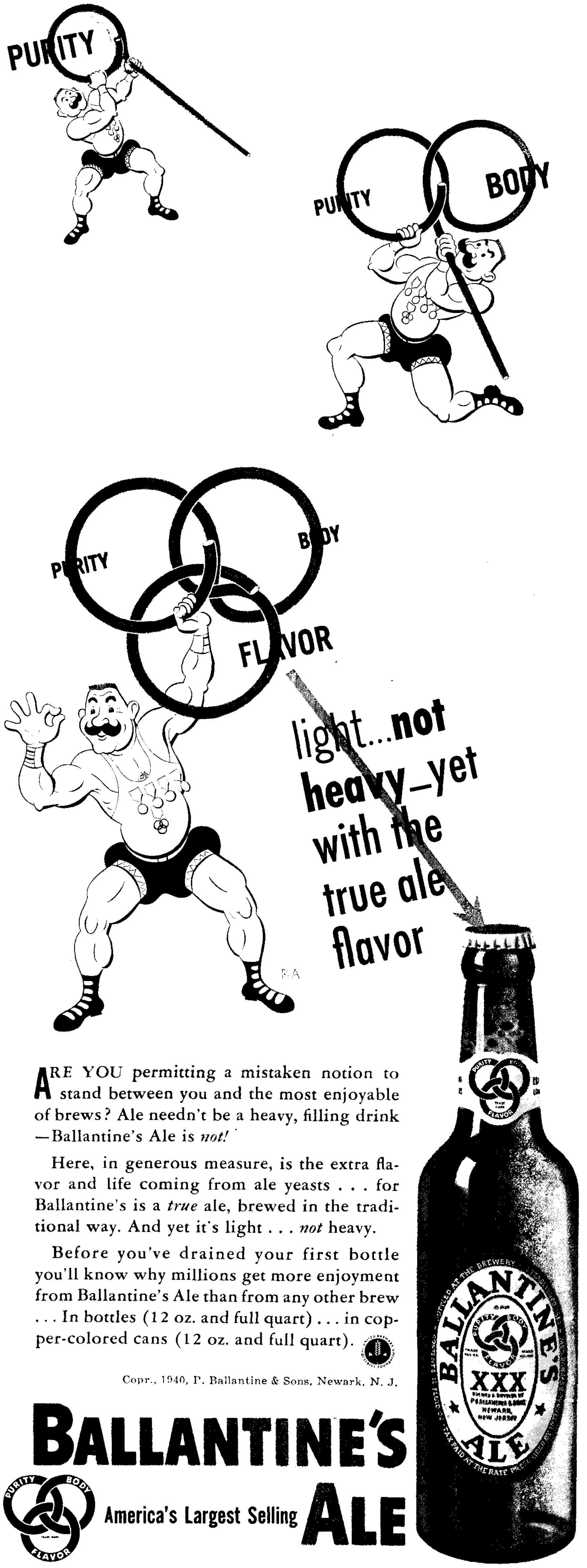
She had a flash of anger for that, then couldn't be angry at anyone, least of all Caleb, who knew all there was to know about her. Then she was in the bar with him and that was a pretty girl looking at her from the mirror—see how love was the very best cosmetic! Caleb bought champagne, saying, "Don't listen to me, child—I hope you'll be happy as all hell." She had had a couple of glasses of champagne earlier in the evening and now this—the mirrored girl's exaltation being increased by the gayest of wines. Then she was strolling with Caleb, who understood that she didn't want to talk, didn't want to dance, only wanted to realize what had happened. He said, "Get your coat." She wrapped herself in its velvet folds and here they were out at the end of the pier in darkness.

The water was absolutely motionless. Scents of plowed land and marshes, of salt water and kelp, of flowers blooming hundreds of miles to the southward, were in the warm April air. From Boar Island and Sow Island the Navy's searchlights stabbed crisscross in the



"The guy at the garage said it would be at least an hour before they could get here"

GARDNER REA



ARE YOU permitting a mistaken notion to stand between you and the most enjoyable of brews? Ale needn't be a heavy, filling drink—Ballantine's Ale is *not!*

Here, in generous measure, is the extra flavor and life coming from ale yeasts . . . for Ballantine's is a *true* ale, brewed in the traditional way. And yet it's light . . . *not* heavy.

Before you've drained your first bottle you'll know why millions get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other brew . . . In bottles (12 oz. and full quart) . . . in copper-colored cans (12 oz. and full quart).

Copr., 1940, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

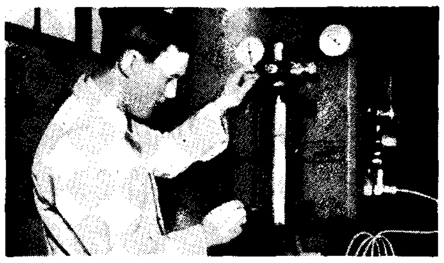
BALLANTINE'S
America's Largest Selling ALE

WE'RE AS
Strict
AS YOUR DAIRY ABOUT
Sanitation

THAT HELPS EXPLAIN

Why Sealright sSs Milk Bottle Caps
mean **Better Protected Milk**

This little Sealright Symbol ○ on milk bottle caps, and the Sealright Emblem which it represents, identify modern, extra-clean milk bottle caps, paper milk bottles, ice cream and cottage cheese containers—all made under Sealright's exacting sanitary control—as illustrated by the pictures below.



Even the Water used in making paper for Sealright Caps is purified—in Sealright's modern water purification system, similar to that used by many cities for drinking water.

White Clad Workers, gleaming machines, spotless floors—everything at Sealright is immaculate. Millions of Sealright caps are made daily under ideal sanitary conditions.

To Safeguard Your Milk, every step in the manufacture of Sealright milk bottle caps proceeds under rigid laboratory supervision. Constant tests insure true cleanliness.

Drink More Milk! Buy from dairies that give you Sealright Sanitary Service. Look for this ○ symbol on their bottle caps, or the Sealright Emblem in their advertising.

DAIRY MILK
SSS
We use
✚ SEALRIGHT ✚
SANITARY SERVICE
for Your Protection
Sealright

SANITARY PAPER PACKAGING PRODUCTS

Entire contents of this advertisement copyright, 1940, by **Sealright Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y.,** Kansas City, Kan., Los Angeles, Calif., Peterborough, Ontario, Canada.

sky half a mile above Dullard's Gut, so there were fireworks for her . . . for her what? Betrothal? She giggled.

"That's better," Caleb said. "What I said was, 'Stop mooning.' "

She was indignant. "If I'm mooning, you get to push me off the dock."

There was no knowing that this was the last chance of all! If Cayley Brown's outboard hadn't been exactly below them, if they hadn't both noticed it at the same time, if Caleb hadn't said, "Want a ride?" It was an idiotic suggestion, but when in their lives wouldn't it have been a good idea? They climbed down into that little boat and, twisting the motor awake, Caleb took them away in the roar of four cylinders that had won the outboard race last summer.

THEY made straight toward the beacon at the southern tip of Sow Island and, fifty yards from it, swerved in high white spray and curved partly back again. No boat could go so fast, no one could feel so glorious, and then Caleb slowed down till the exhaust was just a ripple. Dim water-line bulks told Hope that they were in Farrow Shoals and she had a momentary alarm, but Caleb knew every inch by heart.

He zigzagged through the shoals for a while and then cut off the motor and let the boat drift in darkness. Two miles northeast the searchlights still probed the sky, farther south there was the white-red-white flash of Sachem Head and northward the white-white of Persis Neck, and the lights of Wallisport Center ran along the shore. They must be opposite Witchcraft Creek, where Caleb lived. Everything was unbelievably quiet. No sound, no movement of water, only silence and peace.

"I didn't hear any alarms," she said, "but here we are on the fire engine. My slippers are ruined, I'm cold as a side of refrigerated beef, and do I buy dresses like this to go speedboating in? I've seen this picture before."

"Maybe you think a tail coat and boiled shirt keep the wind out?"

She said, "That's one good thing about a corset," and suddenly they were overwhelmed with mirth, laughing till they were weak out here on the dark water.

The searchlights went out and the night was even darker. You couldn't see fifty feet. "Do they really have to have drills so late?" she said. "Why?"

"That's so when the Blue force comes over to lay eggs on the Navy or the shipyard or the chemical plant or the Gabriel mills, they can look up Plan A and find out where to shoot."

"Heavens! I always forget how important a target Wallisport could be. Maybe you better show me how to dig a bombproof."

Caleb said lazily, "The chemical works are making gas for the Army—one day some of this sabotage your beloved fears will happen there and a green cloud will drift across Wallisport. Then you won't have to ask questions about war. I've been waiting for the town to start some witch hunts for spies. Of course, at Castle Gabriel they'll tell you now that I sell information to Soviet Russia."

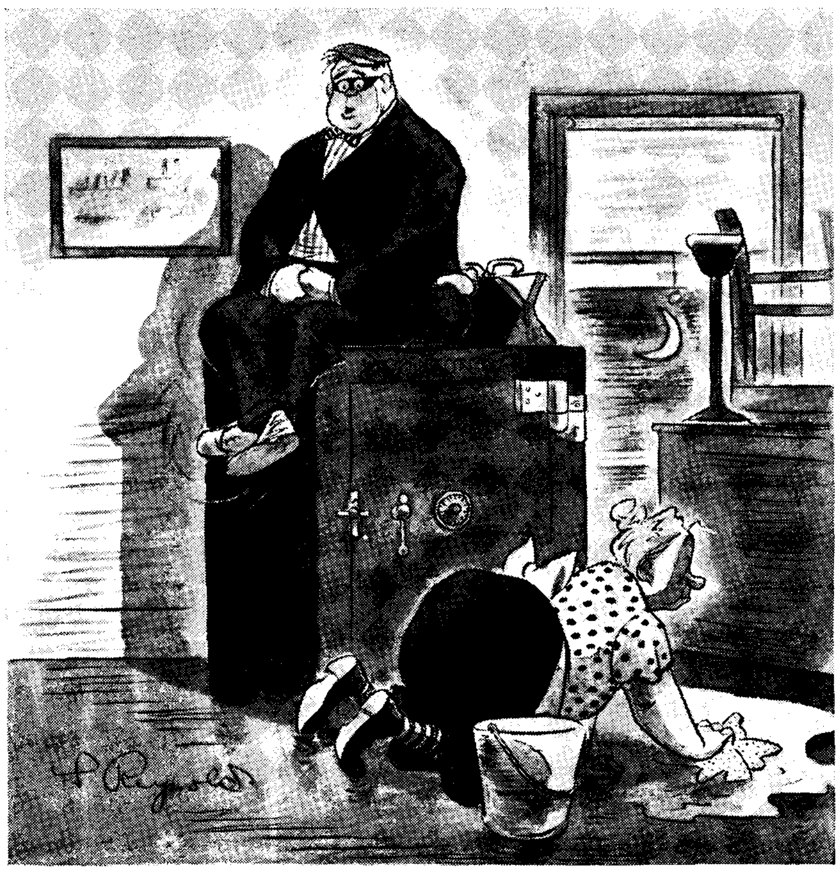
That was a jarring note and she said indignantly, "You're crazy—"

But Caleb was serious. "War is the time when people go crazy. Haven't you heard about strain and anxiety and plain panic? Why shouldn't the Gabriel mills suspect everything? If anything happens there, dozens of factories that are making things for the Army and Navy will be slowed up. He's right—maybe I am a spy—anyway, don't take chances. You think it's crazy but you don't own any Gabriel stock . . . yet."

"You don't look a bit like Mata Hari. Nobody in town does, either. Anybody who talks about espionage and sabotage in Wallisport goes to too many movies."

"Information about every factory in town is going straight to half a dozen headquarters this minute. It's bought and it's sold, you little fool—there are such things as spies. They turn out to be the ones they couldn't possibly have been! They turn out to be the only one you've trusted! In wartime never trust anybody at all. What's your life, or your sacred honor? Just something for somebody to sell out."

Hope leaned forward in the darkness, quivers of shock traveling up her arms. A terrifying violence had been in his voice, a brutality unlike anything she



"Well, how much longer are you going to be?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

QUICK response...

STEPPED-UP 1940 FIRE-CHIEF

With *STEPPED-UP* 1940 Fire-Chief gasoline in your car you will find you can depend on it more than ever. You'll have:

QUICKER STARTS... just a *hint* from the starter pedal and you're off.

QUICKER WARM UP... smoothness instead of stuttering during that "first half mile" when engines tend to buck.

And, on the road... smooth anti-knock performance ... full lively power ... instant throttle response ... more miles per gallon ... all combined to give you outstanding performance.

See your Texaco Dealer. Try *STEPPED-UP* 1940 Fire-Chief today.

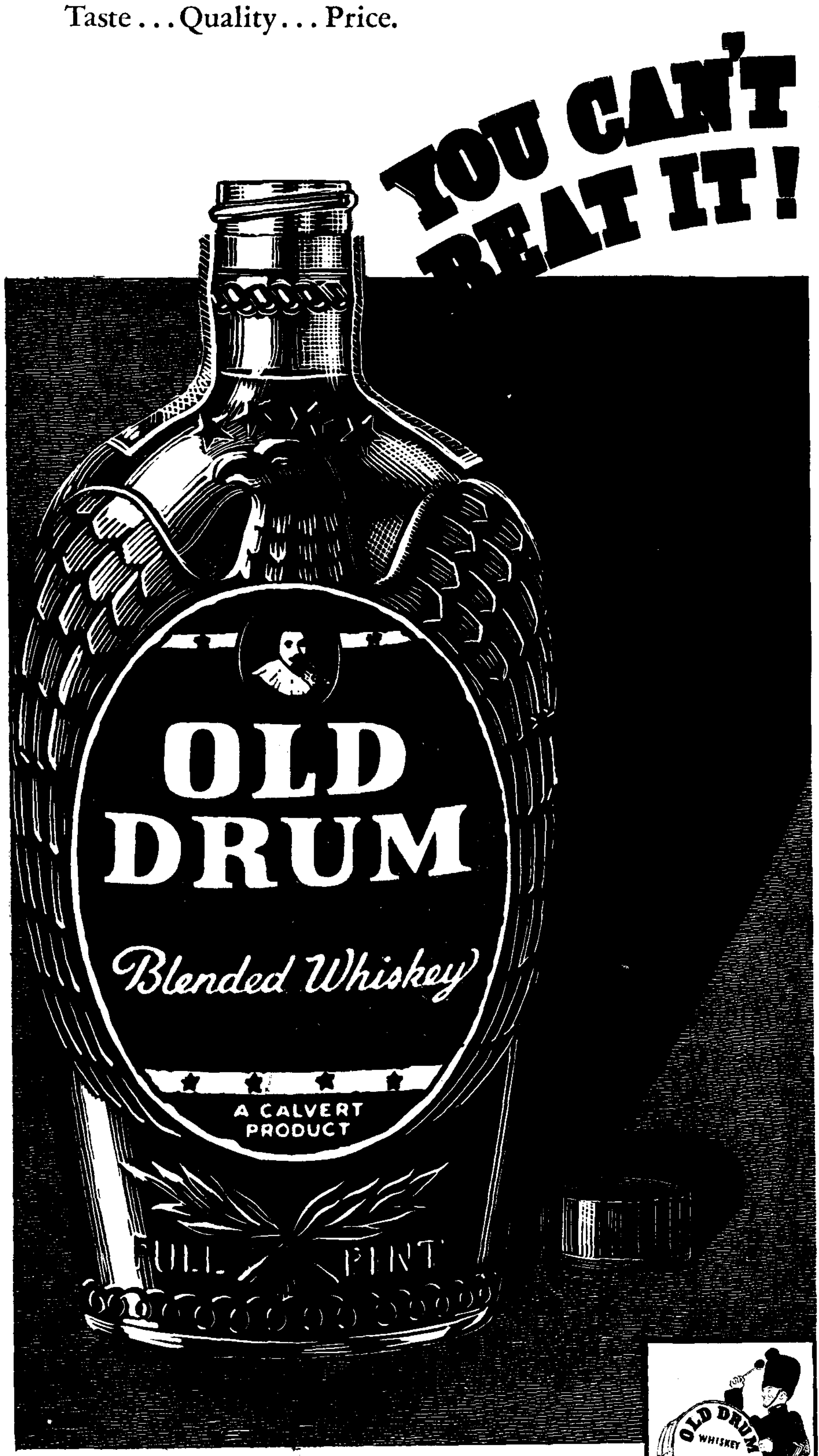
at TEXACO DEALERS Now

TEXACO REG. T. M.

Copyright 1940, by The Texas Company

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

CAL SAYS: When I find a whiskey that's smoother'n Old Drum I'll tell you about it. Meantime, I'm getting more'n my money's worth out of this bottle. *You can't beat it!* For Taste . . . Quality . . . Price.



Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY: 90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

knew about Caleb Thatcher. As certainly as she could see the flash of Sachem Head Light, something from the war in Spain had been in that explosive bitterness. Something darker than night, something cruel and horrible. But it passed at once, for he said, "Lord, I'd wow them at Chautauqua!" Then, even more lightly: "Three p'ints off the sta'board bow, what did I tell you, spies!"

There were channels of a sort through Farrow Shoals, if like Caleb you knew them, but few boats ever took the risk. But now about a hundred yards away a boat was moving through that blackness, fast enough to indicate familiarity. You couldn't tell what kind of boat it was but the soft murmur of its engine meant power. "They call her Fiammetta, the Little Flame," Caleb said. "She has sold out half the foreign offices of Europe. She's speeding to a rendezvous with a submarine off Whampoa Ledge. She drugged the commandant and got the newest Navy code. He's not the first, nor the last, to die of her fatal love. When I slip you the blueprint of our new bomb sight, hide it under that iron lung and leave me to my fate."

BUT the evening had lost its edge. The boat was out of sight and hearing now, and the bottom of her skirt had got wet. "I'm frozen," she said. "This ocean is colder than it looked on impulse."

"You'll learn to veto impulses now," he said with horrible cheerfulness. "There'll be a corset on your behavior too. You'll go no more a-bumming, my dear."

Resentfully: "Do you have to be so jubilant?" Bright pain wrung her, for it was true that her adventurous days had better end now. "You're about as safe for me as a wooden leg on ice. And you're probably right, I'm very dull indeed. So take me home. Hey!" she interrupted herself, "did you hear that?"

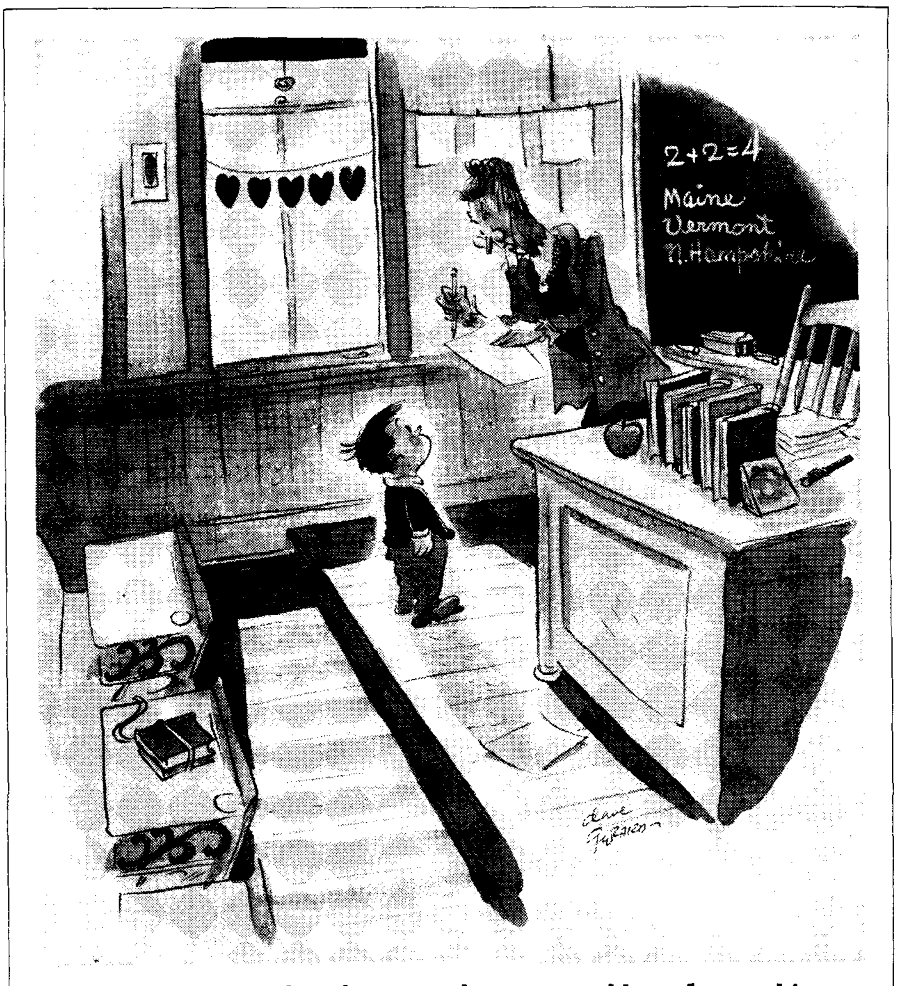
She heard it again—faintly, somewhere inland, the shrill whine of a siren. Another. Another. Somewhere south of town a red column climbed upward, opening out like an umbrella. Enchanted, Hope cried, "They never let us down! One gets you ten it's a four-alarm. What are you waiting for?"

He was already starting the motor. "We'll go up Witchcraft and get my car." The boat raced shoreward at a certainly unsafe speed and there were no bell buoys, no lights, only the darkness and the blacker shore line rushing at them. Could he possibly know the way? "If you drown me, no cigar," she yelled. There was a rushing sound from behind and a plane, climbing, passed over. "Fiammetta's," Caleb shouted. "The pilot is Damroff the Faithless, the Red Scourge of Europe." Hope said, "Never mind the Red Scourge, we're clanging to a fire." The red glow grew as they closed in. What could it be? There were old icehouses in that direction, the Country Club maybe, the mattress factory. "Get me there on time," she said, "or you're a Republican."

More slowly, they entered a black maw and the smell of marshes was in her nostrils. He had made Witchcraft, and she saw black, curving banks. There were sharp turns and the tidal creek narrowed. He slid past something black and there was a jar and a scrape under the keel, the boat leaned over like a skidding car, and shudderingly cold water closed over her. She came up strangling and tried to swim but the velvet coat pinioned her arms and she couldn't breathe until she managed to get out of it. Her feet thrashed and Caleb got an arm under her shoulder. She contrived to say, "Let me get the iron lung off when you give another swimming party," and a moment later he said, "Okay, let your feet down." It was waist-deep and Caleb carried her out to a muddy bank.

"At a guess," she panted, "we've missed the first act."

He saw that her teeth were chattering and, taking her arm, urged her through twenty yards of ankle-deep mud to



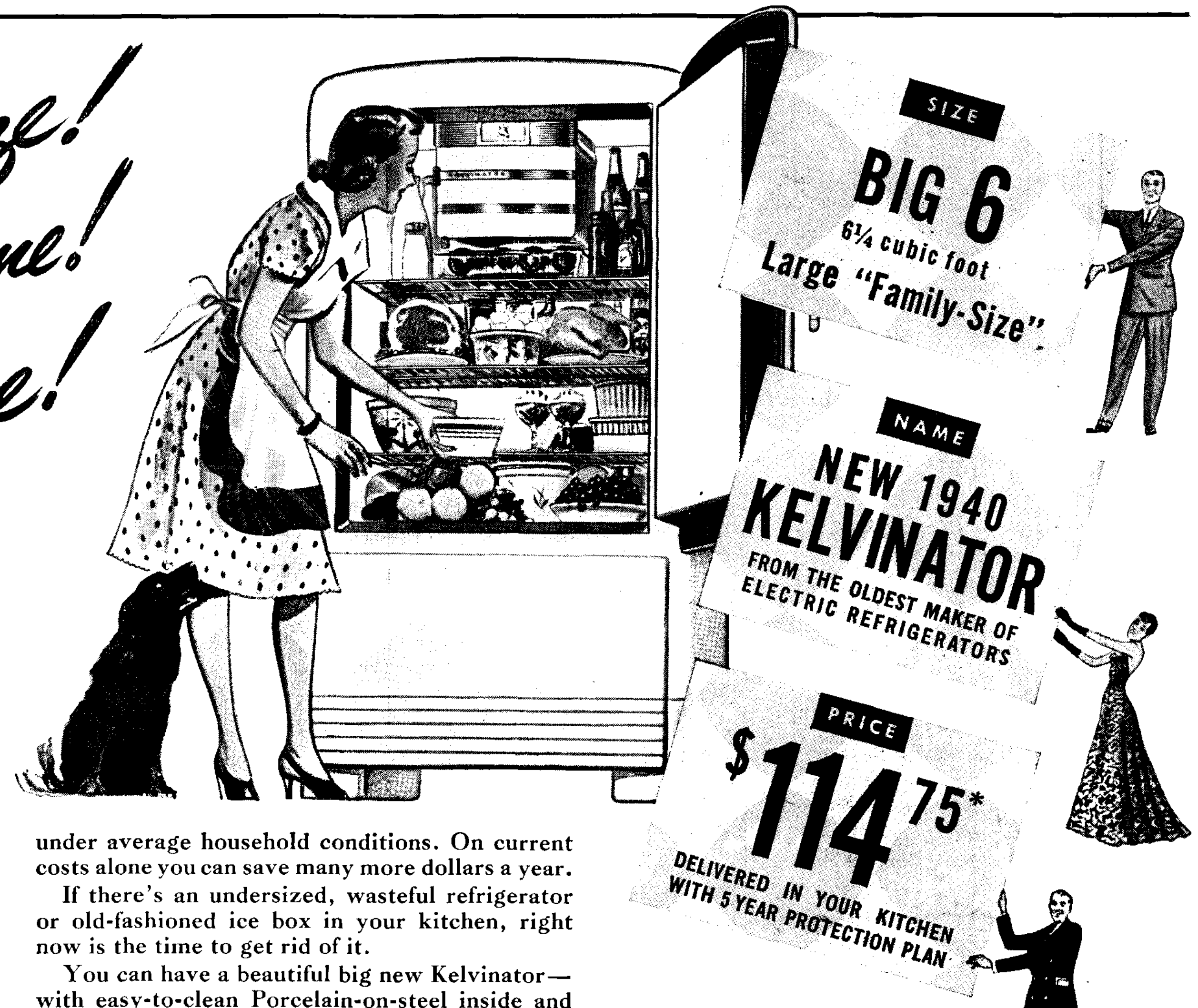
"You tell your father these are the same problems I gave him twenty-five years ago. Seems to me he could work them by now"

DAVE GERARD

It's What You Wanted!

KELVINATOR'S new Program of Large-Volume Production and Low-Cost Selling gives you a complete new line of big 1940 models to choose from—at savings of $30 to $60—They're at your Kelvinator Dealer's Now!

Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price!


SIZE
BIG 6
6¼ cubic foot
Large "Family-Size"
NAME
NEW 1940
KELVINATOR
FROM THE OLDEST MAKER OF ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
PRICE
$114.75*
DELIVERED IN YOUR KITCHEN WITH 5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

IT'S a DANDY—that big new 6¼ cubic foot Kelvinator that's priced at only $114.75* delivered in your kitchen.

But that's just *one* of Kelvinator's amazing 1940 values. You have a complete line of big 6 and 8 cubic foot models to choose from. And every one is a brand-new, up-to-the-minute 1940 Kelvinator—which means the finest refrigeration money can buy—and on *every one* you save from $30 to $60 compared with last year's prices.

Sounds impossible? Here's how we did it!

FIRST, we found a more efficient way to distribute Kelvinator products . . . and we cut the cost of selling. This made a big saving.

SECOND, by putting 96% of our production on 6 and 8 cubic foot size models, we are able to build better refrigerators at *lower* cost.

THIRD, because of greatly increased sales, we have doubled our production schedules, and passed the manufacturing savings to you.

But first cost is only *one* of the ways that Kelvinator saves you money. Every Kelvinator is powered by the famous Polarsphere sealed unit that uses current less than 20% of the time, and has power enough to keep 5 refrigerators cold, under average household conditions. On current costs alone you can save many more dollars a year.

If there's an undersized, wasteful refrigerator or old-fashioned ice box in your kitchen, right now is the time to get rid of it.

You can have a beautiful big new Kelvinator—with easy-to-clean Porcelain-on-steel inside and gleaming white Permalux outside—with an automatic light, a glass chilling tray, an automatic Kelvin Control, and 17 other famous Kelvinator features—for as little as $114.75.*

It will pay you to see your Kelvinator dealer *immediately*. And remember to—Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price!

KELVINATOR DIVISION
Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

For complete authoritative information regarding refrigerator values, ask your Kelvinator dealer for a free copy of "The 1940 Refrigerator Guide."

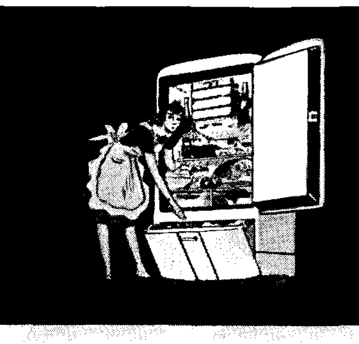
SEE the outstanding values in 1940 Kelvinator Electric Ranges, Washers and Water Heaters.

*Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies.

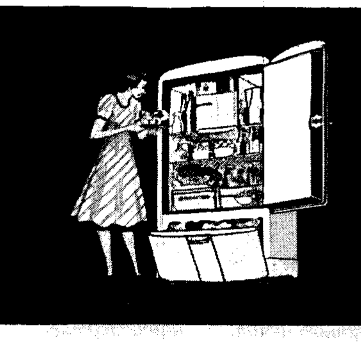
See these other big KELVINATOR *Values for 1940*

Copr. 1940, Nash-Kelvinator Corp.

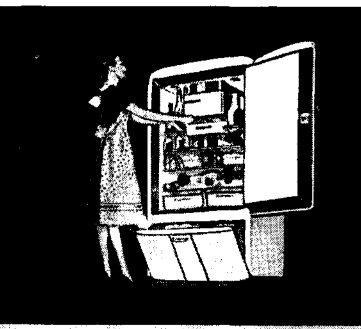
WANT GREATER BEAUTY? Model SS-6 is in the true Kelvinator tradition of beauty—and it has two extra-fast Freezing Shelves, Kelvin Control, Chilling Tray, etc. Kelvinator's new low price only . . $124.95*



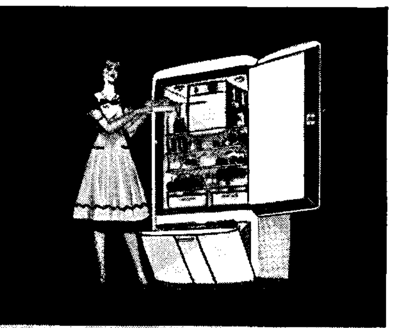
WANT A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED REFRIGERATOR? Model S-6 has big Vegetable Bin, New-type Ice Trays, Sliding Crisper, Cold Storage Chest, etc. Kelvinator's new low price only $139.95*



WANT "MOIST-COLD"? Model HS-6 has complete equipment plus the new "Moist-Master" System that decreases the loss of moisture from foods. Kelvinator's new low price only $169.95*



WANT ALL DE LUXE FEATURES? Model R-6 has De Luxe equipment. Two glass covered Sliding Crispers, Vegetable Bin, Speedy-Cube Ice Trays, etc. Kelvinator's new low price only . . $179.95*



WANT THE FINEST REFRIGERATOR MADE? Then you want Model HD-6. Has *all* modern conveniences, plus exclusive new "Moist-Master" System. Kelvinator's new low price only $209.95*

SOME SMOKERS THINK IT'S
FIERCE!

Others *know* there's no tobacco on earth that equals this truly AROMATIC pipe mixture

Some people don't like anything that's *new*.

Here's such a new, *different* smoking-experience that some men don't like it. But thousands of smokers won't touch any tobacco but Bond Street.

Bond Street's like expensive custom-blends in flavor, fragrance and bite-free coolness. Contains *rare aromatic tobacco never before used in a popular price mixture.* Even women approve Bond Street's aroma.

In fairness to yourself, spend 15¢ for a generous pocket-tin of Bond Street today!

BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
15¢

Today—try a tin of

BOND STREET

Pipe Tobacco

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

higher ground covered with crackling marsh grass. "We're a couple of hundred yards from my place," he said; "let's run for it."

"I can't—my slippers sank to a watery grave."

"Say this for me, when I'm a damned fool I go all the way." He picked her up and started across the marsh grass. She clasped her arms around his neck—and that dank pulp had been a stiff shirt. Well, the icy shroud round her had once been a ravishing dress that dazzled you. "Don't try to take any jumps," she said, "all this needs is a busted collarbone."

"Stop laughing!" he grunted. "You're a hefty girl, Hope."

"Rather I bawled?" He'd done it now, she had to laugh, and though he muttered "Shut up!" she couldn't. He staggered, then he was laughing too, and he set her down on his front porch and they stood there in the dark, clasping each other, water-soaked, chilled to the bone, and guffawed till their last breath was used up.

Inside, when he turned a light on, Hope had to shriek again. His face was brown with slime, marsh grass and water moss plastered his shirt front, the arms of his coat had come unsewed, and a pool of black water was widening round his feet. "Davy Jones!" she said. "The Old Man of the Sea! Nobody can sail you again till you've had a refitting."

"Well, now I know what a water nymph looks like."

You bet! That marvelous dress clung to her legs like a pair of tights and was a saturated bath sponge at her heels. She scraped seaweed from a bare shoulder, and said, "The quiet life is getting me down. Show me the drydock and find me some clothes."

HE TOOK her into his bedroom. Not much of a mirror but enough to show her hair plastered down like fur, her face muddy, the dress slipping from her shoulders, moss and slime and seaweed all over her. He got some clothes for himself from the closet and said, "Towels in the bathroom. I'll get a fire going and some whisky. I guess you'll have to put on some of my stuff."

"I'll try to bear up under it, but get out. Beat it!" She made a gesture to take off the dress and snickered when he slammed the door.

Something over a hundred dollars worth of the very nicest clothes became just a repulsive pulp on the floor. Holding the corset at arm's length, she wrinkled her nose distastefully—even dry it would have been ridiculous. She toweled herself violently and her blood began to flow again. With returning warmth she felt even giddier and had to stifle a laughter that the concerned Caleb would certainly have mistaken for hysterics. It wasn't hysterics, it was delight—if she was insane to enjoy a midnight ducking, okay, she was insane. . . . Neatly folded in his dresser, shorts and undershirt. A pair of corduroy trousers in the closet: she rolled the legs up. Big thick shirt. Pair of old shoes. She started to wash her face and thought suddenly, "Look here, if it was true about him and Natalie, I wouldn't have to wear his clothes!"

Natalie! Oh, Lord! John! John waiting at the white house, and she had promised to wait for him till dawn, till breakfast time, till noon!

For a moment the thought that she had forgotten paralyzed her, then she burst through the door to the big room. "You've got to get me home fast! You've got to get me . . ."

Her voice trailed off. Caleb had got some logs burning in the fireplace and most of his clothes changed. But he was still bare to the waist and what had broken off her demand was sight of a scar that began near his lower rib and went clear across his back just below his shoulders, a red, curving, angry welt.

She said, "No, you never saw any action, you just drove a truck."

He got into a flannel shirt fast. "Well, shut up about it," he said gruffly. "What about getting you home fast?"

Her anxiety roused again. "We've done it this time. Get your car—"

But Caleb dashed to the door. Following, she saw him cut around the house and heard him thrashing through shrubbery. "Come on back!" she cried. He came back. "I thought there was someone looking in the window," he said. "There wasn't. Things have been happening too fast for me."

"Who but us fools would be out in a swamp at three o'clock? Get your car!"

Her urgency got results. He backed the car out of the shed, she climbed in beside him and they shot up the lane. Past Greg Ashburn's dark house, past the hunt club, out to the highway at last. She noticed there was no sign of a fire.

"I guess you had to take a reef in those trousers," he said. "Maybe you ought to keep a full set of spares at my place."

His lightness jarred on her and she didn't answer. They'd done it this time, no, she'd done it, none of the blame was Caleb's. How could anyone understand, least of all a man waiting to ask you to marry him? If he wasn't there, she couldn't bear it. If he was there—well, she couldn't bear that, either. Maybe she'd better get out a block from home and face him alone—in Caleb's clothes. No, that wasn't honest, and anyway Caleb wouldn't let her go alone. They'd go up together and tell the absurd truth. If a man was in love with you, everything would be all right. But the bottom was out of everything, and her spirits drooped lower still, and she'd be bawling in a minute.

Caleb said morosely, "I'm poison for you. If I could ever scrape up half a grain of common sense. If I could even be depended on to steer a boat!"

"It wasn't your fault." She was exhausted, she was sunk. "It's just that we do things like this. It's what happens to us. With the most innocent intentions. It always would. So we're stopping. This is our last escapade. I'm sorry, but now we're getting sense. From now on we just send each other post cards."

He was silent for a quarter of a mile. Then, somberly: "You're right, Hope. I know what happened at the dance, and you're right. We've had a lot of fun and now we'd better not. I'm sorry."

THEY came into North Wallisport and anxiety tightened its grip. When they came round the corner she saw that there was no light in the white house. John wasn't there! She couldn't tell whether that was worst or best. She stumbled out of the coupé and Caleb took her hand, saying, "If I forgot to say it anytime these ten years, party dress or my corduroys, you're a damned pretty girl." She broke away without saying anything and hurried up the walk, his shoes flopping on her feet.

She got a light on in the lower hall. Nothing on the table, no note from John. A light went on upstairs and there was Aunt Elinor in a nightdress looking down at her, first curiously, then with an amused smile, a satirical smile.

"I didn't know they contemplated turning it into a costume ball," Aunt Elinor said tranquilly.

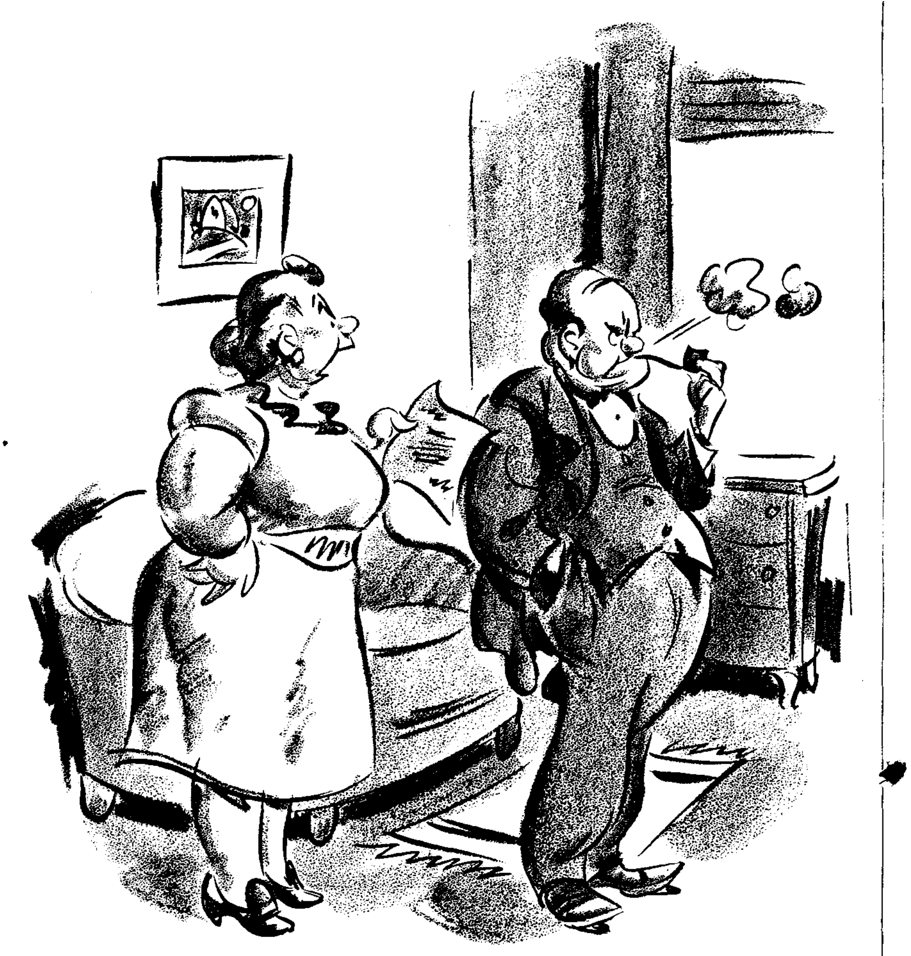
"John!" Hope said frantically. "Was he here? Did he come?"

"John? John Gabriel? No, he hasn't been here."

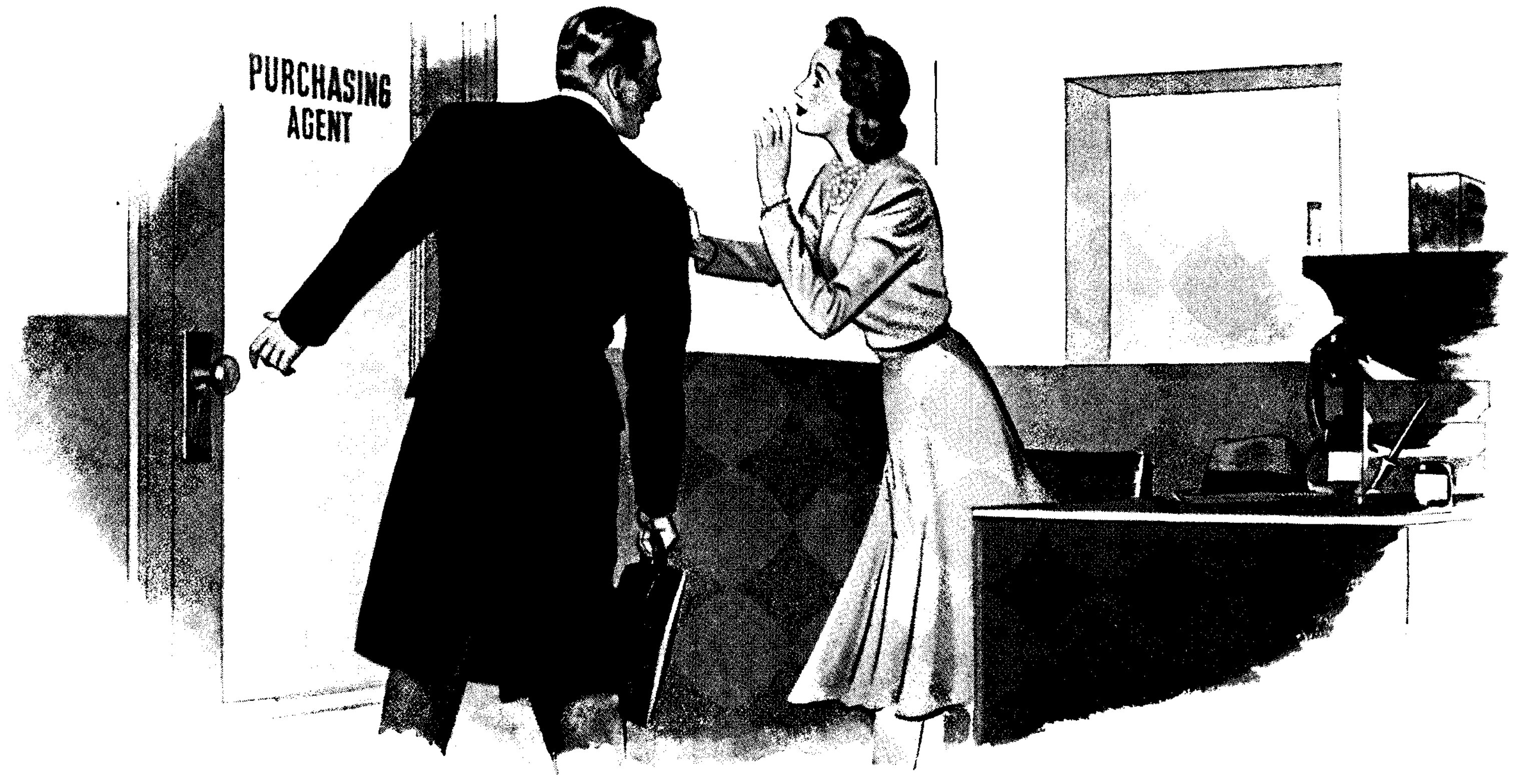
Hope's knees buckled and she sat down on the stairs. Relief flooded over her. He hadn't been here! She hadn't hurt him! She was saved.

"I imagine he went to the fire," Aunt Elinor said. "There was a fire a while ago. At the Gabriel mills."

(To be continued next week)



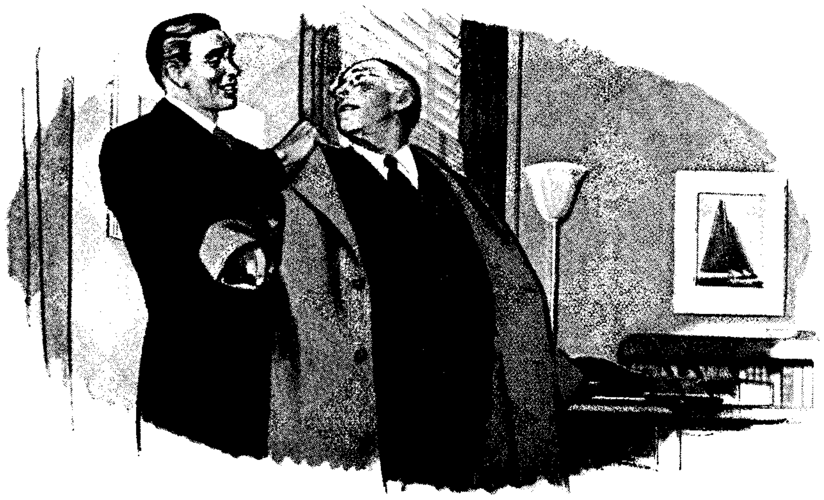
"You act as if you didn't trust me, hiding this note from your secretary in that cigar box up in the attic in that old trunk with the two padlocks" GEORGE LICHTY



"Start off by asking him about his new Packard"

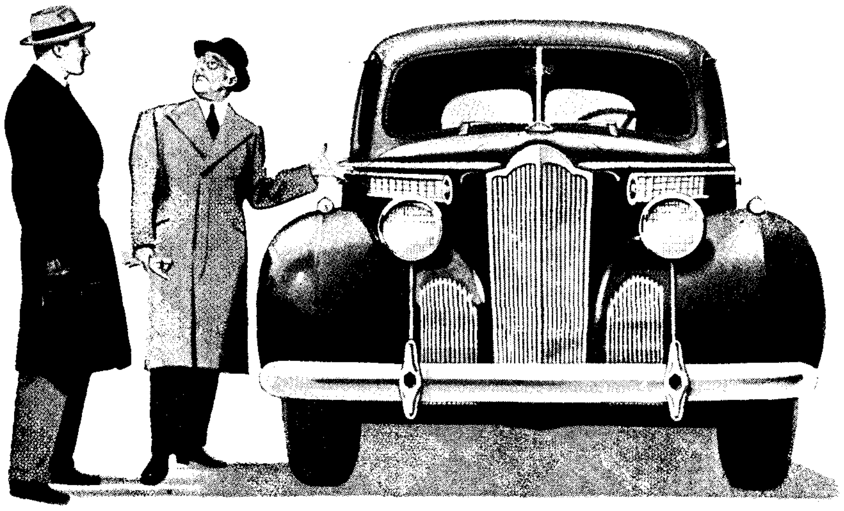
BOB: I hear you've bought a new Packard, sir. How do you like it?

THE P.A.: Listen, son—if those fixtures you sell had *half* the all-around value that my car has, you'd be in clover! Best value on the road, bar none. And *travel?* This Packard sniffs *nobody's* dust—I've got to *hold* her in. You wouldn't believe me if I told you how she irons out the pits and ruts on the road, either—glides over 'em like a dancer on a ballroom floor. I don't mean to bore you with all this, but you *did* ask me!



BOB: Gee, I'd like to own that car! But I couldn't support it.

THE P.A.: Nonsense! Why, my big Packard costs me only a trifle more to run than my daughter's small roadster. You just ought to see the mileage I get from my gasoline and oil. What's more, there's more *room* for arms and legs than in any car I've ever ridden in! But say—you've got to *ride* in the car to see what I mean. I've got an appointment down town pretty soon, and I'll give you a lift. O. K? ***(P.S. BOB GOT THE ORDER!)***



BEFORE YOU BUY ANY CAR, see and drive the 1940 Packard!

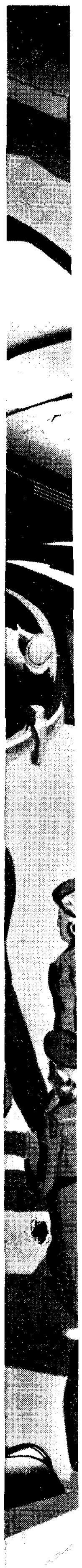
Compare it, on your *own* basis, with anything else at anywhere near its price. Get the facts on Packard's low upkeep costs. You'll find, for example, that Packard service charges compare favorably with those of *much* smaller cars. Yes, and 4 times out of 5, the down payment is *more* than covered by the car traded in. Why not drop in on your Packard dealer and talk it over—*now?*

PACKARD—$867

AND UP. *Packard 110, $867 and up. Packard 120, $1038 and up. Packard Super-8 160, $1524 and up. Packard Custom Super-8 180, $2243 to $6300. Prices delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra.*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

5,000,000 Members Showing thei
Crusade against "SCREWDRIVERS
"SCREWJAYS" sweeps the Countr



Join now—help cut STOP-and-GO 35%!
New DAY-and-NIGHT Emblem says, "SHARE THE ROAD"

MOTORISTS by the thousand are pouring into Shell dealers' to get their new 1940 Share-the-Road Emblems . . .

This day-and-night emblem is the symbol of the 1940 crusade to cut Stop-and-Go driving *35%*—by putting the screws on "Screwdrivers" and "Screwjays." These heedless drivers and pedestrians cause more than one-third of all Stop-and-Go, according to Shell research.

Already, more than 5,000,000 motorists are showing their colors—displaying Share-the-Road Emblems on their cars. *Your* emblem is waiting at your Shell dealer's—FREE for agreeing to share the road!

And for the Stop-and-Go you can't avoid, Shell brings you two NEW gasolines. New Super-Shell and new Shell Premium have the highest Road-Performance Rating (RPR) in Shell history!

Road-Performance Rating (RPR) is the true measure of a gasoline's performance *in your car*. "Highest RPR" means faster starting, faster pick-up, higher anti-knock, more power and "go" *in all gears, at all speeds*. Either of these new Shell gasolines, in its price class, cuts the cost of Stop-and-Go *more* than the fuel it succeeded.

Highest RPR results from Shell's "balancing" process—no single performance quality is emphasized at the expense of others. There's no "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

With new Super-Shell or new Shell Premium in your fuel tank, and a Share-the-Road Emblem on your car, you're *doing something* about Stop-and-Go!

SHELL
SHELL

Here's your emblem—and to cut the cost of Stop-and-Go, I've got those new high RPR gasolines

"Glows day and night—you've got to see this emblem to appreciate it. The mariners' signal flags mean, 'I am giving way'—I'm sharing the road! And while you're here, let me fill your tank with new Super-Shell or new Shell Premium—honest, these new gasolines are so good you should try a tankful *straight!*"

(left)

"When the Share-the-Road movement started, traffic officials welcomed it—but no one could have predicted it would reach its present amazing size. Now, going after the heedless pedestrian as well as driver, this crusade is doubly deserving of success!"

Chas. Upham

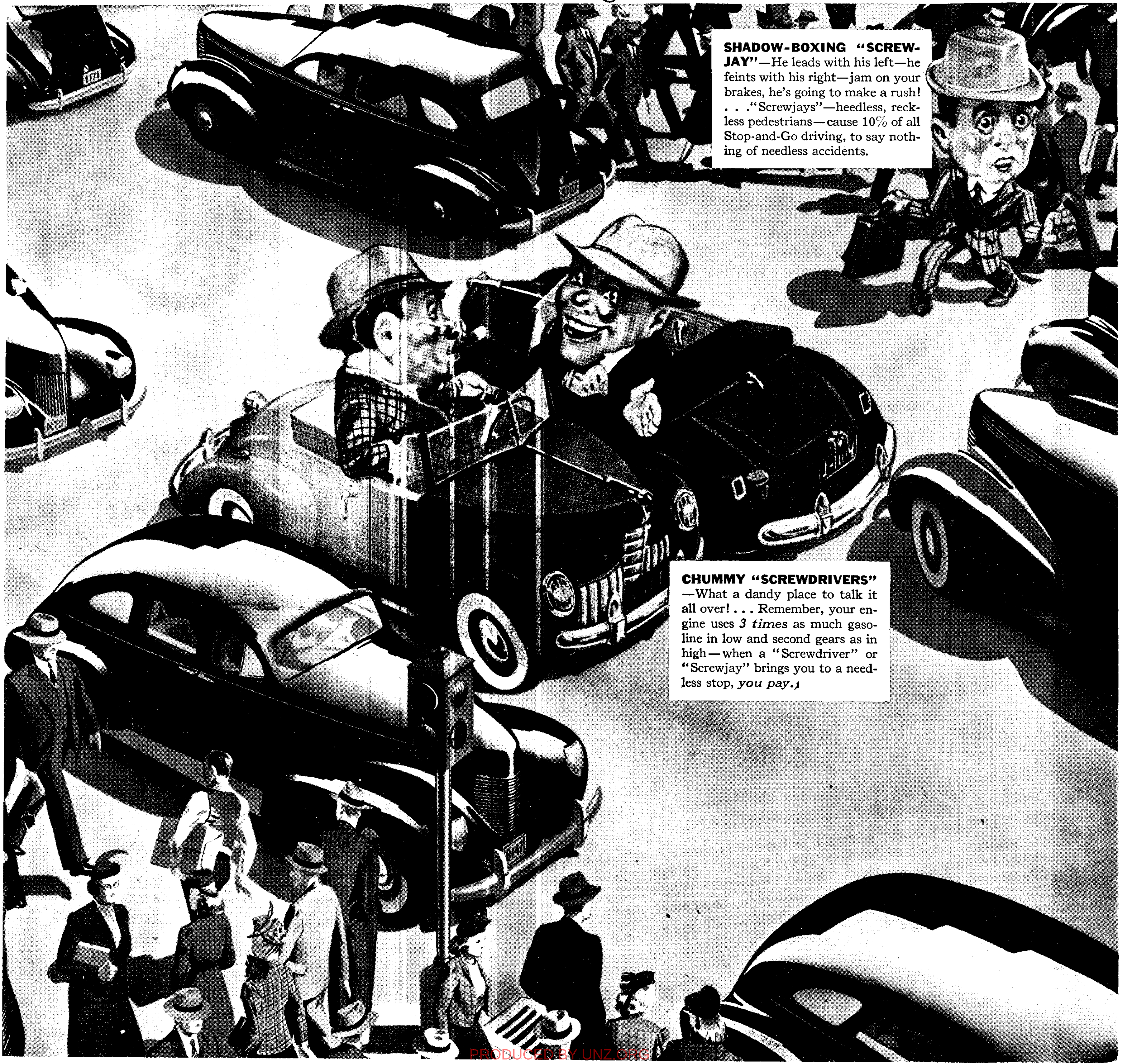
Director of the
American Road Builders Association

(right)

"Traffic-accident figures for the last year show that pedestrians are 14 times as liable to injury—they're taking 14 times the chance—when they cross streets against the signal or between intersections. If the Shell Share-the-Road Club can impress on pedestrians the folly of being 'Screwjays,' traffic will not only flow more smoothly, but pedestrians themselves will benefit greatly."

John Stilwell

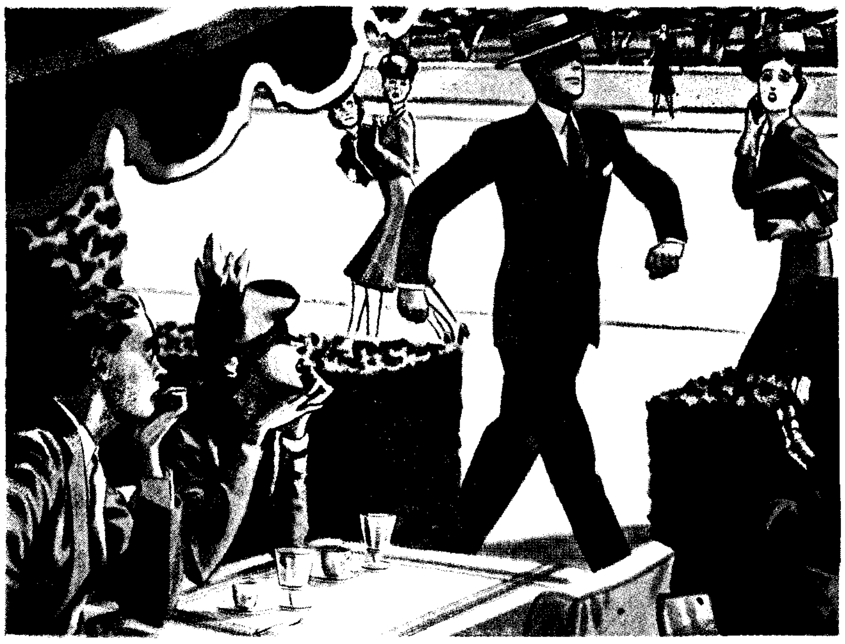
President
National Safety Council



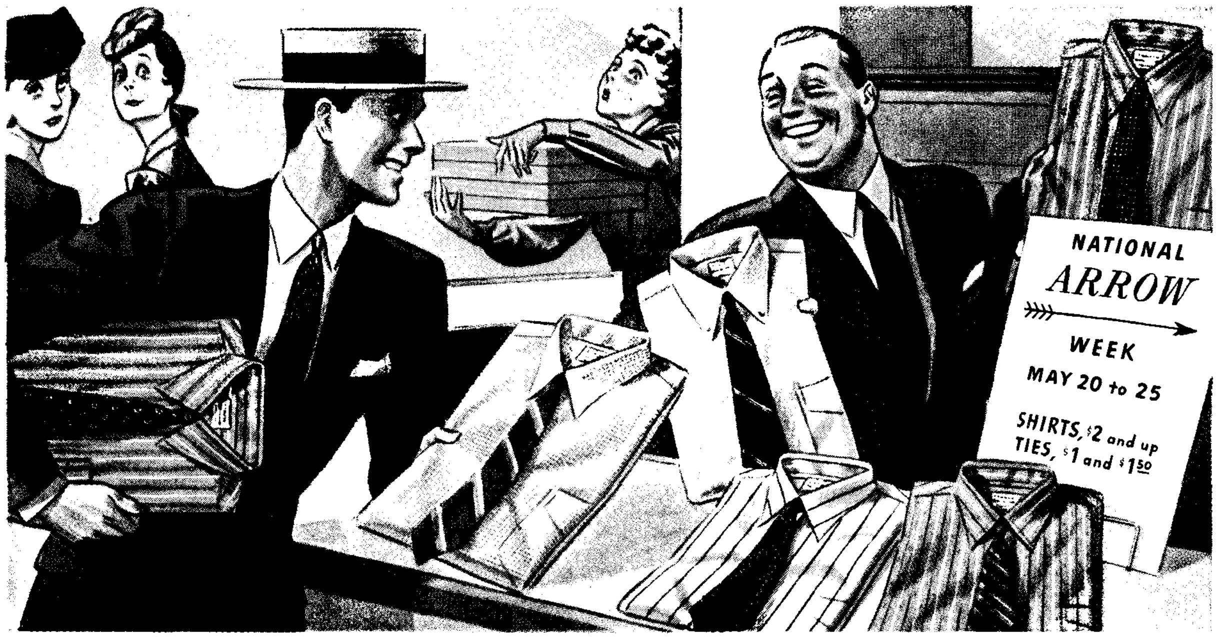
SHADOW-BOXING "SCREWJAY"—He leads with his left—he feints with his right—jam on your brakes, he's going to make a rush! . . ."Screwjays"—heedless, reckless pedestrians—cause 10% of all Stop-and-Go driving, to say nothing of needless accidents.

CHUMMY "SCREWDRIVERS"—What a dandy place to talk it all over! . . . Remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" or "Screwjay" brings you to a needless stop, *you pay.*

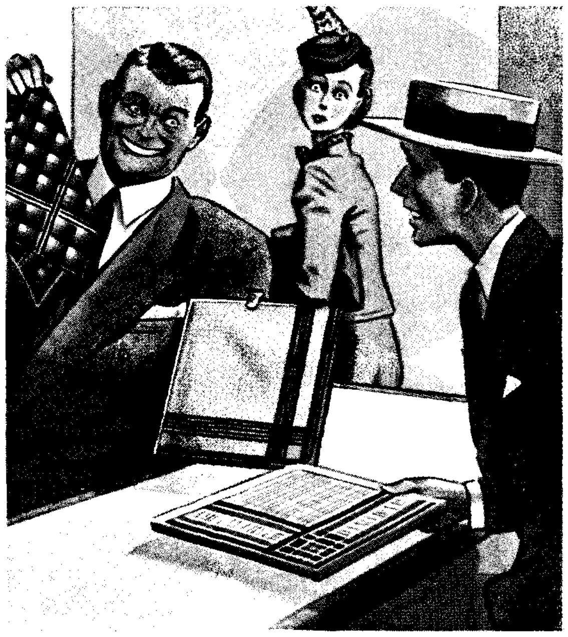
Why no one can marry Richard



1. **This is Richard,** as nice a young man as ever didn't give a girl a tumble. Richard credits much of his charm to a pilgrimage he makes during a certain week each May . . .

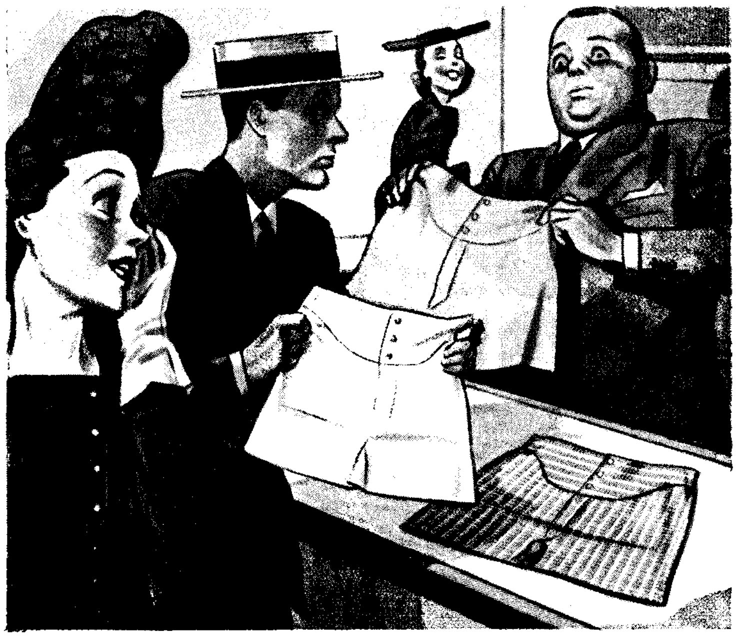


2. **. . . In this week,** *National Arrow Week,* he goes to his Arrow dealer and *splurges* on Arrow Shirts . . . the smartest patterns and collar styles, with flawless tailoring and fit. He also picks out Arrow Ties that harmonize with the shirts: handsome, wrinkle-resistant ties at $1 and $1.50. Girls ogle him and purr. "Mm. what good taste!" But Richard is completely unresponsive.

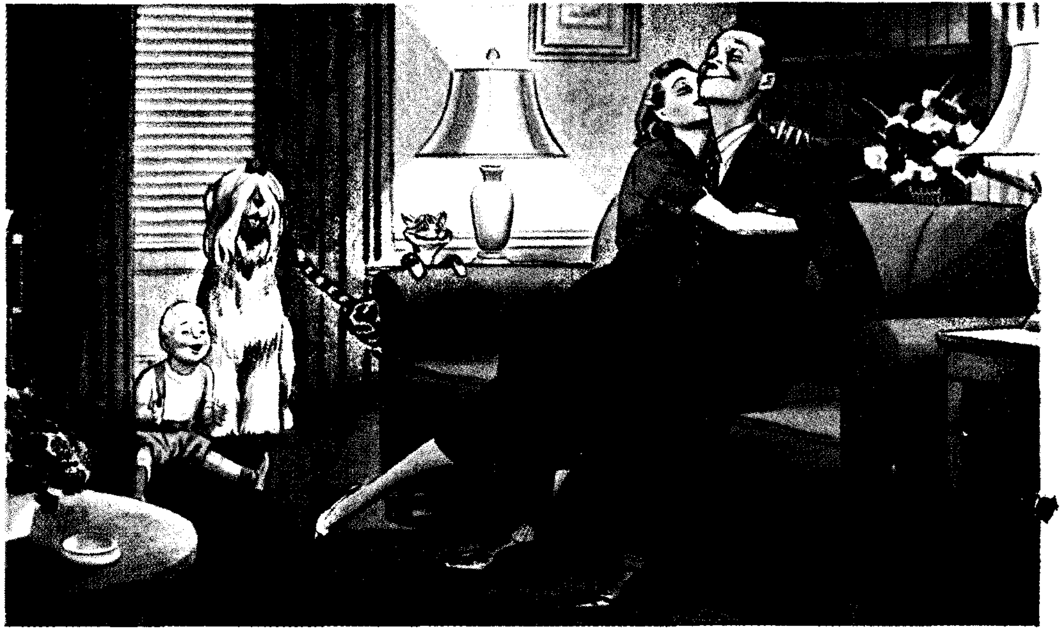


3. **Being intelligent** as well as personable, Richard then gets Arrow handkerchiefs (25¢, up) designed especially for the shirts and ties. Passing females "oh" and "ah"—but no dice.

Copyright, 1940, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



4. **Next come Arrow Shorts** (at 65¢ and up) the most comfortable shorts in captivity—*they have no center seam, they have more room in the seat* . . . and, like Arrow Shirts, are Sanforized-Shrunk: the fabric won't shrink even 1%! Ah, but Richard shrinks—from casual feminine eyes.



5. **Richard goes home,** dons his Arrows . . . a lovely young lady named Mary shrieks. "You look wonderful!" . . . kisses him shamelessly! *And that's why no one can marry Richard.* For do you think Mary'd be fool enough to let him get away? Nossir! She married him five years ago! . . . For handsome haberdashery, go to *your* Arrow dealer this week (National Arrow Week).
Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

Broken Glass

Continued from page 19

Miss Cassing had had an apartment with two other nurses, and one of the girls was home. Her name was Miss Vallin. She showed us Miss Cassing's pleasant room. The girl's things were about, and a case on the dresser had held three small bottles of perfume. One bottle was missing.

"How come the perfume?" O'Malley asked Miss Vallin. "Nurses don't use it."

"Not when we're on a case."

"Well, Miss Cassing was on a case."

He took one of the bottles.

"Is there anything in all this, O'Malley," I demanded, "to show Burm didn't kill the girl?"

"No; nor to show he done it."

WE WENT to headquarters. The evening newspapers said Burm was being held for questioning but didn't charge him with murder, and the morning papers told nothing more. I saw O'Malley.

"Well," he asserted, "this shapes up this way: we can't find no witnesses that seen the girl in the park. Some little wool threads was under her fingernails that the laboratory says come off of the guy's coat when he was choking her, but Burm's got no clothes made of cloth like that; if he had, he got rid of 'em. And now we got a new thing: Smeed has disappeared."

"Disappeared!" I exclaimed.

"You said it. I'm going out there."

I went along with him. We saw Mellit.

"What's this about Smeed?" O'Malley inquired.

"I really don't know. He was here last evening. This morning he wasn't around and Mrs. Mellit inquired for him, and he's not in the house."

"You know where he might go?"

"We don't. He'd been with us a long while, and so far as we know, the man has no relatives."

"Let's look at his room."

We searched the room thoroughly. Most of the man's clothes were gone; there weren't any letters, and the knickknacks he'd left were such as he would have been willing to part with.

"This must be your man," I whispered to O'Malley.

"Yeah? You said that about Burm. Now you got two guys that done it and I ain't even got one. What would be his reason?"

"I don't know," I told him; "that's for you to find out."

"Sure, we'll see can we find it. You mind if we leave a plain-clothes cop here in case Smeed comes back?" O'Malley asked Mellit.

"Not if you think that necessary."

We left a cop there. Then we went all around the neighborhood to see what we could learn about Smeed. We found nothing important. He was known in a grocery, a drugstore, a cleaner's and in a small bookstore that had a lending library where he had exchanged books for Mrs. Mellit.

"That dead nurse ever change books for her?" O'Malley asked the woman proprietor.

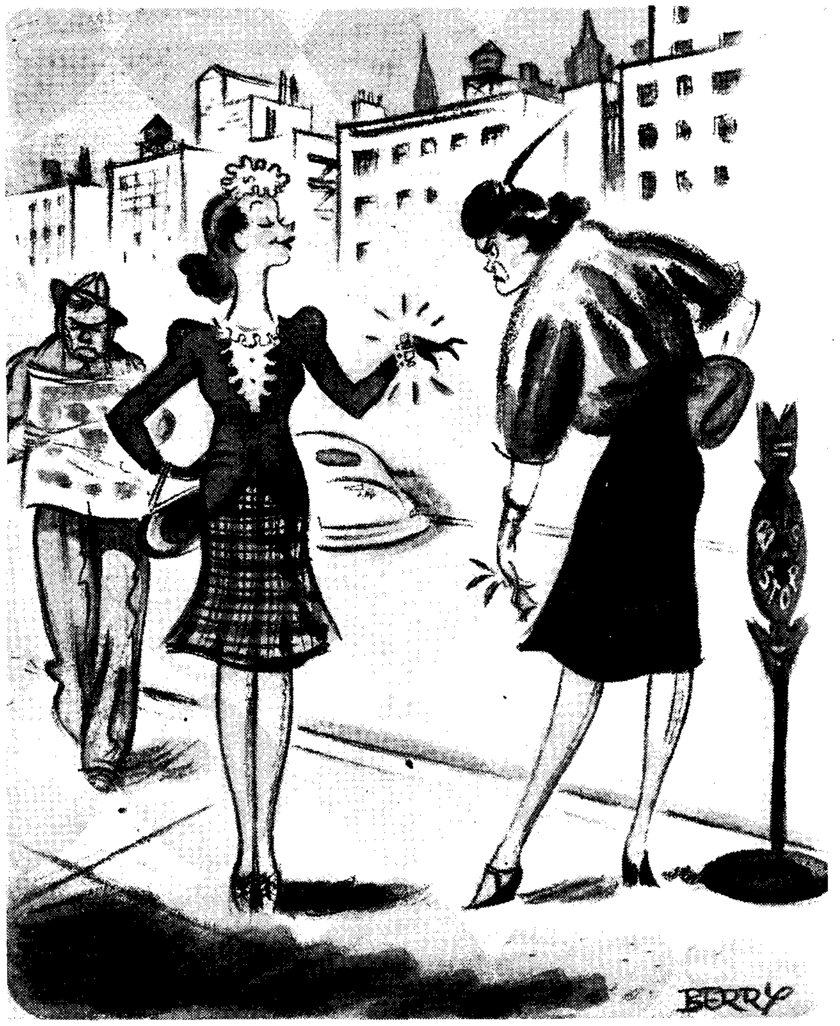
"Yes, and all other members of the family did, too."

"Smeed ever say anything to you about the nurse?"

"Well, he admired her, but he said she made trouble sometimes."

A pretty young woman of about twenty was exchanging a book and O'Malley waited until she had gone out.

"Lady," he informed the woman, "we're going to leave a cop here. He won't look like a cop and he'll always



"I'm so glad you like it"

MICHAEL BERRY

Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW

A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

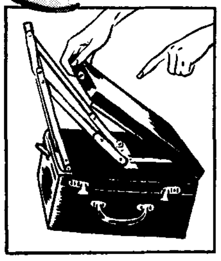
As in years gone by, men who know fine whiskey continue to ask for and enjoy Old Crow. Today, you can do so with added pleasure because of the REDUCED PRICE now effective.

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

BOURBON OR RYE • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY
National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y. 100 Proof

Underwoods always stand up...
THIS ONE EVEN HAS LEGS!
Liberal Terms

GOOD GIFT FOR A GRAD



The only Portable with a Built-in Typing Stand... Exclusively Underwood!

Imagine... an Underwood Universal Portable with its own Built-in Typing Stand folded right into the carrying case. No need for makeshifts such as a card table now. You can set up your Underwood anywhere indoors or out and with three adjustments for height you can always type in comfort.

No typewriter but the Underwood offers this complete typing unit. You not only get the exclusive Underwood Built-in Typing Stand... you get the famous Champion Keyboard plus Touch Tuning plus the Sealed Action Frame and many other time-tried Underwood features.

See the Underwood Universal Portable with Built-in Typing Stand at YOUR DEALER'S... ask him about liberal terms ... or mail the coupon for a free trial of the complete unit in your own home.

NOTE THE UNDERWOODS WHEREVER YOU GO!

Copyright 1940, Underwood Elliott Fisher Company

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL

Portable Typewriter Division
UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER COMPANY
One Park Ave., New York

Please let me know how I can get an Underwood Universal Portable with Built-in Typing Stand for Free Trial and with no obligation to buy. Also tell me about Liberal Terms.

Name..........
Address..........
C-5-25-1940
City.......... State..........

be reading a book. That'll be hard on the cop but he'll have to stand it."

We left a plain-clothes cop there. O'Malley went back to headquarters and I didn't see him for several days. I phoned him.

"I was just thinking about you," he told me. "We got something about Smeed. Meet me at Mellit's."

I went and waited in front of the Mellit house until O'Malley appeared. We went in and saw Mellit.

"We got that Smeed at the precinct house," O'Malley informed him. "I thought maybe you'd like to be there when we question him."

"I would," Mellit agreed heartily. "Will you wait while I change my clothes?"

We waited. Then we all went to the precinct station. They had Smeed there, and Burm, and the woman who ran the lending library, and I was surprised to see the pretty girl there whom we had seen exchange a book. Her name was Miss Parmel. Then the cop who had been at Mellit's came in, bringing the clothes Mellit had taken off, and they ripped open the seams of the coat and took out some little packets containing a white powder. Then they arrested Mellit.

"I don't get this, O'Malley," I declared.

"Think it over."

THEY took the people into the detectives' room and I waited till O'Malley came out.

"I'm still in the dark," I stated.

"You ain't been thinking. Like this: A nurse is taking care of a sick lady and she calls up a doctor she knows, and when she goes to meet him she has something in a bottle. Before she can see the doctor, she gets knocked off."

"So what?"

"You're dumb. This Mellit was poisoning his wife. Miss Cassing suspected Mrs. Mellit was being poisoned in the medicine she was giving her, but she didn't dare say nothing till she'd had the stuff analyzed. So she called up Burm. Mellit had got the idea the nurse was suspecting poison, and when Smeed heard her telephoning, Mellit was listening too. When Miss Cassing went to meet Burm, Mellit followed her in his car and come up with her in the park. He questioned her and learned his suspicions was right, and he grabbed the bottle out of her handbag and smashed it on the sidewalk, and when she started to scream he knocked the girl off. He figured if he let her meet Burm he'd get caught for the poisoning.

"The murder setup was this: Mrs. Mellit was a rich widow, older than him, and he married her for her money. Then he met that Miss Parmel, and he wanted to get rid of his wife but he wanted her money. Nobody'd seen him meet the nurse in the park, and he took the chance he could kill her without being suspected."

"A cold-blooded business!" I said.

"He's a cold-blooded guy. His idea was he'd give his wife enough poison to make her sick, then let her get better, then give her some more. He'd keep on doing it, and when, after a while, she died, her doctor wouldn't suspect."

"Did you guess this all along?"

"Why, not at the first. Cops pick up everything around where a murder happens, and they picked up pieces of a busted bottle. The one piece I and you picked up later was just one they'd missed. I and you seen some bottles at Miss Cassing's apartment, and the laboratory said the one I took was the same kind of glass. Well, Miss Cassing wouldn't likely be carrying perfume with her when she was on a case, so what was she carrying? It looked like she was using a perfume bottle so if someone saw it in her handbag they wouldn't know what. That made us suspicious.

"Cops seen Mrs. Mellit's doctor and he said that was a respectable family and there wasn't a chance of poisoning; but after he'd thought it over for a while he said the way Mrs. Mellit was sick could have been caused by arsenic. So the laboratory tried the pieces of the bottle for arsenic and got a reaction."

"I see," I said. "Then you concluded that whoever was poisoning Mrs. Mellit had murdered the nurse."

"You said it. The question was who, and how, and why? The bottle made us think maybe the poison was in Mrs. Mellit's medicine. Well, we wouldn't find no poison in the medicine now, because as soon as the nurse was knocked off the poisoner would have got rid of it. We wanted to question everybody in the Mellit house without them suspecting we was doing it; so what looked best to us was to plant someone in the house."

"Through Smeed!" I exclaimed.

"You got it. Smeed is a long-while servant of Mrs. Mellit's family and he thinks a lot of her. We told him to disappear. Then we went there like we was investigating Smeed, and Mellit couldn't refuse to let us leave a cop there because he was afraid refusing would look suspicious. It didn't get us nothing. The cop couldn't find any poison in the house, and we couldn't find where anyone had bought any. We seen Mellit could have wanted his wife's money, but he had the reputation of being fond of her, and we had to have more motive than that. We knew if some other woman was his motive, he couldn't go long without communicating with her, and we staked cops in stores and places around to see what he did. He didn't mail any suspicious letters or do any telephoning.

"Then we had luck. Mellit come into that bookshop to exchange a book for his wife, and he took down a book at the end of one shelf and then put it back again. After he'd gone, a girl come in and took down the same book and put it back. All at once the cop we had in the bookshop got smart. He followed the girl to where she lived and says to her, 'Give me the note you took out of that book.' "

"SHE was Miss Parmel," I said.

"Sure. It just happened you and me seen her in the bookshop. That didn't mean nothing to me then. Miss Parmel wasn't in on the poisoning or the murder. All she knew was that Mellit wanted to marry her. He'd told her his wife was sick and would probably die, and he couldn't see Miss Parmel while that was going on, but they'd put notes in whatever book was at that end of the shelf. We decided to pinch him. When he asked to change his clothes, I give the cop the high sign, and after we'd left, he examined the clothes Mellit had took off and felt something in them."

"The poison," I said.

"It turns out to be that. Mellit hadn't given up the idea of poisoning his wife, and he was afraid he couldn't get no more poison without being suspected. It's our idea he got what he was using when him and his wife was in Florida."

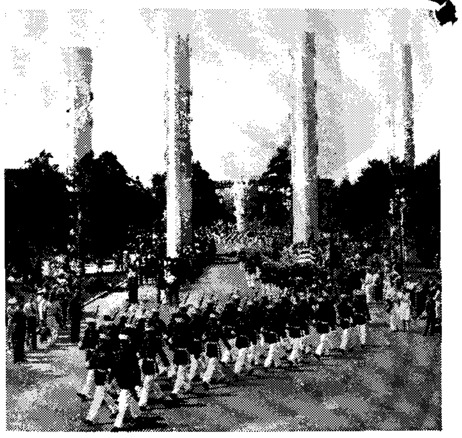
"Did he confess?"

"We don't need any confession. We hadn't told nobody about the little threads of wool under the dead kid's fingernails, and the cop in Mellit's house had took threads off of all his clothes, but there wasn't none like 'em. Now we tried the suit he put on before he come to the station. That suit was at the cleaner's when the cop took his samples. The laboratory says it's the same wool."

"Good work!" I told him.

"Yeah, I think that too. Killing a nurse, I figure it, is next bad to killing a cop, except a nurse don't leave no widow."

You CAN AFFORD to Travel by Trailways Bus



All-Expense World's Fair Tours Visit either Fair—Trailways Tours include hotel rooms, admissions to Fair and concessions, sight-seeing, boat trips—everything but meals. 3 days in San Francisco, $10.75; in New York, $10.00. Write for details.

Grand Circle Tour to Both Fairs—$69.95 Complete transportation twice across America—choice of many scenic routes. A real adventure!

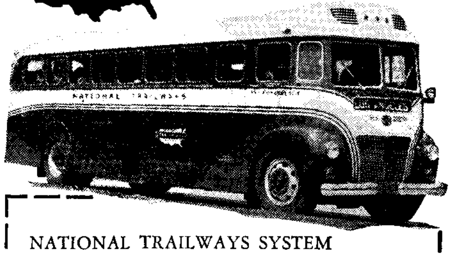
All-Expense Tours—Independent Trailways Tours reach all favorite vacation spots—Scenic West, Mile-High Rockies, Coronado Cuarto Centennial, Great Smokies, Historic East and South, Mexico, Canada. Stop over anywhere. Hotels, side trips included.

New—10 Escorted Tours. A Trailways Tour Director travels with your party—points out spots of interest. Weekly departures. Reserve early. Capacity limited. Write for full details.

More Luxurious Than Ever Luxurious as Trailways Travel was last year, it will be more luxurious during 1940! More than $1,000,000 is being invested in newer, finer Cream-and-Crimson Trailways Buses. Many are *air conditioned.* Last year more than 19,000,000 men, women and children traveled Trailways. You'll enjoy it too!

NATIONAL TRAILWAYS BUS SYSTEM

FREE TRAVEL GUIDES Write today or consult your Local Trailways Agent



NATIONAL TRAILWAYS SYSTEM
20 East Randolph St., Chicago
Please send me information on C-50
☐ All-Expense Tours
☐ All-Expense World's Fair Tours

Trailways Service from..........to
.... I want to leave
about..........and will be
gone..........days.
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... State..........

Double or Nothing

Continued from page 21

give everybody a little money—make it go as far as I can. We'll be back in the bucks in a month." He grinned. "There's nothing new about this. It's all happened before."

"Too many times," said Dorothy.

Her voice was tired. Shadow lay across one cheek. She turned and he saw new lines at her mouth. She was a stranger, self-contained, aloof. "It won't happen again, George. Not to me."

"Dot—" His smile was a shaken white. "I'm no financial wizard, but that's no reason . . ." He pushed out one hand. "Look—you scared the pants off me."

"I meant to, George. We've got to call a halt now. No more parties, no more golf—"

"Hey!" he protested. "My club membership doesn't cost me a dime. And I get most of my business out there."

"Bar bills," she said, "crap games . . ."

"You've got to spend money to earn money."

"And spend more than you earn?"

There was no break in the white stiffness of her face. "You've got a golf date at three," she said, and her voice was bitter-bright, thin. "Well—keep it!"

His throat was tight. "I'll do just that!"

The others were waiting on the first tee when George Peterson reached the club—Dave Rogers, Johnny O'Hara and a dark, stocky stranger.

"This's Morgan," said Rogers. "He sells cars."

Morgan's hand was hard; his grip firm.

O'Hara said, "We fixed up a match while we were waiting, George. Morgan and I'll play you and Rogers. Nine holes and adjust. Okay?"

George Peterson nodded, remembering Dorothy's, "We've got to cut expenses. . . ." He was about to speak when O'Hara said, "Ten bucks a hole. George's taken too much of my dough. Today I'm getting some of it back."

Rogers chuckled. "Don't bet on it."

"Well," said O'Hara. "How about it, George?"

"Hooked!" thought George Peterson savagely. "I won his money at ten dollars a hole—so now I'm a heel if I don't give him a chance to win it back. I—"

"How about it, George?" O'Hara asked again.

George wet his lips. "Whatever you say."

And O'Hara said, "Let's take 'em, champ."

That "champ" was part of a joke that was old and not very good. George Peterson had won the Western Open while still in college. The reporters had had fun then, for it isn't often a brown-faced, smiling, likable kid takes golf's big names for a ride, and then says, "No, I'm not turning pro. . . ."

So he wasn't a pro, but something less—and that was a bitter thought. He was a salesman, a one-time champion, who sold insurance between tee and green.

Today he played not to win but to break even. That wasn't hard, for a pint of Scotch and a flaming temper wrecked O'Hara's short game completely. Morgan was no match for the steadier George. Morgan and O'Hara, as a team, were six down at the turn. More simply, each man had lost thirty dollars.

ON THE tenth tee, Rogers said, "So you were going to take us, O'Hara?" He had been born to money, this Rogers. He was middle-aged, a little fat and he loved to win. That gloating was in his voice:

"Come on, start crying. How many strokes do you want?"

The drink, as always, had turned John O'Hara truculent. He reacted as Rogers must have known he would. "To hell with you!" he said hoarsely. "We'll play you even and take you yet. Boy"—he dropped one hand on his caddie's shoulder—"trot into the locker room and tell Charlie I want a pint of Scotch. Run—"

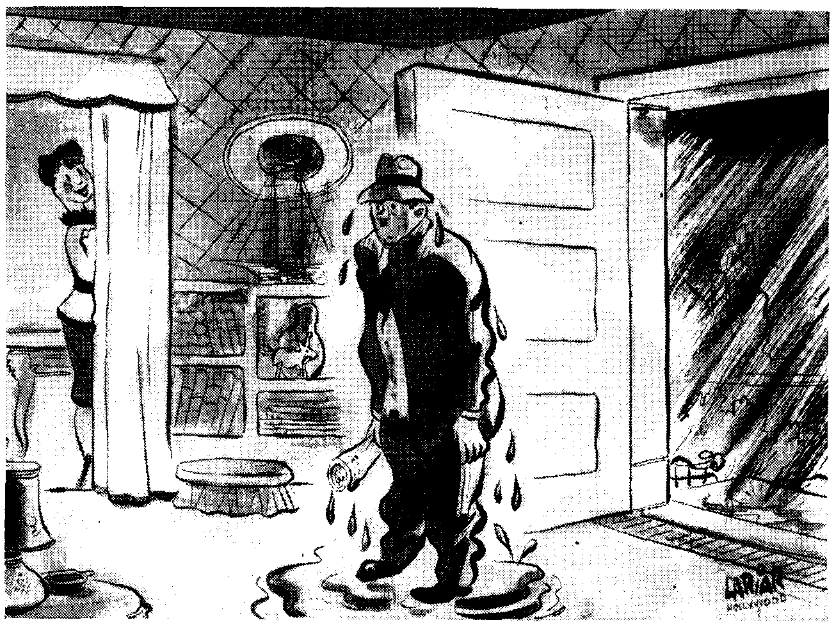
"I think—" Morgan began.

He stopped, turning away, but not before George Peterson had seen the pallor that lay beneath his tan, the jerk of taut muscle at his jaw line. "In over his head," thought George. "He tried to sell O'Hara a car and got pulled into this game."

George Peterson said, "You're six down, O'Hara. Why don't you let us give you a stroke a hole?"

"They want to play even," said Rogers, quickly.

The match went on, though it was no longer a match. O'Hara halved one hole in five, lost the others. There was



"Don't take your clothes off, dear—we're eating out tonight!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

SAVE MONEY
Every Mile

AC
OIL
FILTERS

Through no fault of your car, or of the engine oil you use, trouble gathers in the oil in the form of sludge and dirt. If left alone, this sludge and dirt will clog piston rings. Then,—away goes engine compression, and, with it, both oil and gas economy! In extreme cases, expensive engine damage may follow.

Car Factory Tests Prove That
AC KLEER-KLEEN OIL FILTERS
Cut Oil Consumption

Results of car factory tests with two identical cars in the $1,000 price class. Oil mileage per quart goes DOWN on the car without a filter. It goes UP on the car equipped with an AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filter.

NO FILTER Test Car No. 1 Miles per Qt. of Oil	MILES OF DRIVING	WITH AN OIL FILTER Test Car No. 2 Miles per Qt. of Oil
Start with New Oil	0	Start with New Oil
272	5,000	368
252	10,000	402
226	15,000	408
200	16,000	417

Built to do a Better Job

An AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filter will give you constant protection. The rigid, one-piece, molded filtering element, (an exclusive AC patent), effectively traps sludge, dirt, and dust. It even removes discoloration. Oil cannot drive a channel through this efficient element; nor can acid or water erode it.

Constant Protection

You drive entirely free from dirty oil trouble with an AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filter. The only attention this filter needs is occasional element renewal. And this is necessary only when the oil darkens so that the marks on the gauge stick cannot be seen *easily.*

Install an AC Oil Filter Today

SAVE OIL—SAVE GAS—SAVE MONEY

Standard Equipment on Buick and Cadillac V-16.
Optional factory equipment on Pontiac and Olds.

AC OIL FILTERS
Made in 2 Models

KLEER-KLEEN MODELS—Three sizes. Fit all cars, trucks, buses, tractors, and stationary engines. Element can be replaced without disturbing filter connections.

CARTRIDGE MODELS—Sizes to fit all vehicles. 8,000–10,000-mile capacities. Easily installed and replaced.

Filters and Renewal Elements for Every Engine

NOTE: Many kinds and grades of oil are in use today. You will be sure of the best results if you have your oil checked periodically, and follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.

Manufactured by
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN

ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCHING FEET and TOES

Broken Skin Or Blisters Here May Mean You Already Have Athlete's Foot

In summer, your feet are more apt to sweat easily between the toes. In this hot, moist area the spores of Athlete's Foot Fungi thrive, burrow deeply in the tissues and spread rapidly. If itching on your feet occurs and the skin between your toes cracks, is thick and white or reveals tiny blisters, it may mean this dangerous and stubborn infection has already taken place and may spread to other parts of the feet and body.

Be on the alert—look between your toes tonight. If there are tiny blisters or the skin is broken, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX, a treatment exclusively for Athlete's Foot. Quickly relieves intense itching, kills the fungi of Athlete's Foot it contacts and helps heal the broken tissues. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (Liquid or Ointment) at your Drug, Shoe or Dept. Store. 50c.

Free Booklet on Foot Care—write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

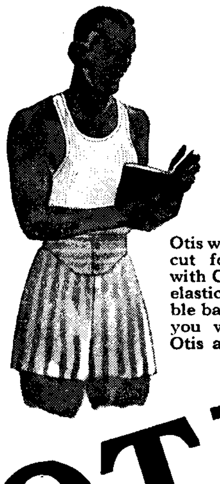
Dr Scholl's SOLVEX FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

PREVENT ATHLETE'S FOOT

To prevent reinfection of Athlete's Foot, spray inside of shoes with Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Fungicide; kills the Fungi it reaches on insoles and shoe-linings; dispels odors caused by sweaty feet. Large bottle with sprayer 50c, Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, everywhere.

OTIS SHIRTS and SHORTS

Modern, supporting Otis knit shorts with plenty of elasticity for comfort, worn with Otis knit shirts, will give you the maximum of everyday coolness and comfort.



Otis woven shorts are full cut for comfort. Made with Grippers or buttons, elastic sides, or adjustable backs. And of course, you will want to wear Otis athletic shirts.

OTIS MODERN UNDERWEAR FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT In All Price Ranges

Trade Mark

Otis Underwear, 57 Worth St., New York

a desperate brilliance about Morgan's play, a daring. He tried to carry the weight of his drunken partner and managed it for a breathless while. The strain got to him, finally. On the sixteenth, gray-faced, he called George Peterson aside.

"We're twelve down—that's sixty bucks apiece," he said. "O'Hara pays Rogers and I pay you. Okay?"

"Sure," said George Peterson. "Why not?"

"How's to play this hole for sixty?"

George Peterson bent his head, thinking, "He's trying to get it back—trying to break even." Aloud, he said, "It's your money. Whatever you want."

Great oaks lined the seventeenth fairway. A low branch of one of these caught Morgan's drive, sent it deep into a rock pile. He took an eight, and then lifted a bloodless face to say, "Same thing again? Double or nothing. . . ." George Peterson nodded silent agreement. And on the eighteenth Morgan put two tee shots in the river. It was all over. . . .

" . . . twenty," said the club steward, "thirty—and ten is two hundred and forty dollars." His smile was polite. "You must have had a good day, Mr. Peterson."

George said, "Good is hardly the word."

He had money again, more than enough for the need of the moment, but there was the nagging memory of Rogers' triumphant cackle—of Morgan's proud, white face, his stiff, "I'll have to give you a check. . . ." And so there was no pleasure in the winning—not even with the glow of three tall drinks warm inside of him.

HE BOUGHT orchids and a huge box of chocolates on the way home. Dorothy met him at the door. She wore a dinner gown of smooth, heavy blue, and she was frowning. "You're late," she said. "You'll have to hurry. We're due at Peel's in half an hour."

George spilled the packages on the table. "These are for you," he said. "Presents for a lovely lady."

"Orchids," she said. "We can't afford—"

He said, "We can now. I got lucky."

"You sold Rogers?" Her voice was low, happy.

"Well, not exactly. But I won—"

He stopped, for her mouth turned down, and the gray, troubled look came again to her eyes. "Maybe it's a good thing you can play golf," she said. "We'd starve if you had to sell insurance for a living."

He said, "Thanks, pal. Thanks a lot."

"We're late," she said. "You'd better change."

THE house was ablaze with lights. Music and the murmur of voices met them at the doorway. A maid took their wraps; and stocky, smiling Henry Peel said, "You know where to find things here. Have fun, kids. You're on your own. . . ."

"Thanks," George said. "We'll manage."

The playroom was crowded. They had reached the bar when a fat man, who had been swinging an unbrella in imitation putts, sidled close to say, "Aren't you the Peterson I saw in the Open?" George was about to speak when a light voice said, "Sure, but he was good then." George Peterson turned to face that voice.

"Perry Schramm," he said. "Hello, heel."

"Mr. Heel." Schramm smiled. "Hi, Dorothy."

George said, "How about a match, if you—"

"It was a gag," said Schramm, and smiled again. He was tall, dark, and he wore clothes well. He had an easy smile and deft, brown hands; his name was old—one of the city's solid business names. "I came over to talk your wife out of a dance. How about it, Dorothy?"

She did not look at George. "Why not?"

They moved away, and the fat man said, "Have one with me, George. Say, remember when Bobby Jones—" and George forgot the noisy crowd. They talked of golf's great, of nerves worn thin by strain, of putts that didn't go down. The Haig, Sarazen, Smith—the fat man knew them all. The tournaments they'd won, and lost.

IT WAS late when the fat man wandered away and the girl in white moved down the bar to stand beside George.

Bitterly, she said, "Are you going blind?"

"Not to my knowledge," he said. "Why, Ann?"

"Your wife's been dancing with Perry Schramm all evening. He's an old boy friend of hers, and you—"

"Whoa!" said George quickly. "Dot's old enough to take care of herself." He forced a grin. "Don't worry about her. Good night, Ann—"

He found them on the terrace. "Sorry, Schramm," he said, "but the lady's husband wants to dance with her." Later, when they were safely on the floor, he said, "You wouldn't make a fool of me, would you, Dot?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ann's talking about you and Schramm."

"Ann talks about everyone," Dorothy murmured.

"He asked you to marry him once," said George, stiffly. "I don't like him—I don't want him around."

"You're being silly," said Dorothy.

"Sure," said George. "But we're going home—now."

Music followed them through the warm dark to the car. Dorothy would not look at him—somehow made a point of not looking at him. Her voice was cool and low:

"I want to drive, George."

"Hey," he said. "I'm not tight."

"I know. But I want to drive anyway."

"So it's that way," he said. "You did want to dance with Schramm; you're mad because I made you leave. Okay!" He got the keys out of his pocket, handed them to her. "Here you are. Drive, by all means."

Dorothy was still. She looked up at him, lower lip caught between her teeth. And for a moment George expected her to throw the keys back at him—that look was on her face.

It was a bad moment. George didn't realize just how bad until they started home and he found his hands were clenched and sweating. The anger went out of him, then. He felt kicked around, lousy. He'd made a fool of himself, and no mistake.

"Tomorrow," he said huskily, "—tomorrow, I'll probably beat you." He forced his hands open. "It turns out I'm that kind of guy. You know—a bum."

She said, "Forget it," tiredly.

George frowned. "I can't. Neither can you. And that's our trouble. Three months ago we'd have laughed this off. Now—well, we're dragging it home with us."

"So you've noticed it too."

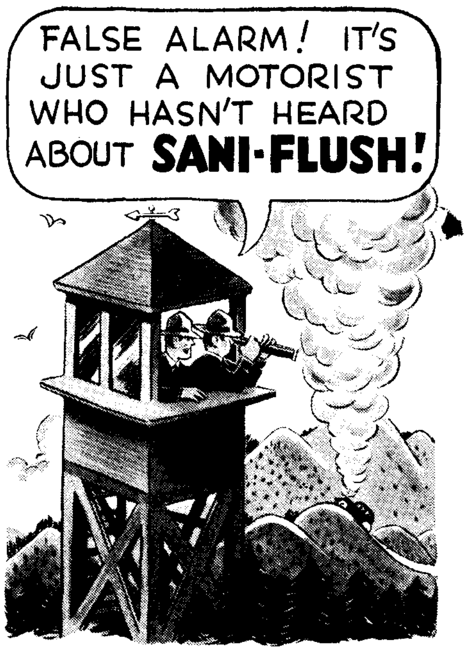
He said, "Dot, why is our marriage cracking up?"

"It's quite simple." There was no doubt in her voice. "It's the club. Drop your membership, and things will straighten out."

"I'm damned if—"

He got that stopped just in time. He leaned forward, pushing his hat away from his eyes. This was important. He couldn't lose his temper now. They were nearly home before he trusted himself to speak.

"Look," he said. "It's not the club. or Schramm. It's the old first-of-the-


FALSE ALARM! IT'S JUST A MOTORIST WHO HASN'T HEARD ABOUT SANI-FLUSH!

TRUE, Sani-Flush was made originally to clean toilet bowls. And today you'll find it in almost every bathroom. Sani-Flush is also the best way many motorists have found to keep a radiator free of rust, scale and sludge.

It only costs 10c to clean out a car radiator with Sani-Flush (25c for the largest truck or tractor). You can do it yourself in a few minutes (*directions on the can*). If you prefer, have the job done at the service station—insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush CLEANS OUT RADIATORS Safe NOT CAUSTIC

Burke REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look for the BURKEmark

FROM BANGOR TO BERKELEY...
MINNEAPOLIS TO MIAMI......
IT MEANS TOP GOLFING VALUE

On fairways everywhere—why? Because for decades this BURKE Mark has stood for GOOD golf equipment. NOT guaranteed to take 10 strokes off your score or add 20 yards to your drives—but built to bring out YOUR BEST, make you proud of your golf. Built with precision—honestly made—true to the Golfman ideal. For golfing value—ask your Pro or Dealer to show you BURKE Clubs, Bags, Balls. *Write for free folder.*

THE BURKE GOLF CO., NEWARK, OHIO

BURKE Clubs·Bags·Balls

month blues. We can't pay the bills, so we take it out on each other. And here's our trouble: we live too high. We pay cash for parties and liquor and then we stall the grocer. We're not practical."

Dorothy said, "Practical is a nice word."

And they left it like that through the moments it took them to reach the house. Dorothy ran the car into the garage, and George helped her lock up. They were in the bedroom, when George tried again.

"So we'll cut down. Economize."

Dorothy said, "Is the club an economy?"

"My membership is free—you know that."

She slipped out of her dress, put it away.

"I know the rest of it, too," she said "There's only one reason we can't pay our bills, George Peterson—the club is that reason."

"I sell more insurance in the club bar—"

"That's the only place you try to sell!" she said quickly. "You earn a lot of money, but you put it back—drinks, poker, craps. Yes, and playing ten-dollar-a-hole golf with men who could use your income for peanuts." She lifted her hands. "It won't get better; it'll get worse. You'll get in so deep nothing will get you out. Can't you see?"

"I can see one thing," he said stubbornly. "If I drop my membership we'll starve." Anger roughened his voice. "But why the fuss? I've always managed to pay the bills. I'll pay them this month."

"Yes—with money you won from Morgan! You're not a salesman; you're a gambler. . . ."

THE next day, Wednesday, things were pretty much the same between them. George paid most of the bills. On Thursday—well, on Thursday, Morgan's check came back.

The club steward was sympathetic but firm: "Naturally, the club can't be responsible, Mr. Peterson. Mr. Morgan was Mr. O'Hara's guest. You might talk to Mr. O'Hara. And there's no hurry, Mr. Peterson. Take plenty of time. Say—until Monday . . ."

The hardest part was telling Dorothy. He thought about not telling her, but somehow that seemed a lousy thing to do. So he gave her the check. She looked at it, gasped and her eyes went wide.

"No good," she breathed. "But, George—we've spent that money!"

"Don't worry," said George hurriedly. "I've got till Monday. I can get the money from Morgan before then."

Dorothy said, "We'll go see him—now!"

IT WAS a very ordinary house in a very ordinary neighborhood. The porch needed paint, and there were worn spots, here and there, which spoke of children in that rough age between seven and twelve. Mrs. Morgan was small, middle-aged, gray. A child tugged at her apron.

"Mr. Morgan isn't here," she said, and the words were old on her lips. "It's hard to say when he'll be back. But if you'd care to come in and wait . . ."

"Another time will do," said Dorothy.

And there was nothing for George to do but follow Dorothy's square, determined shoulders back to the car. He was fumbling with the ignition when he saw the bits of paper falling at her feet.

He closed his eyes. He kept them closed. He pushed his hat back and took a deep breath—a sort of a count-to-ten breath. And then, carefully, he said:

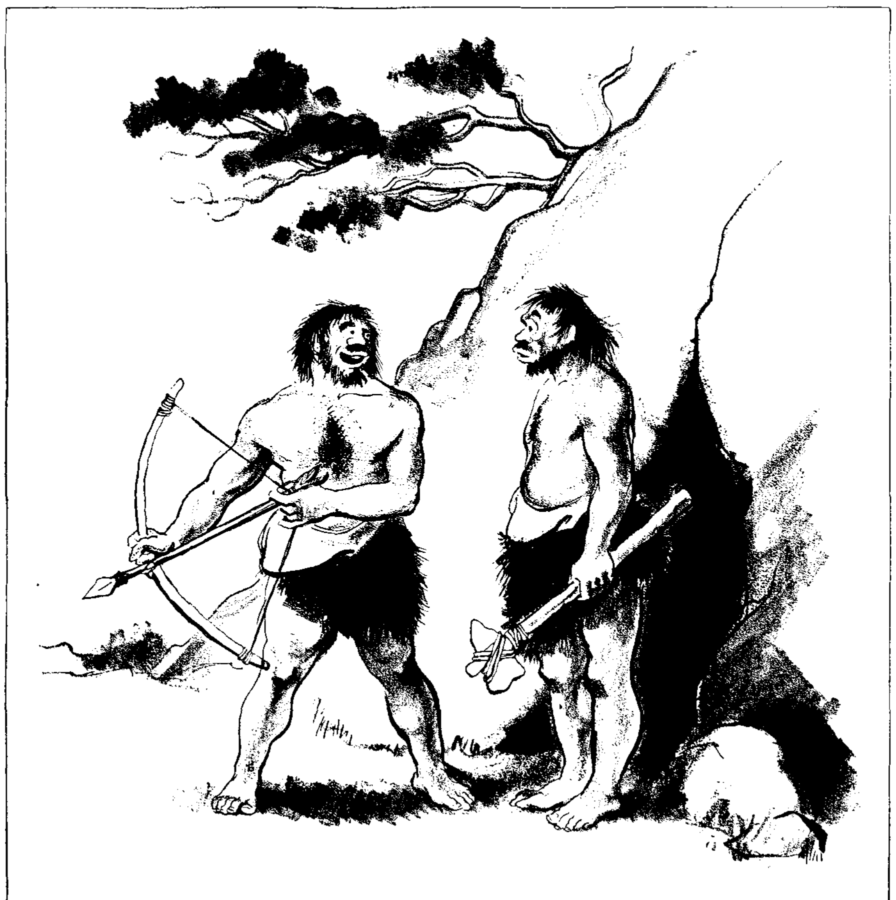
"Did you have to tear up that check?"

"Yes." Her voice was low, colorless. "I thought Morgan would be like O'Hara—able to afford it. But he isn't. He's just a poor fool who never learned to say no."

"Like me, I suppose."

Dorothy's hands trembled a little. "Do you know what I saw, just now?" she asked. "That woman was me—fifteen years from now, at the rate we're going. Four or five children, a rented house, a memorized speech for bill collectors. . . ." She shook her head. "George, I can't. . . ."

Her tone brought George's eyes up. For the first time he saw, clearly, how



"This little invention will make war so horrible it'll outlaw war for all future ages"

"... tires, like other merchandise, are priced and graded according to their inherent worth."

THERE CAN NEVER BE A "SECOND LINE" OF TOP QUALITY

THE ONE AND ONLY SQUEEGEE TIRE

Avoiding the pitfalls of seemingly attractive price tags, tire buyers have decided that General's 25 year policy of never tampering with quality is the one unfailing guide to real tire value. Sales of Squeegee-Generals are soaring to new highs. Let your General Tire dealer show you how easy it is to have the extra mileage, maximum safety and peace of mind of Generals on your car.

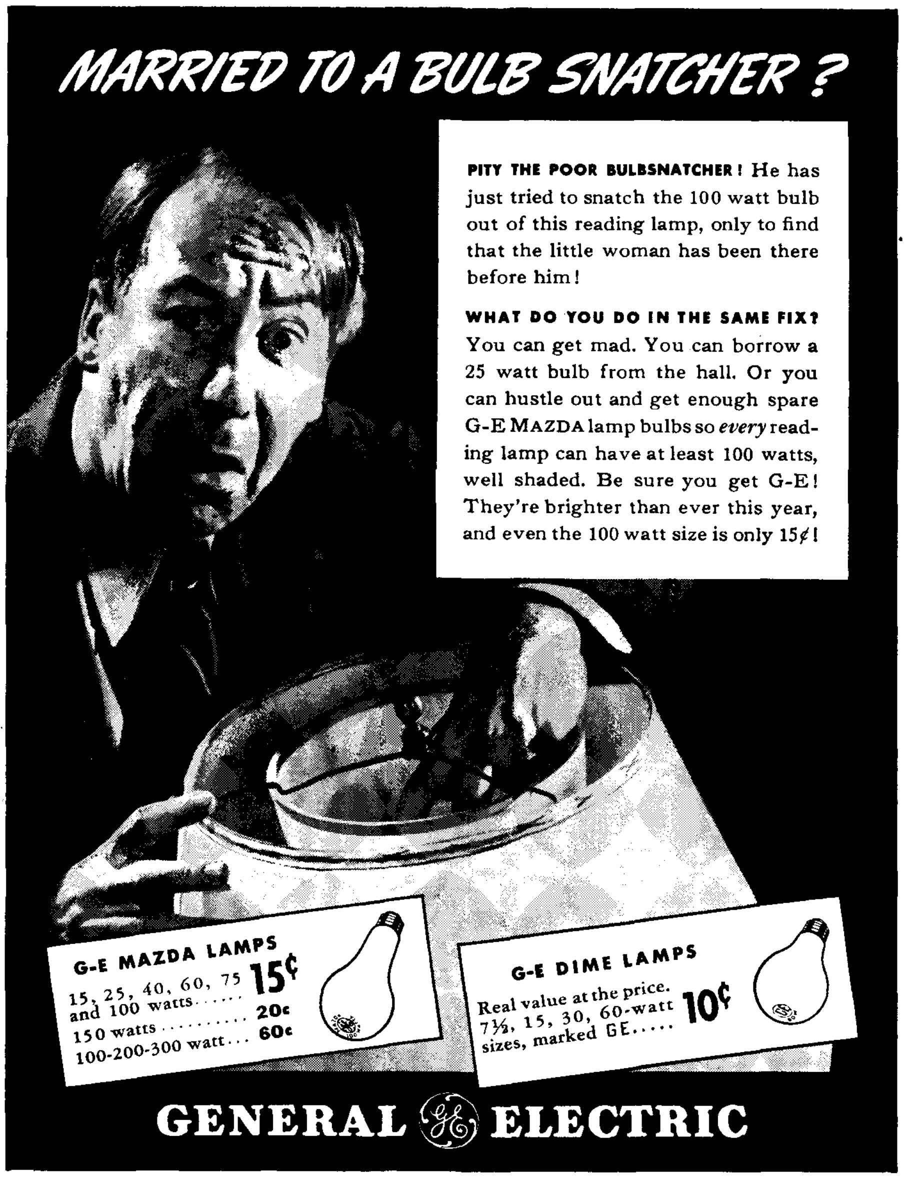
STOPS *like this* Flexible ribs *wrinkle* into squeegee-action . . . hold with super-soft grip . . . stop you quick and straight, every time.

RUNS *like this* No wrinkle when running. Silent riding. Easy steering. No sway on sharp turns. Non-cupping. Slow, even wear.

The General Tire and Rubber Company • Akron, Ohio
In Canada—The General Tire & Rubber Co., Ltd., Toronto

COPYRIGHT 1940, THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, O.

The GENERAL TIRE
—goes a long way to make friends


MARRIED TO A BULB SNATCHER?

PITY THE POOR BULBSNATCHER! He has just tried to snatch the 100 watt bulb out of this reading lamp, only to find that the little woman has been there before him!

WHAT DO YOU DO IN THE SAME FIX? You can get mad. You can borrow a 25 watt bulb from the hall. Or you can hustle out and get enough spare G-E MAZDA lamp bulbs so *every* reading lamp can have at least 100 watts, well shaded. Be sure you get G-E! They're brighter than ever this year, and even the 100 watt size is only 15¢!

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
15, 25, 40, 60, 75 and 100 watts...... 15¢
150 watts.......... 20¢
100-200-300 watt... 60¢

G-E DIME LAMPS
Real value at the price. 7½, 15, 30, 60-watt sizes, marked GE..... 10¢

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THEY CAN'T BE CARELESS ABOUT THE
ATLANTIC CABLE
A fleet of patrol boats is kept "on call" to check for any trouble that might develop in the Atlantic Cable, through which thousands of communications are made every day. This constant vigil eliminates more serious troubles.

Don't Be Careless About the Cables in Your Car

Undersize, corroded or poorly constructed cables and loose or dirty connections in your car's electrical system "choke off" the flow of electricity and spoil the efficiency of the electrical units—starting motor, generator, regulator, distributor, coil, headlights, horn and accessories. It takes only a few minutes for the trained mechanic in a Packard Certified Re-Wiring station to trace down these electrical "bottle-necks" in the wiring and discover any defects in the electrical units themselves. The Packard Certified Re-Wiring check-up is complete and accurate; it is insurance against poor performance and serious trouble.

DRIVE IN WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN
Have your electrical system put in A-1 condition by a Certified Mechanic equipped with accurate checking instruments. Adjustments and repairs in electrical units are made according to manufacturer's specifications. All necessary replacements in the wiring are made with high-quality Packard cable. Packard Electric Division, General Motors Corporation, Warren, Ohio.

AUTHORIZED CERTIFIED REWIRING SERVICE
Packard AUTOMOTIVE CABLES

Packard REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK
AUTOMOTIVE CABLE
THE STANDARD WIRING EQUIPMENT OF THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

things stood between them. The check was forgotten; it no longer mattered.

"I think I'll take you home," he said.

He made only a pretense of working that afternoon. He went home late, hoping to find Dorothy no longer angry. But at dinner she was the same—cool, reserved, distant.

"So I'm still in the doghouse?" he said.

"Not exactly." Her eyes were grave. "But I've got to tell you something—something you won't like." She took a deep breath. "George—I've got a job."

"No!" he said. "You can't."

"Perry Schramm gave me a job."

George Peterson got slowly to his feet. He pushed out one hand, blindly, and a tall goblet fell to splinter against his plate. He let it lay, unheeded.

"You can't do this to me," he said, and his voice was hoarse.

Nothing more was said that night or the next morning. George did not believe that Dorothy was meeting Perry Schramm. And, deep down, he didn't believe she really wanted to. So he wasn't spying when he went to the Benson the next day at lunch time—Dorothy simply would not be there.

But Dorothy was there, lovely and charming in her very best blue dress. There was something warmly intimate in the way she smiled at Perry Schramm across the table. George Peterson turned away.

And so there it was. Perry Schramm would give Dorothy a job . . . and everyone would know George Peterson was a failure.

THE locker room was deserted save for John O'Hara and a white-jacketed attendant. O'Hara waved and said: "Just the guy I was looking for. How about a twosome?"

"Not for me," George said.

O'Hara said, "What's wrong? Hangover?"

George got a cigarette from his pocket. "That's a good answer. I've got the grandpappy of all hang-overs."

"I'll fix you up," said O'Hara. "Hey, boy!"

The drink was tall and cold and smooth to the taste. They had another.

The afternoon hours wore away. They were still at the bar when Schramm came in.

"Gentlemen," he said, "—and blotters. How are you?"

O'Hara said, "Fine, Perry. What'll you have?"

"Nothing, thanks. I've got to work tomorrow."

"So what?" said O'Hara. "We work, too."

"When?" Perry grinned. "You're here every day."

O'Hara wagged his head and laughed. "Sure, but we do all right. Take George here. He sells insurance between shots. Yeah, and wins plenty, too."

Schramm said, "I hear he's pretty good."

"And where did you hear that?"

George Peterson's voice was ugly, for that was the way he felt.

Perry Schramm said, "What difference does it make? Relax, George. There's nothing to get excited about."

"Right," said O'Hara thickly. "Give him a stroke a hole, George. Play him a match. Settle it that way."

GEORGE looked at Perry Schramm, hating him suddenly.

"I know where you heard that," he said. And though a cool, remote inner voice cautioned, "Don't be a fool!" he went on, moving close to Schramm, saying in a tight, driven whisper, "Dorothy doesn't need your help. Stay away from her. Hear me—stay away!"

Schramm's face was pale. "You're tight, George."

"Maybe I am—but I meant what I said!"

"Aren't you being a bit medieval?"

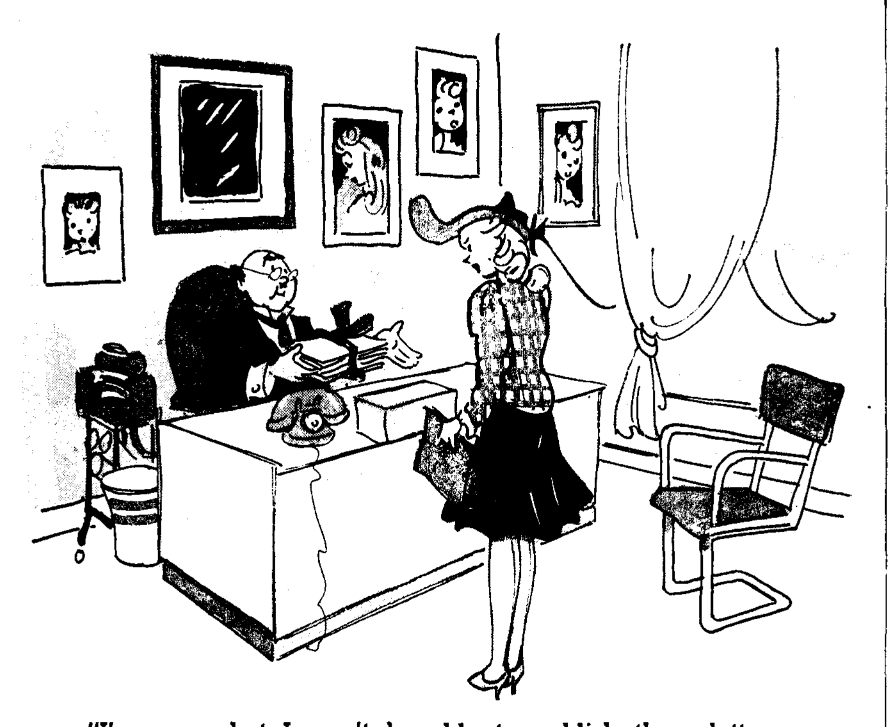
George Peterson hit him. He felt the shock of the blow in his hand and shoulder, and yet . . . it was somehow unreal, as if he'd watched another man drive his fist into Schramm's face. Schramm staggered back; his, "Damn you!" loud in the raw quiet. And then O'Hara was between them, saying, "Easy, boys. Take it easy. . . ."

Afterward, George Peterson was not quite sure what happened next. The club steward came, small, polite, probing. There was a blur of watching faces, the flat sound of O'Hara's voice, saying, "They were arguing about golf, an' George took a swing at him. . . ." Then, quite clearly, the steward said, "You gentlemen should settle these matters on the course."

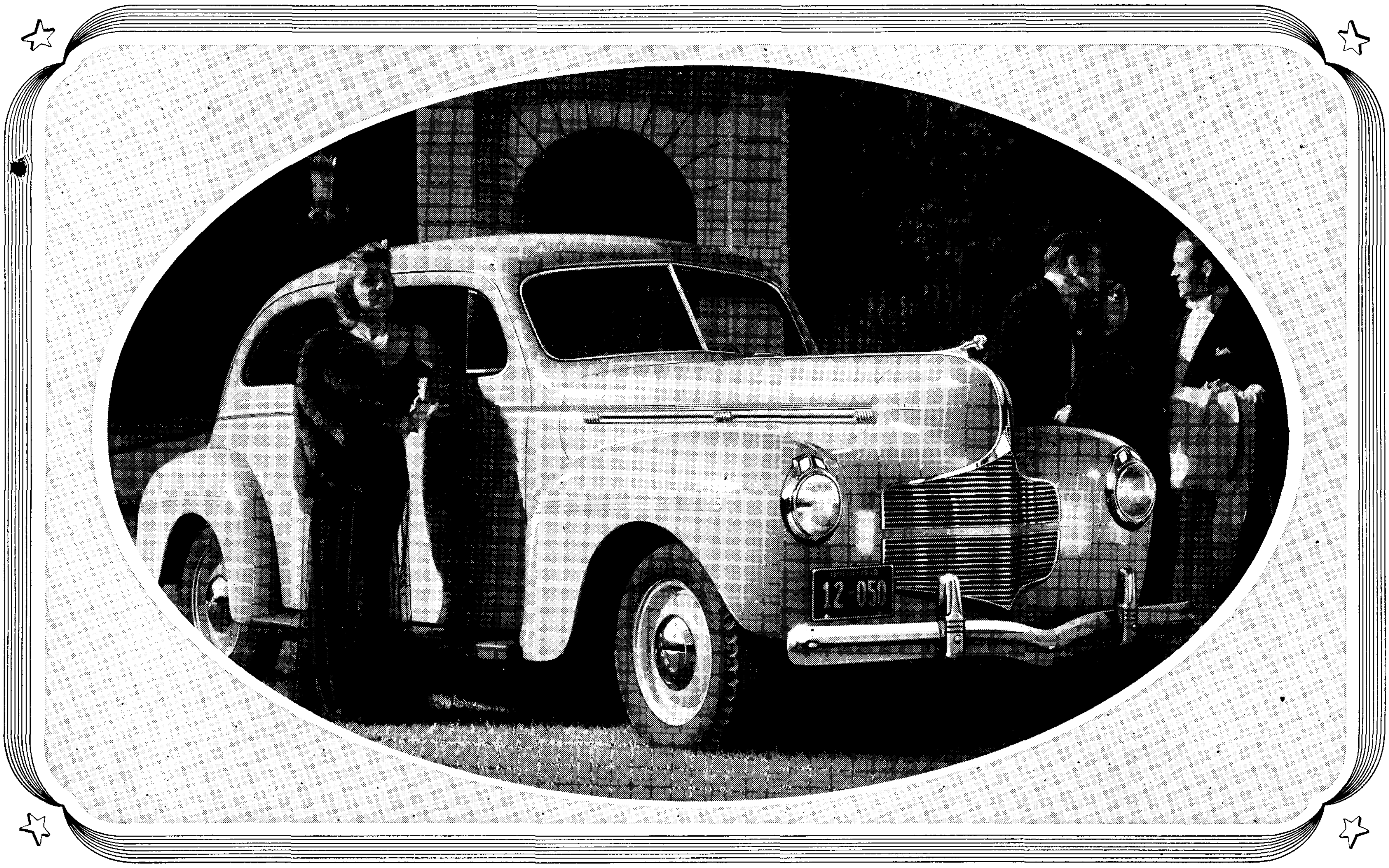
O'Hara said, "Give him a stroke a hole, George."

Perry Schramm lifted eyes bright with anger. "It's all right with me," he said. "If the bet's big enough."

George Peterson pressed his shoulders hard against the steel locker. They


"I'm sorry, but I won't be able to publish these letters, "Miss LaValiere. Your boy friend had them all copyrighted"

REAMER KELLER



1940 Dodge Luxury Liner, 6-Passenger, 2-Door Sedan $815, delivered in Detroit.*

It's the best Dodge ever built and the biggest car for your money!

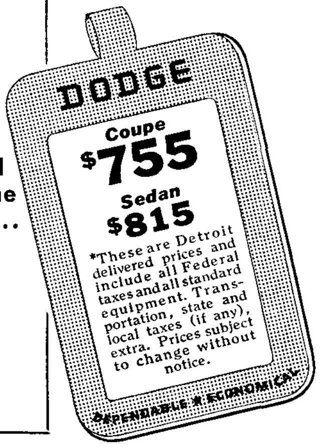
NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS PIONEERED SUCH LEADERSHIP

THROUGH THE YEARS, engineers of Dodge have pioneered in the development of such basic advancements as...

All-Steel Body • Equal-Pressure Hydraulic Brakes • Patented Floating Power Engine Mountings • Valve-Seat Inserts • High Compression Engine Full-Length Water Jackets • Silenced Ride • Redistribution of Weight.

AND TODAY, engineers of Dodge still lead the way in giving the public the best things in motoring, such as...

New *Amola Steel,* the new kind of steel that adds years to the life of vital parts New *Superfinish*—a remarkable new metal finishing process that makes moving parts last years longer • New *Full-Floating Ride*—the greatest advance in riding comfort in the past 25 years!



Coupe $755

Sedan $815

*These are Detroit delivered prices and include all Federal taxes and all standard equipment. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

BRILLIANT DODGE ENGINEERING AND SOUND CRAFTSMANSHIP REACH THEIR FULLEST AND FINEST DEVELOPMENT IN THE NEW 1940 DODGE!

When you slip behind the wheel of the magnificent 1940 Luxury Liner, you have at your beck-and-call the finest car that ever bore the great name of Dodge!

To millions of motorists no other name in the automobile industry means all that the name Dodge has come to mean. Dodge means *dependability.* It means brilliant manufacturing and sound craftsmanship.

That is why there are more Dodge cars on the highways today than any other car in its price class.

And in today's great Dodge Luxury Liner you not only get the *finest* car Dodge ever built, but the *most* car for your money in every way!

For example, Dodge gives you the *biggest* car at anywhere near its price—a full 119½ inch wheelbase! You'll find wider, roomier interiors—beautifully styled and tastefully appointed.

You get the advantages of Dodge high trade-in value...and the savings on gas and oil for which Dodge has long been famous.

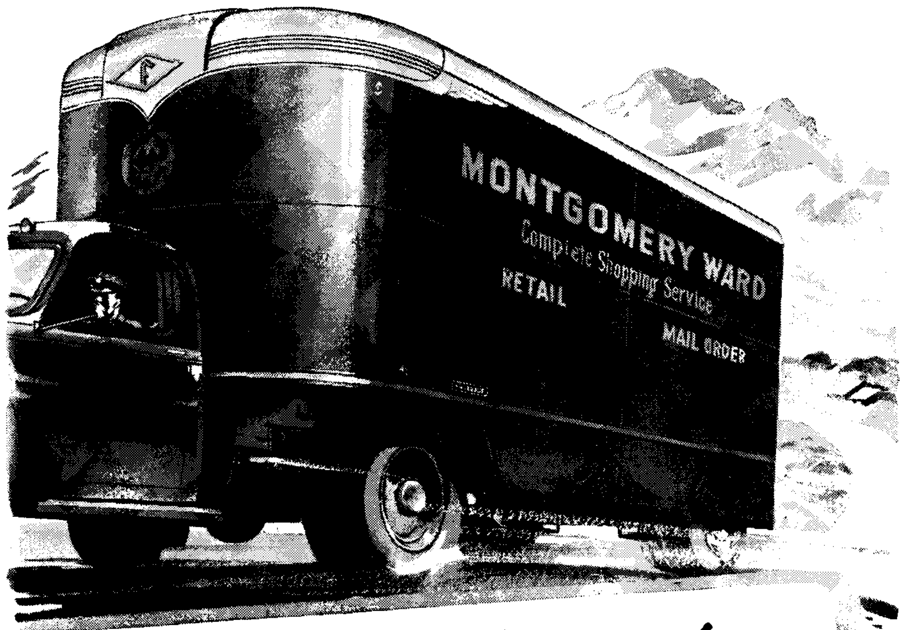
And when you talk price, you'll hear more good news! For this big, luxurious Dodge costs just a few dollars more than smaller, low-priced cars.

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

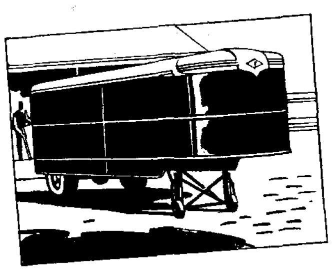
...*Take a Look at* DODGE

DODGE ENGINEERING COSTS YOU NOTHING EXTRA!



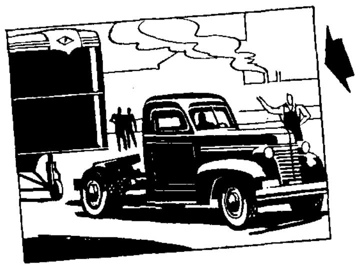
YOU SEE THEM *Everywhere*

THEY'RE TRUCK-TRAILERS THAT SAVE MONEY FOR EVERYBODY



Here's a modern Fruehauf Trailer. Business men, with loads to haul, in more than 100 different lines of activity, use them. They find them more economical than trucks that *carry* loads on their backs—to compare them with pack horses, for instance, that *carry* instead of *pull* loads.

TAKE THIS TRAILER . . .



COUPLE IT TO THIS TRUCK

and you have a Truck-Trailer that will actually haul more than three times as much as a truck which *carries* instead of *pulls* the load. It stands to reason that a truck is able to *pull* far more than it can *carry*.

● HERE'S HOW YOU SAVE . . .

IF YOU ARE a business man with loads to haul, you'll save in several ways by using a Truck-Trailer. You'll save on initial cost because you'll be able to use a smaller, less expensive truck. You'll save on gas by using the smaller truck—as much as 30%—and you'll save on upkeep costs—as much as 35%. You'll have less depreciation and you'll pay less when the time comes for replacement. The Fruehauf Trailer is good for ten or more years of service.

Then, too, you may be able to save still more by using a "shuttle" operation—have several Fruehauf Trailers, leave *only them* to be loaded and unloaded, while the truck does an almost constant job of pulling first one and then another of the Trailers ready to be moved.

IF YOU don't use trucks in your business, Trailers save money for you, regardless. By using them, business men reduce their costs. And, in the vast majority of cases, those savings are passed along to you, the consumer. Competition sees to that. Furthermore, by using Truck-Trailers, business men with commodities to haul—especially perishables—are enabled to get them to you quicker and in better condition. Everybody enjoys the economies made possible by Truck-Trailers.

Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT
Sales and Service In Principal Cities

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
"Engineered Transportation"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MORE FRUEHAUF TRAILERS ON THE ROAD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

were waiting, watching him. The sure grin was on Schramm's lips again.

George said, "Let's make it a thousand."

Schramm said, "Done!"

SATURDAY morning. . . .

Blue mist lay across the fairways. It was cold. A crowd had gathered around the first tee when George Peterson arrived—a low-voiced, waiting crowd. O'Hara broke away and came to meet George.

"I'm keeping score," he said, nervously.

"Fine," said George. "But why the gallery?"

"You know how people talk." O'Hara lifted blocky shoulders in an uneasy shrug. "They heard about the match, and came out to see—"

"—the slaughter," George finished.

O'Hara said, "It's kind of my fault."

"I hunted trouble," said George. "I found it."

He thought about that as the coin spun, flashing upward from O'Hara's hand. Anger, Scotch, fool's pride—and here he was playing a match he couldn't win, for a thousand dollars he didn't have. He was giving Schramm—the utterly dependable Schramm—eighteen strokes. Half that would have been a generous handicap.

Perry Schramm drove. George watched the swift white climb of the ball, wishing he'd been able to tell Dorothy what he'd done. He had tried and failed. And now—well, she'd know soon enough. Everyone else knew.

George lost the first hole when his putt rimmed the cup. He lost the second. He got into his drive on the third, put his brassie close to the pin. He was down in three, a birdie, but he only halved the hole. Schramm's stroke advantage was beating him.

He was two down at the turn.

Dorothy joined the gallery on the tenth. He saw her moving along with the crowd—a quiet, pensive little figure. Somehow the sight of her pulled at nerves worn raw. He halved that hole. He lost the next.

The twelfth was long. Perry Schramm's tee shot was good; George's faded, far out, pulling deep into the rough. Head down, he walked away from the tee.

Dorothy fell in step with him there. He saw the run of her shadow on the grass beside his own; and he tightened inwardly, waiting for what would come.

She said, quietly, "Hello, chump."

"You know stronger words," he said. "Use them."

But she said no more. Her face was thoughtful—not angry, not friendly.

"Dot, give me another try—just one."

"And go through this again?"

"No, Dorothy," he said. "Not ever."

GENTLY, she said, "You mean that now, George. You're like the man who gets religion on his deathbed. But how do I know you won't forget this, when you're in the money again?"

"Not me," said George. "I admit I've got to learn the hard way—but I have learned." He spread his hands. "Match play for a thousand dollars. I'm three down with seven to go. Schramm will win the three short holes with the strokes I gave him. Even if I take all the rest I still lose."

Dorothy said, "And then—?"

"And then I'm cleaned out—our equity in the house, our insurance, the car, everything. I'll have to start from scratch again. I'll have to ring doorbells, carry my lunch in a paper sack, ride busses. No, lady. I'll never forget. I'm cured. Forget that job with Schramm and I'll work my head off."

"You make it sound like a good bet," she said.

"It is—if you don't mind being broke."

Dorothy said, "You know it's not the money, George; it's—well, we'll see. . . ."

George's caddie called, "Over here, sir."

The ball lay in a tangled mat of grass, but somehow that didn't matter. George didn't trouble to reason it out. He simply knew the pressure was gone, the good looseness was back in his shoulders. Unhurriedly, he mapped his sh[illegible] And he refused the niblick, saying, "The five iron. We'll play this the tough way. . . ."

The stroke was strong and smooth and right. The feel of the ball was a pleasant shock to his hands. Applause spattered out quickly, and the caddie said, "On the green . . . pin high!"

He dropped his putt—a curving ten-footer—and won the hole. They were moving toward the thirteenth when Dorothy said, "Nice going, George."

"But too late," he said. "Look, Dorothy, if we take a cheap apartment somewhere. . . ."

He played golf, then, an effortless, machinelike game. He won two holes, halved one, lost one. His long iron dropped close to the pin on the seventeenth, and there Dorothy said, "This might be close after all."

He grinned. "Maybe we won't have to move."

He thought about that as he watched the swift, straight run of his putt. He met her eyes, smiling as the ball went down. There was an excited up-rush of sound from the gallery. O'Hara said, "The match is all square. George, it's your honor. . . ." And Dorothy's face had that old troubled look as she turned away.

THE eighteenth was a long par four. George put two screaming woods together to reach the green. Schramm was on in three. His twenty-foot putt stopped three inches short of the cup. George knocked it away.

"Call that good," he said.

A rustling murmur whispered through the gallery, and then taut silence came. George Peterson waited, thinking, "A four-foot putt for a win. . . ."

He could see Schramm from where he stood, see the stiffness of the man's face, the tension in his hands. Beyond Schramm, he found Dorothy, slender and small against the solid bulk of the crowd. A strange Dorothy who would not look at him.

Funny. Twenty minutes ago the break between them had been almost healed. He'd been losing then, making plans for a new start. And now, when things were right, when he could win this match. . . .

He saw the answer then. She was remembering Morgan's check and what it had done to them. She was afraid he would win, pay the bills, and say, "We've got money—why worry?" She was afraid he'd forgotten the promises of an hour ago. Then he knew what he must do—what he wanted to do. . . .

George Peterson deliberately missed the putt.

He was smiling as he walked across the green. "We've played eighteen holes. We're all even, Perry." His voice was steady, clear. "This is where I get off. I'm not playing an extra hole. I can't afford this kind of golf. I'm quitting." He thrust out his hand. "Sorry about this, Perry. Come down to the municipal course any day. I'll be glad to play you a dime a hole."

There was relief in Schramm's, "Okay, George."

George Peterson turned to meet Dorothy—and the last doubt was gone from her eyes. He caught her outstretched hands.

"I told them," he said huskily; "I put your husband back in the class where he belongs. And it didn't hurt, Dorothy. It—"

"It never will again!" she said.

We Eat if They Do

Continued from page 15

The chickadee goes where other birds do not. It finds insects and eggs of a size that would be overlooked by most other birds. Moreover, it searches out these insects and their eggs at a time when they are in a dormant state in the cold weather of winter or early spring. Killing one at this time means preventing it from laying more eggs or hatching out when the warmer weather comes. One unusual habit of this industrious little bird deserves mention.

The chickadee is one of the few birds that pecks the wax coating off the seeds of poison ivy, leaving the seed to shrivel up. Poison ivy enthusiasts may feel that this is a shame, but I for one will not join the anti-chickadee league.

In 1938 our forest products, lumber etc., had a total value of some seventy-seven million dollars. Lumbering operations must be carried on almost entirely with sound, live wood. Few of us realize the part the woodpecker plays in conserving our forests. He is one of the best natural guardians of standing timber. He is perhaps the greatest natural enemy of ants and other wood-boring insects. It is a curious paradox that, in order to preserve properly our woods, not all dead and rotting trees should be cut down. If this is done, it will drive away the local woodpeckers who will not be able to find proper trees to nest in.

Look Before You Shoot

One of the most common misapprehensions about birds is that hawks and owls are pests and should be destroyed whenever possible. The mouse plague in Nevada is only one example of the sort of work that these birds do. All the way from the smaller owls like the Screech Owl to the largest, the Great Horned, these birds have great beneficial qualities. The screech owl is a great insect destroyer that eats small birds only very occasionally. The great horned owl, considered such a dangerous enemy of beneficial game birds, has been proved to be fonder of skunks than any other food, a preference which everybody I think will be quite glad to allow him.

The Barn Owl is a shy and vanishing species everywhere. This unfortunate bird's efforts to nest in church steeples and vacant buildings are usually heavily discouraged. And why? It has been estimated that an average daily haul for one of these birds is three rats or mice.

"Chicken Hawk" is the commonest name for any or all of our hawks of whatever size, color or shape. Actually there are only two or three kinds of hawks that can be called harmful. And this out of some forty-odd species of hawks in this country. The others are all beneficial to a varying degree. One of the best proofs of this is what happens in the area where all the birds of prey have been killed off. Unless some other agent of destruction happens along at the right time, the rodents will have a picnic. In other words, don't shoot the next hawk you see unless you know for sure what kind it is or actually see it diving at your flock of chickens.

The Sea Gull is highly important as a scavenger along the seacoasts and on the Great Lakes, but there are other species such as Franklin's Gull, a small black-headed variety, that are inland residents during the summer. In these regions gulls are known to be of great value as insect eaters.

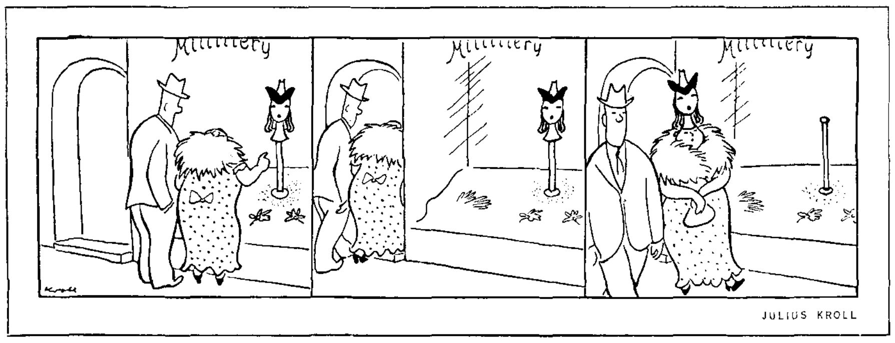
One of the most famous incidents in the history of the Mormons in Salt Lake, Utah, was the near destruction of their first crops of grain. A contemporary witness of the scene wrote: "Black crickets came down by millions and destroyed our grain crops: promising fields of wheat in the morning were in the evening as smooth as a man's hand—devoured by the crickets. At this juncture sea gulls came by hundreds and thousands, and before the crops were entirely destroyed these gulls devoured the insects, so that our fields were completely freed from them. The settlers at Salt Lake regarded the advent of the birds as a heaven-sent miracle." Miracle or not, let's hope the gulls stay around to keep an eye on those black crickets.

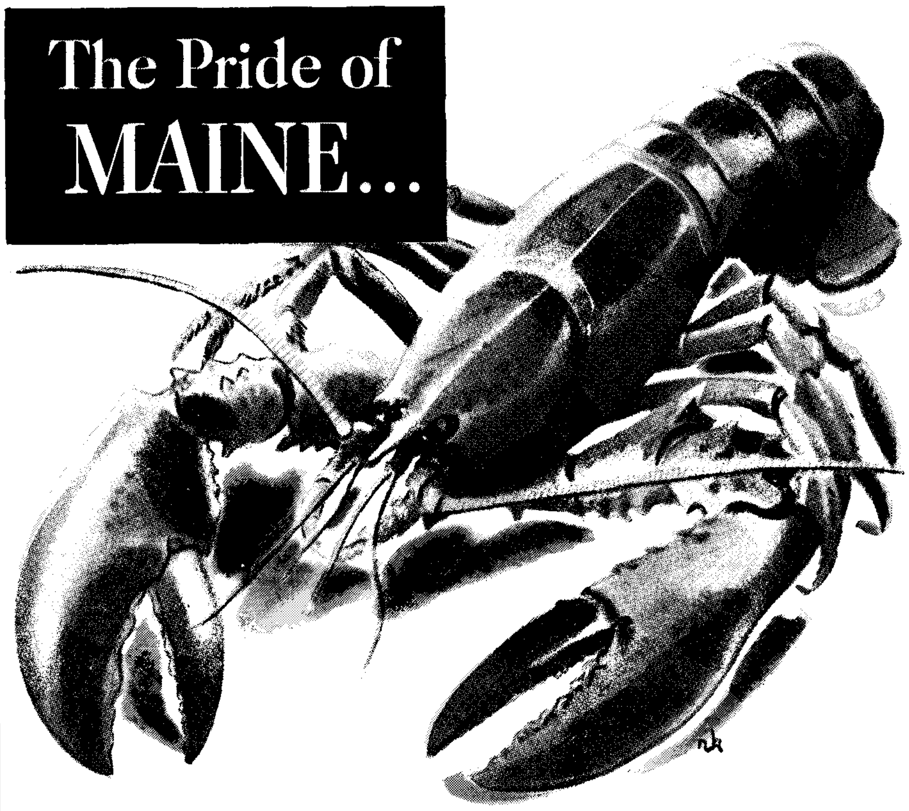
And so it goes. Almost every family of birds is helpful to us in one way or another. Even the shore birds, sandpipers and plover, whose value would seem at first to be rather remote, have been proved to be great eaters of mosquito larvae in the stagnant salt ponds behind the sea beaches. And as for the common species, well you can just go on and on figuring out the average haul.

Take the Phoebe or Flycatcher, which ranges all over the United States in one or other of several forms. The phoebe is apparently so busy catching insects that it works not only all day long but for some time before dawn, altogether an average of about fourteen hours a day during six months of the year. During that time the bird is getting rid of wasps, flies and spiders at the rate of one every three minutes. There are approximately enough phoebes in this country to eat about a quarter of a billion insects a day—enough to cover any of our largest cities with a blanket of insects in a month, a rather horrifying thought, to be sure, but still impressive.

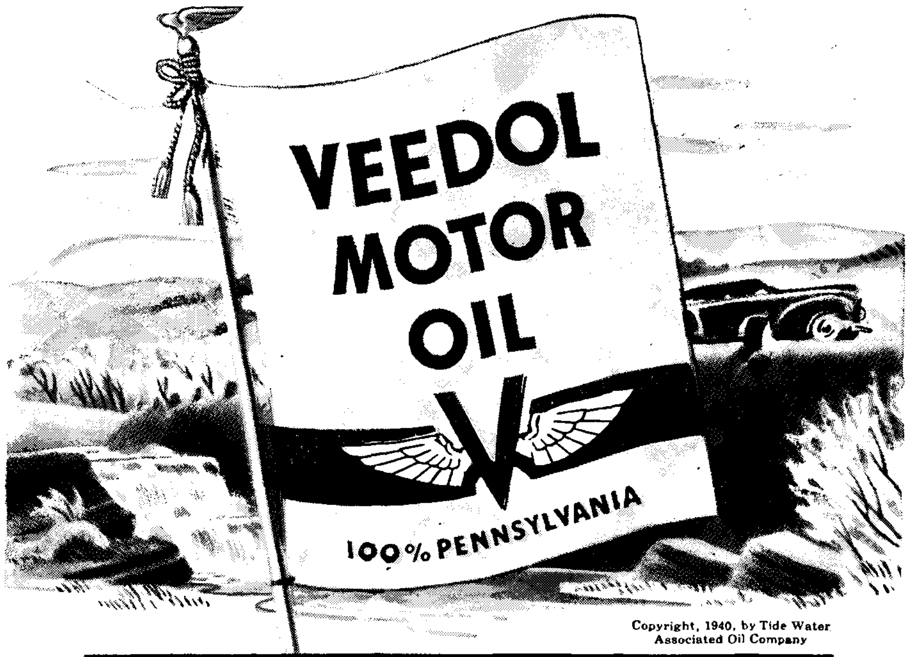
These figures and all the others become staggering when you consider that there are about 800 different kinds of birds belonging to 75 families in North America, and that all of these are carrying on in much the same way as the phoebe. Take the barn swallow, for another example.

But no, let's not take the barn swallow. We'll leave him right there doing his own job in his own way, a superb combination of beauty and efficiency. He's probably back by now, over by the barn, flying in and out of that broken sash. If by some mischance he hasn't come back yet, let's hope that he will soon, he and all his relatives. Let's hope they all come back.





The Pride of
PENNSYLVANIA



Copyright, 1940, by Tide Water Associated Oil Company

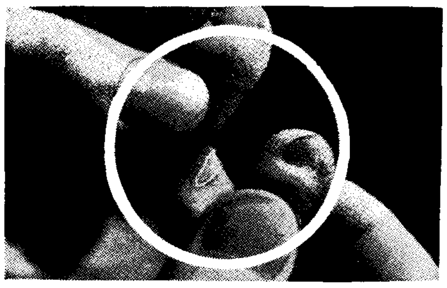
Nature gave them both that
EXTRA SOMETHING

An epicure may search the world over and find no lobster to equal that of the deep, cold waters of the coast of Maine. The careful motorist can find no finer motor oil than Veedol . . . refined from choicest Bradford-Pennsylvania crude. Here's an oil that nature made better than ordinary oils. Refined by the world's largest producer of 100% pure Pennsylvania oils, Veedol gives you the utmost in fine lubrication. So, when you need motor oil, ask for Veedol . . . get that extra protection from the oil that "nature gave a head start."

A PRODUCT OF TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY . . . MAKERS OF "FLYING A" GASOLINES

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Strikes Hot, Steaming Feet!



Cracks between your Toes are Danger Signs

—Drench them Tonight

Athlete's Foot fungi feed on dead skin and perspiration between your toes. When cracks appear they strike through those cracks and spread under the skin! Drench those cracks with Absorbine Jr., full strength.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your physician in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Get a bottle today. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 201L Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 540-LA, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

FLOWERS full of BUGS?

Kill them with Red Arrow Garden Spray. It's quick, simple, sure, inexpensive. Kills insects that harm roses, other flowers and shrubs. Also ants in lawns. Safe to humans, birds, pets when sprayed. 35c bottle makes several gallons. Easy-to-follow directions on label. Buy Red Arrow Garden Spray where you buy garden supplies.

RED ARROW
GARDEN SPRAY

FREE Send post card to McCormick Sales Co., Baltimore, Md., for Garden Insect Control booklet No. 1D5.

Rollfast
BICYCLES
styled for beauty
...made to last...
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

D. P. Harris Hdw. & Mfg. Co., Inc.
Rollfast Building, New York, N. Y.

First You Buy a Horse

Continued from page 22

course in horse training there and he wanted to know more about horses than he knew. Al went to work and learned the horse business.

In two years he had learned a lot. He liked a two-year-old called Discovery. When a horseman "likes a horse" he isn't happy until the colt is racing under his colors. Discovery hadn't done much as a two-year-old; except for his fine conformation and the knowledge that he was a horse who liked to run, there was little about him to suggest real turf greatness. Two-year-old horses are as unpredictable as the path of a porpoise in the sea. Yet Vanderbilt went as high as $25,000 in his bid, and finally the big colt was eating his mash and oats at Sagamore Farm.

Discovery started fifty times for Vanderbilt and won twenty-five races. He was usually burdened with a terrific weight handicap. Discovery won practically every big handicap stake in the country. He won the Arlington Handicap by eight lengths with 135 pounds on his broad back and he did it in 2:01⅕, the same time that Seabiscuit made a couple of months ago in winning the Santa Anita Handicap. And the Biscuit carried only 130 pounds. Vanderbilt thinks that Discovery's greatest feat was in winning the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, at Saratoga, with 139 pounds on him. Only one other horse, Whisk Broom II, ever won a big stake race in America carrying that murderous load. They put everything on Discovery but a load of hay. In one of his last races they made him tote 143 pounds. The track was muddy, and the race was won by Esposa, who carried 100 pounds. Discovery finished fourth.

Bucking the Conservatives

To get back to the incident which brought Vanderbilt out of the class of amiable young owners and led to his becoming a juvenile colossus of the turf world: Because Sagamore Farm was so close to Pimlico it was natural that Vanderbilt should develop a fondness for the old track. Because he raced there, it was likewise natural that the officers of the corporation owning the track should be interested in Vanderbilt. Finally, to his surprise, they elected him to the board of directors. He was twenty-four and it was the first time he had ever attended any kind of board meeting.

Pimlico was old in tradition, and its directors followed suit. They were conservative, easygoing Marylanders who had grown up with Pimlico and who looked upon the track as something that had always been and would always be. What if there had been a few unsuccessful seasons? What if the rich Santa Anita purses were luring more and more Eastern owners to the West Coast? What if the Kentucky Derby was becoming accepted as the premier race of the country? They didn't care. After all, the Derby was only a young upstart that hadn't been founded until 1875, two years after the historic Preakness had been born at Pimlico. True, the Preakness only offered a $25,000 purse, and often owners of good three-year-olds refused to enter their pets in the race.

Vanderbilt knew only that he was crazy about thoroughbreds and that the bigger the purses, the better the racing would be. He suggested mildly that the directors vote a purse of $50,000 for the Preakness so that it could compete with the other big stakes.

"Why not make it $100,000?" an old member exploded.

"That's an idea," Vanderbilt said thoughtfully.

Before he could elaborate on this the board hurriedly voted to make the Preakness $50,000.

After the meeting broke up, one of the unhappy members announced that he would be glad to sell his stock. Vanderbilt promptly bought it. In an hour he had become an important factor in the success or failure of Pimlico. Within a month he had become a fanatic on the subject of making Pimlico the best-run track in the country.

First of all, he discovered that spectators who stood at the rail couldn't see the far stretch. Within two years he had been elected president of the board of directors and now he could do just about what he wished.

"For seventy-five years there had been a hill in the Pimlico infield," Vanderbilt says. "Spectators who stood on the green lawn in front of the clubhouse or who stood at the rail couldn't see across the far stretch. They never really saw a race at all. I decided to get rid of the hill."

Engineers had told the Pimlico officials that it would be virtually impossible to remove the hill, except at a prohibitive cost. Vanderbilt talked to other engineers and finally found one who thought it could be done. One bright morning the scream of steam shovels was heard outside Pimlico Park. Thousands and thousands of tons of dirt were removed and finally the hill was leveled. It cost $80,000, but Vanderbilt had a track at which every spectator could see the whole race no matter where he stood. Then he dressed the track up in bright new colors and then made his most radical move of all. He installed the Puett starting gate.

The chief feature of the new gate was the fact that a horse never had to be handled by assistant starters. Once a horse backed into his stall, a gate was closed in front of him. When all the horses were ready the starter pressed a button and the gates flew open. It was impossible for any jockey to beat the barrier and it was impossible for an assistant starter to hurt a horse by tugging and yanking at the rather cruel twitches formerly clamped over a horse's nose.

Vanderbilt liked the new gate, which had at that time been tried only at one small California track. He installed one at the track and asked the trainers to try it out. Trainers weren't accustomed to being consulted by track presidents. He asked the racing writers to look it over and tell him what they thought. They all liked the new barrier. Vanderbilt decided to try it out. He announced that it would be used in a race a week away so that trainers having horses entered in the event would get a chance to school their nags in the newfangled starting gate.

Vanderbilt entered one of his own horses, Heelfly, in the race. Heelfly had (and has) a world of speed, but he often leaves it at the starting gate. Heelfly is a very bad-mannered horse at that barrier. He just never did like assistant trainers and he never did like to wait for that starting gong. But once in the stall of the Puett gate, Heelfly stood meekly enough. There was nothing much else for him to do. And so after a delay of less than half a minute (Heelfly has been known to hold a race up ten minutes) the field was off and, to give the story a real happy ending, Heelfly won the race. The new gate was declared a success, and this year it will be used on all New York tracks.

On Top of the Racing World

It was a year ago, however, that Vanderbilt put over the biggest coup of all. At that time the whole turf world was discussing the relative merits of War Admiral, who had been the champion three-year-old of 1938, and Seabiscuit, acknowledged to be the handicap king. Because of varying track conditions and weight handicaps, comparative times mean little in comparing thoroughbreds. To be a better horse than another, a horse must actually gain the honor in competition.

After months of negotiating, Charles Howard, owner of the Biscuit, and Sam Riddle, who owned the Admiral, finally agreed to terms and conditions. A match race was to be held at Belmont Park for a purse of $100,000, winner take all. It was the biggest sports story of the year. Sports writers haunted the stalls of these two fine horses, reporting their activities as fight writers chronicle the progress of heavyweight champions. Belmont Park was enlarged for the occasion and high-powered press agents were hired to keep public interest aroused. Then, three days before the

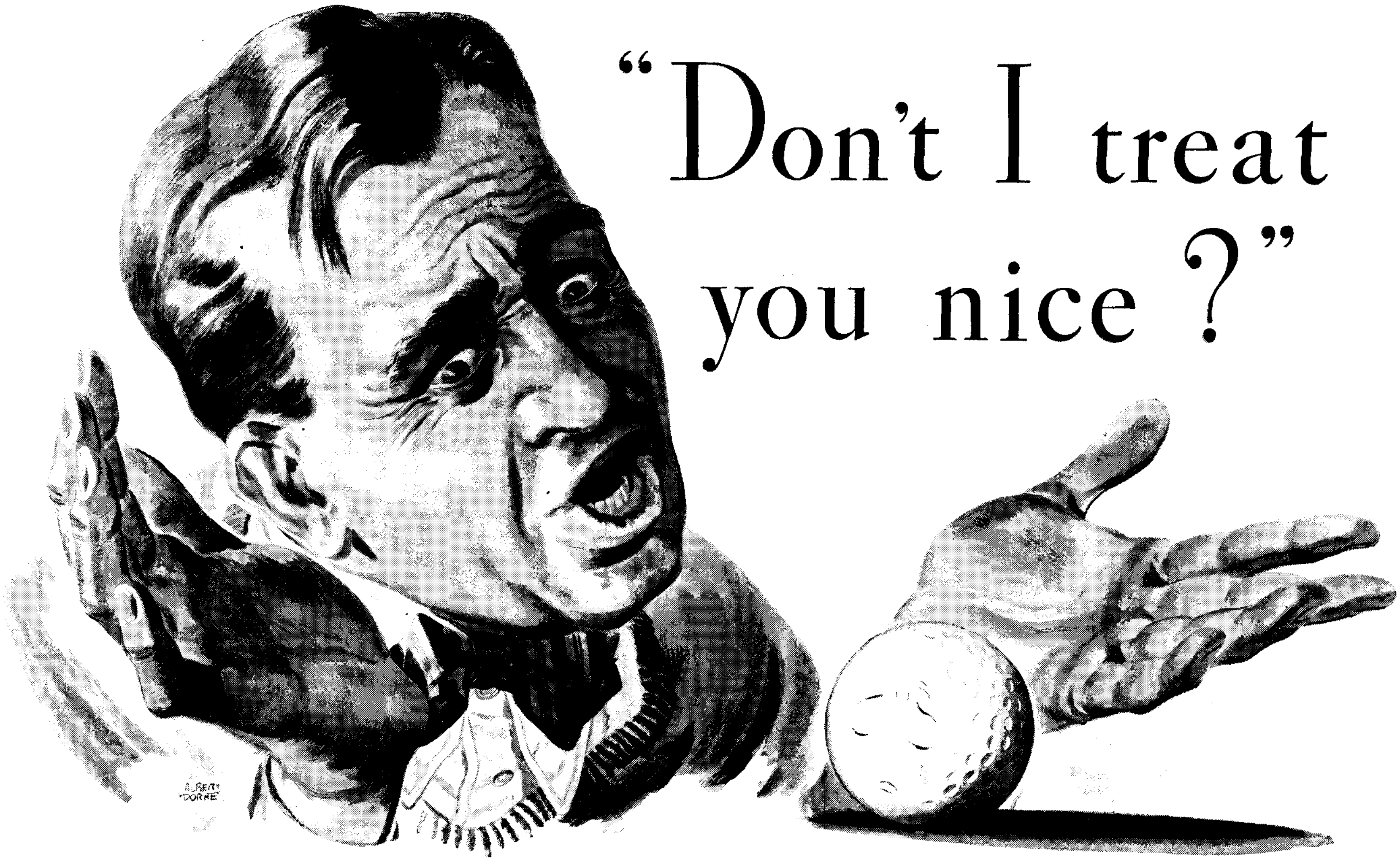
OUT OF THE WORLD

went Collier's flying reporter, W. B. Courtney, to bring you your first look at the latest thing in aviation. . . .

A VIVID ACCOUNT OF A FLIGHT IN THE NEW STRATOSPHERE AIR LINER

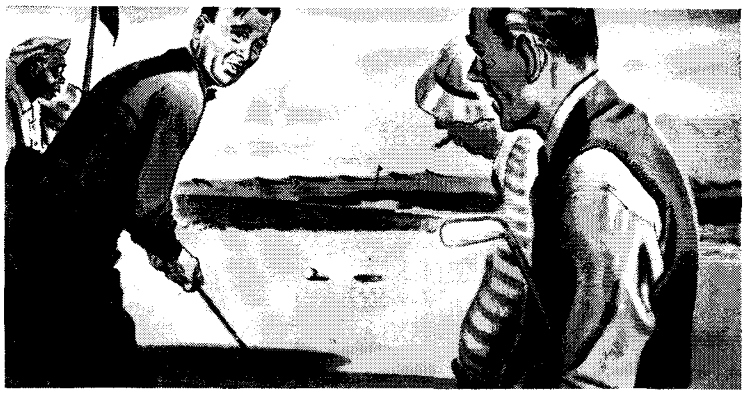
In Next Week's Collier's

"Don't I treat you nice?"

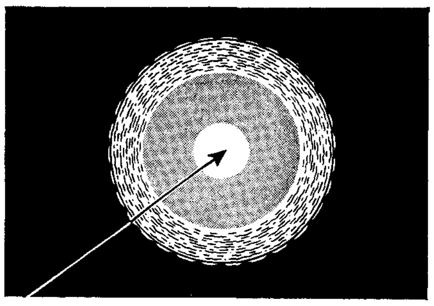


"Well... jumpin' Jimminy... there you go again! I give you a nice sweet kiss and *zwoosh* you're heading for the woods in a haywire hook, fading like a dead duck. Last time you sliced. Listen, I'm not asking for eagles but..."

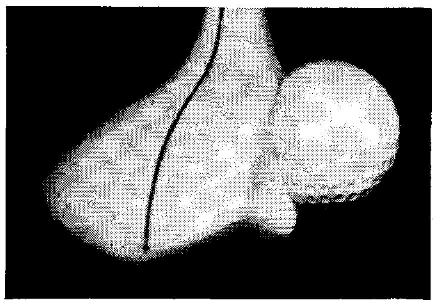
"And when we're in trouble — do I ever try to take it out on your hide? No! But if I'm even just the least touch off . . . *blooie* — your cover looks like I'd slugged you with a meat axe..."



"Oh, hello Mac. Gosh, I'm ready to..." **Mac the Pro:** "Whoa! Your form's okay. Here, next round, play this DOUBLE DOT. New kind of ball — toughest Spalding's ever made. Distance? This baby's shot full of it. And straight! *She'll* never give you those undeserved hooks and slices..."



Permanent balance. Like the world-famous Spalding power balls, DOT and DASH, the new DOUBLE DOT has Spalding's exclusive True Solution Center. 100% liquid. No minerals to settle and throw it off balance. Saves you undeserved hooks and slices.

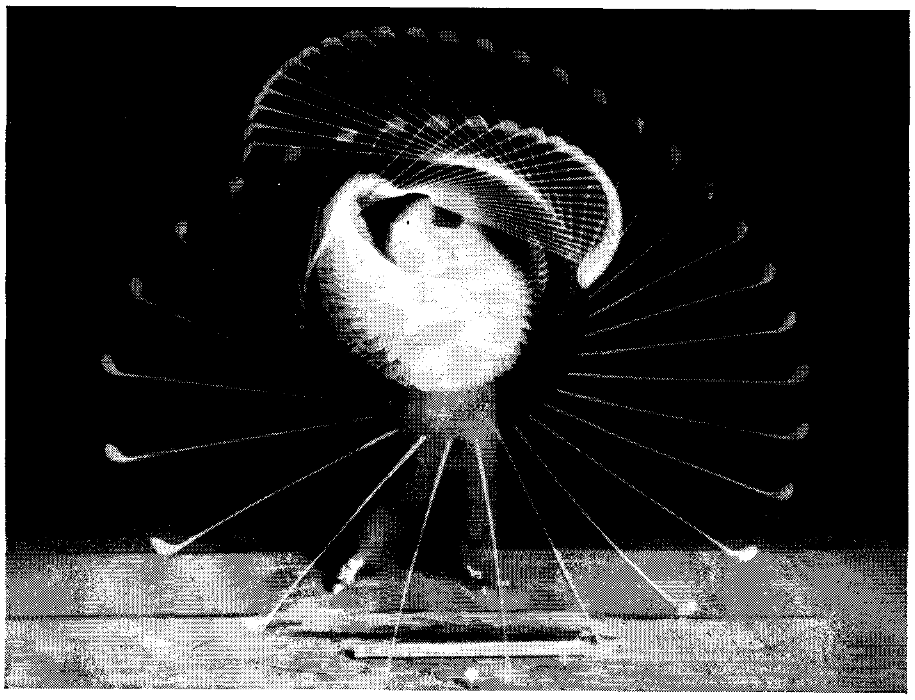


Look at that compression! DOUBLE DOT is speeded up for extra distance by "needling"— Spalding's *shot-thru-the-cover* that builds up tension, gives long fast flight. And *tough* —DOUBLE DOT's Geer patent cover is specially armored to take the sharpest topping.

Spalding

INTRODUCES THE NEW GOLF BALL

DOUBLE DOT



How are you hitting 'em? Here's Bobby Jones of our research staff caught by Spalding's high-speed camera. Studies of multi-flash photos like this have led to recent important developments in Spalding clubs as well as the new DOUBLE DOT ball. Your Pro will show you how these improvements can help your game. © A. G. SPALDING & BROS. DIVISION OF SPALDING SALES CORP.

race was to be run, Seabiscuit hurt his leg.

Sorrowfully Owner Howard had to withdraw his horse from the race. Sorrowfully Belmont had to refund the advance sales of thousands of dollars. Sorrowfully the turf world went back to arguing futilely as to which was the better horse. When the Biscuit recovered every big track in the country tried to revive the match, but Riddle and Howard just couldn't get together. Finally everyone gave up the idea. Everyone but Vanderbilt; he worked on Howard first.

"You think your horse can beat War Admiral," he said. "I know the size of the purse doesn't matter to you. Let me make the match for Pimlico and put up a $15,000 purse."

"All right," Howard unexpectedly agreed, "if you can get Riddle."

Vanderbilt was in New York then. He phoned Riddle's home in Philadelphia and learned that the owner of War Admiral had taken a three-o'clock train to New York. Vanderbilt met the train, talked fast for five minutes, and the match was made. He took out an envelope, wrote the terms of the race on its back, and Riddle, amused at the persistence of this young track president, signed it.

And so Pimlico got the greatest sporting event of the year. No one who was there that day will ever forget it. Everything clicked. Even the weather was good. The race was run perfectly, honestly, intelligently and the best horse won. It was the most thrilling sports spectacle I have ever seen, and let me hasten to add I saw the Dempsey-Firpo fight, generally considered to be the ultimate in spine tinglers. The race did more than establish Seabiscuit as the ruler of the turf: it put Pimlico on the top of the racing world, and those who had thought of Vanderbilt as merely another nice youngster had to admit that he was a shrewd, sound executive.

Last fall when Joe Widener resigned as president of the Westchester Racing Association (which owns and operates Belmont Park) there were two experienced horsemen mentioned for the vacancy—C. V. Whitney and John Hay Whitney. It developed that each had another candidate—Al Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt was unanimously elected.

In many ways Belmont is the aristocrat of tracks. That very fact has hurt it to some extent. The New York public has never felt at home at Belmont. Vanderbilt wondered about that. One day he asked his secretary if she ever went to Belmont. The girl shook her head and told Vanderbilt that she didn't like Belmont, she liked Aqueduct and Empire City.

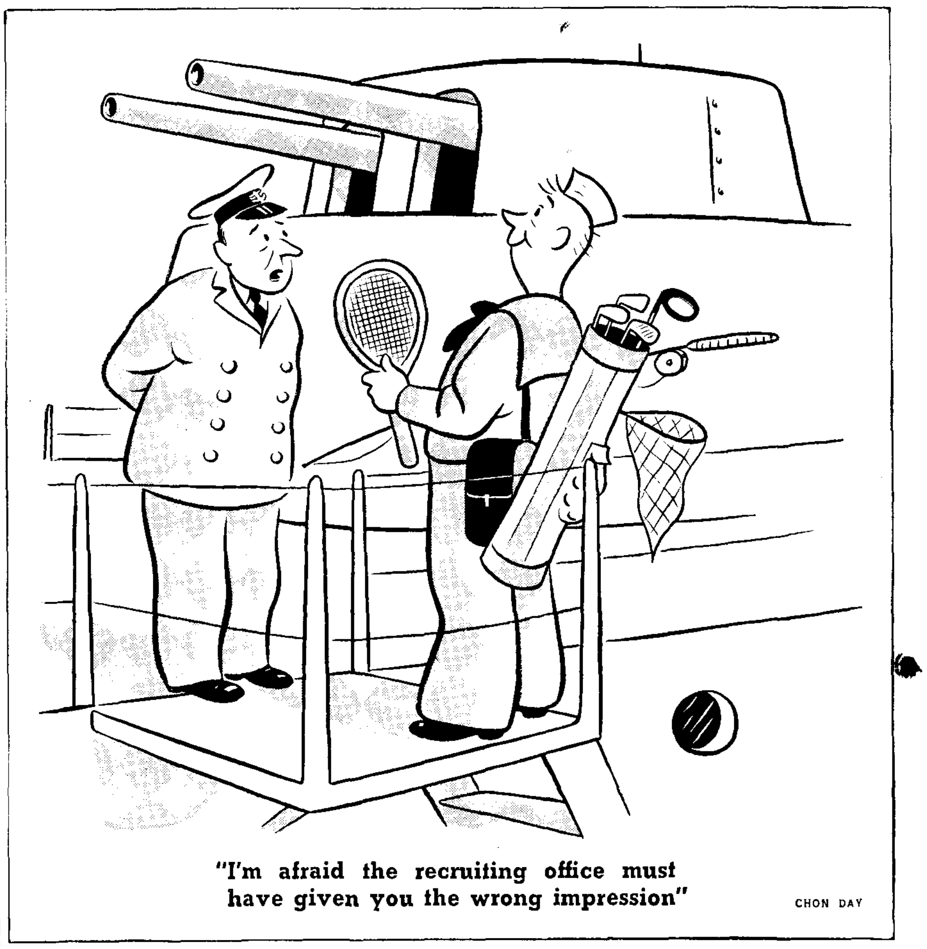
"If you go to a night club like El Morocco and they don't know you," she said, "you'll get a bad table. It's like that at Belmont. It's not for the masses."

Vanderbilt is now trying to sell Belmont to the masses and it's a cinch that he'll do it. The Fashion Stakes for two-year-old fillies has long been a feature of Belmont's spring meeting. This year Vanderbilt is having dozens of Manhattan's prettiest models parade around the lawn before the race. With the aid of Dave Woods, a clever publicity man, Vanderbilt is working on other stunts calculated to bring Belmont Park to the attention of the man in the subway.

During the season, Vanderbilt works as hard as any other man in the United States. To begin with, he gets up at five. And he actually trains his own horses. He is rapidly becoming known as one of the keenest trainers. Stable boys, exercise boys, assistant trainers, all like to work for Vanderbilt, and he is Al to all of them. He talks their language.

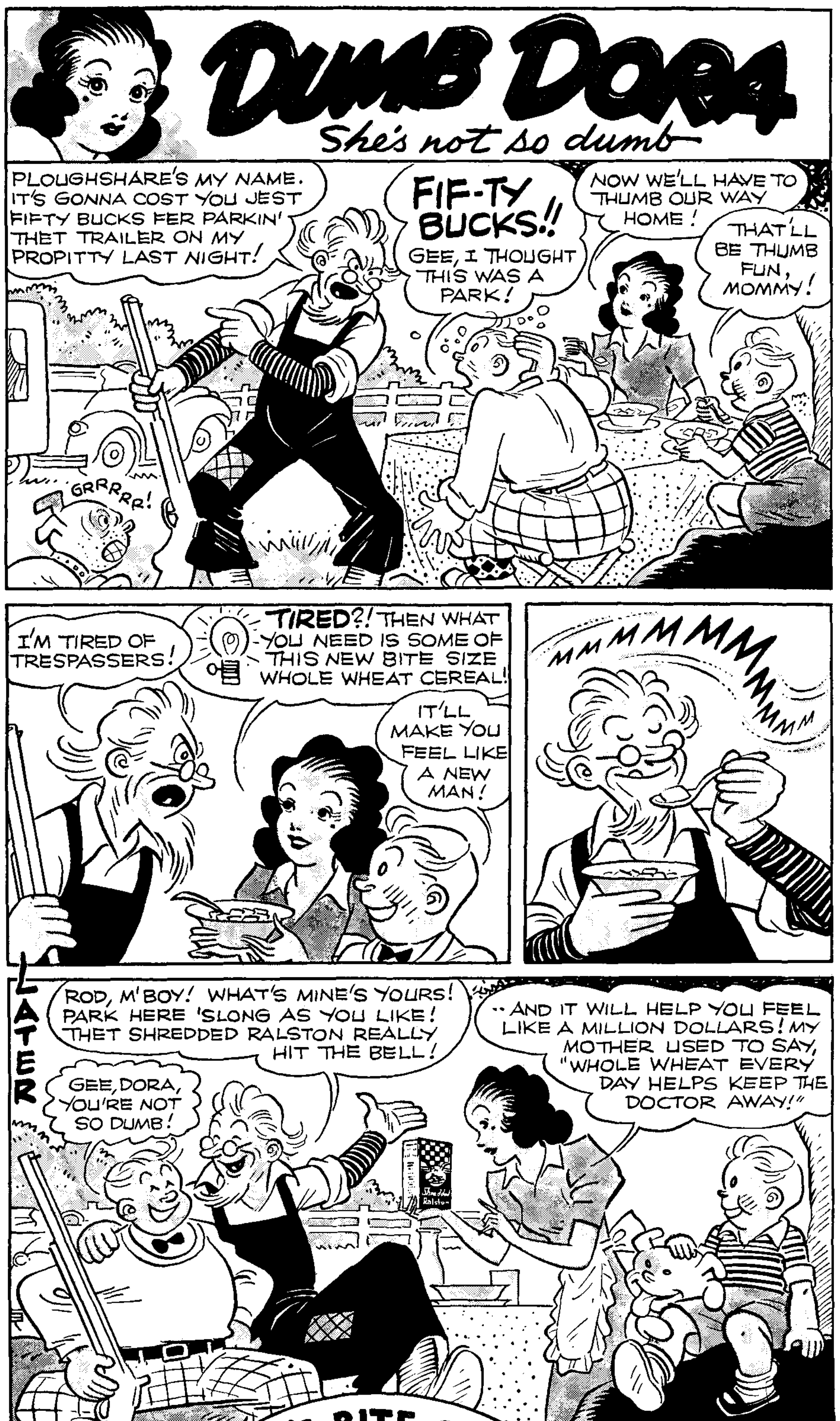
He'll appear at the barns at five-thirty and look at the charts which hang outside each stall. He'll inspect and prescribe for sick horses, and then it's time for the morning workout. Usually he has about twenty-five horses in training. He sends them around in batches of six. He'll say, "Milton, take Nedayr. Break him at the half-mile pole. Open him up and breeze him three quarters in fifteen. . . . Ernie, Impound is getting good. Work him a mile in forty. . . . Jimmy, take Now What. Breeze her by herself. Breeze her a half, see what she can do. The Acorn is up in a couple of weeks."

That's the language of the jockey and of the trainer. It's the language of Al Vanderbilt, who has done mighty well, considering that he was born on the wrong side of the tracks.



"I'm afraid the recruiting office must have given you the wrong impression"

CHON DAY


DUMB DORA
She's not so dumb
PLOUGHSHARE'S MY NAME. IT'S GONNA COST YOU JEST FIFTY BUCKS FER PARKIN' THET TRAILER ON MY PROPITTY LAST NIGHT!
FIF-TY BUCKS!!
GEE, I THOUGHT THIS WAS A PARK!
NOW WE'LL HAVE TO THUMB OUR WAY HOME!
THAT'LL BE THUMB FUN, MOMMY!
GRRRRR!
I'M TIRED OF TRESPASSERS!
TIRED?! THEN WHAT YOU NEED IS SOME OF THIS NEW BITE SIZE WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL!
IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!
MMMMMMMMMM
LATER
ROD, M'BOY! WHAT'S MINE'S YOURS! PARK HERE 'SLONG AS YOU LIKE! THET SHREDDED RALSTON REALLY HIT THE BELL!
..AND IT WILL HELP YOU FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS! MY MOTHER USED TO SAY, "WHOLE WHEAT EVERY DAY HELPS KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY!"
GEE, DORA, YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB!

Copr. 1940, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

IT'S BITE SIZE
No Muss, No Crumbling
12 OZ
BITE SIZE
READY TO EAT
Shredded Ralston
Toasted WHOLE WHEAT Malt, Sugar, Salt
RALSTON PURINA COMPANY · ST. LOUIS, MO.
NOW A CEREAL FLAVOR SO NEW, SO DIFFERENT, IT'S GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Flavor process U. S. patent No. 2098544

And flavor's only half the story. Made of whole wheat with all the wheat germ and bran left in, Shredded Ralston is rich in energy, mildly laxative, easily digested. Try it! The money-back guarantee is printed on the bottom of every package!

THE MODERATION HOUR

GOOD BEER AND ALE

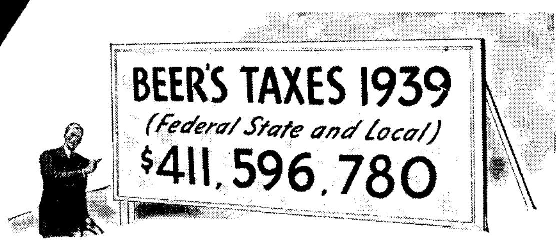
in wholesome, modern taverns, offer Americans pleasant, inexpensive relaxation!

More and more Americans are enjoying the hours of relaxation in the company of good beer and ale... ***the beverages of moderation.***

We of the Brewing Industry want to protect your right to do this... by making sure that the ***place*** where you buy beer is as wholesome as beer itself. We have developed a plan to "clean-up or close-up" any anti-social retail establishments that may exist.

This plan is now in effect in a number of states and is being extended to others as rapidly as possible. We'd like you to know about it... as well as other interesting facts about beer and ale.

May we send you an informative free booklet? Write: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, *Dept. B14*, 21 E. 40th St., New York.



THAT'S MORE THAN $1,000,000 A DAY!... to help pay the costs of government. In some States, beer and ale taxes are ***earmarked*** for the support of schools, public health, and care of the aged.

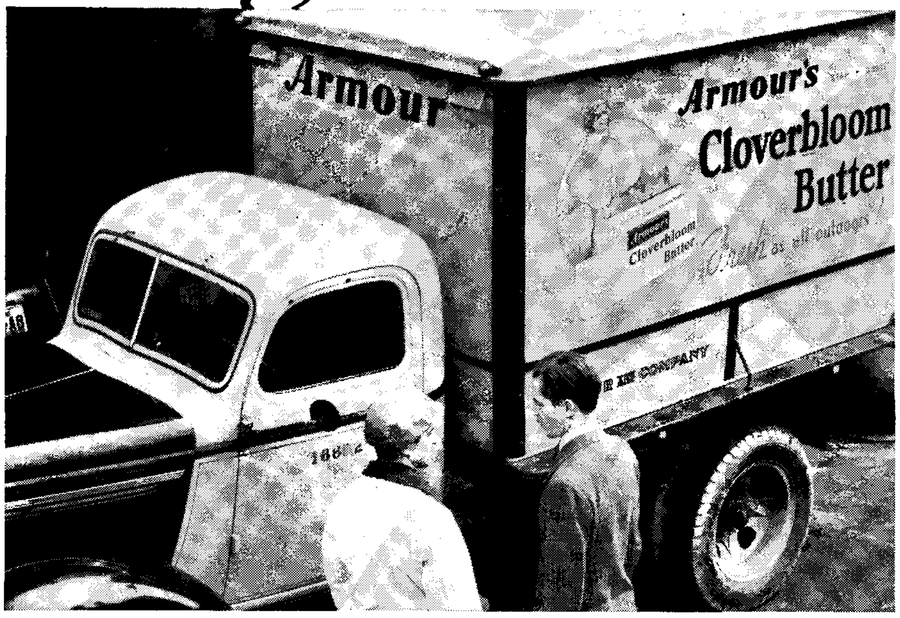
SWEET OR DRY, DARK OR LIGHT . . . TAKE YOUR CHOICE. There are many types of beer and ale .. many variations of taste. It's a good idea, and a pleasant experience, to experiment until you find the type you like best.

BEER... A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

UNITED BREWERS · INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Armour's
STAR
Bacon

. . and ARMOUR'S FLEETS HAVE *Star* PERFORMANCE



ARMOUR SERVICE EXPERTS SAY . . .
"TO KEEP YOUR CAR A STAR PERFORMER
Replace Worn Bearings!"

JUST as you enjoy Armour and Company's Star meat products at the table, so can you enjoy at the wheel of your car, the performance maintained in the great fleets of Armour delivery trucks serving dealers everywhere. Armour service experts say power, pep and economy can be protected by checking engine bearings regularly, replacing them when worn.

Their advice to you is: When your car loses power and pick-up and starts to "pump oil", take it to a service expert for a bearing check-up. *Don't blame piston rings for oil pumping caused by worn engine bearings.* Worn bearings let excess oil foul rings and spark plugs, cause sluggishness and high oil bills.

When you find worn bearings, replace with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy. Look for the Federal-Mogul Service Expert's sign today!

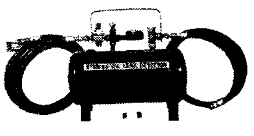
FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE SIGN OF SCIENTIFIC CHECK-UP

AUTHORIZED FEDERAL Mogul ENGINE BEARING SERVICE

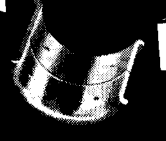
Using oil? Stop where you see this sign. You'll find an engine expert who can accurately tell you what's wrong and what's needed to stop oil waste, restore fine performance! He knows his business. He knows there is no magic cure-all for oil pumping—he will give you the facts! Look for this sign!

GET THIS *Quick* TEST



Don't guess at the cause of oil pumping! Ask for the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector Test, which now makes it possible to check internal engine conditions in a few minutes, without opening up engine. *See for yourself* what causes oil pumping, how to stop it!

WORN BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING



REPLACE WITH
FEDERAL Mogul
ENGINE BEARINGS FOR EQUIPMENT—FOR SERVICE • ENGINEERED FOR OIL-CONTROL

When Mussolini Steps Down

Continued from page 11

sincerely a Fascist from conviction rather than convenience and has no personal ambition. Moreover, and most important of all, Italians know him to be constitutionally anti-German and anti-Bolshevik and, above all, highly pro-Italian.

They know he is one of a handful of Italians who wear the gold medal for bravery in the field. Usually the bauble is awarded posthumously. And the story of why hundreds of fat Fascist politicos wish that that was how Muti had received his is the story of the fall and winter purge of Italian politics—a purge that was one of the major events in Italian history and, because of its influence on Italy's position in the European world line-up of 1940, an event of surpassing importance in world affairs.

The Boss Names His Heir

In the rise of Muti, too, there are portents of the Italy of that inevitable tomorrow when there will be no Mussolini. Muti is a Ciano man. That Ciano has placed not only Muti, but others, in positions of power in the government and in the diplomatic service is the first concrete proof that Il Duce's successor is unmistakably the young, energetic, ruthless diplomatist of Palazzo Chigi who married the boss' daughter.

That the purge received scant attention abroad is no more surprising than that it was merely called a "changing of the guard" in Italy itself. When a Blackshirt big shot like Starace is purged he merely goes out like a match in a blackout. There is no noise. No bullets, blood or martyrs.

Besides, even if Rome correspondents had got hold of juicy details they could not have sent them to their papers. Censorship in Italy is curative, not preventive. A correspondent may transmit anything he likes including the condition of Mussolini's stomach ulcer. But retribution is swift as it is sure. Twenty-four hours before the story is printed abroad the correspondent pays his own fare to the nearest frontier.

So it is not surprising that Rome correspondents, even if they knew about it, did not cable the story of what happened behind the scenes when Muti was shoved into Starace's job. In an important northern city—it fancies itself as the Piedmontese Paris—a high Fascist official and his police chief placed pistols against their temples and pulled the triggers. If they had not done that they would have had to answer charges of corruption in connection with widespread protection for panderers and prostitutes. The officials were buried with political honors.

From Veintimiglia and the Brenner Pass in the north, down to Conca d'Oro, the golden horn of Sicily, and in distant Sardinia, Italy underwent a swift political dry-cleaning. Muti pilots his own plane. He turned up unannounced in scores of cities within a week. In some places he strode from the airport to the local Fascios to find the local ward heelers had closed up shop for an afternoon nap or had not bothered to open up at all that day. Muti would then go out into the streets into stores and factories, anywhere, and name temporary district leaders, usually young, intelligent men grown up in the Fascist credo of obeying, believing and fighting. Out went the oldsters.

Within a few weeks of his appointment the extent of the Fascist internal revolution became even clearer. One of the biggest of the Blackshirt wheelhorses, Vincenzo Zangara, vice secretary of the Fascist party, was expelled from the party rolls with what, for Italy where dirty linen is washed in dark c[illegible]lars, was a damning vale—"in discharging the duties of his political office he showed himself unworthy of serving in the ranks."

Nepotism is an inseparable companion of pork-barrel politics everywhere, and Italy is no exception. Muti used a sharp pruning knife on the Fascist pay roll. He snipped off Zangara's brother, Ignazio, and eight important buddies for "immorality." In fairness to these gentlemen, however, it might be said that "immorality" in Italy usually means promiscuity and not what it means in Germany.

Whereas these expulsions are documented facts, another is not. It was rumored in Milan and Rome that Starace's own son was under investigation for having received a war medal in Spain when he did not deserve one. That, of course, may be libel upon the pure character of Signor Starace's offspring, but as far as Italians are concerned the report is as true as it is that Starace did more to make Fascism an arm-pumping, heel-clicking, overuniformed comic opera than anyone else.

The Hero of Albania

Muti hates red tape, is annoyed by inefficiency. He led the Blackshirt battalions in the occupation of Albania on that Good Friday a year ago when Mussolini told them to "oil the cogs of history with blood." Muti tried to get Rome on the telephone to tell the War Department about the show. He tried for an hour or more, shouting into a telephone instrument and jiggling the hook with a size-fifteen hand.

Waiting behind him to telephone the Associated Press in Rome was correspondent Charles Gupthill. Muti turned to Gupthill, handed him the receiver. "Here," he said, "you take the damned thing and see if you can get your party." He might as well have said: "Here, damn it. We have not learned how to operate telephones efficiently yet." That was his tone.

Gupthill got his party—and scooped by hours his competing colleagues on the Italian occupation of the tiny Balkan country from which Italy dominates the Adriatic and stands ready to halt a Hitler drive to the southeast if it comes anywhere west of Rumania, or to block a Russian thrust to the west.

It was the Albanian affair that brought Muti into the focus of the news-camera lenses. He was photographed standing beside Ciano on the balcony of the Palace at Tirana when the Foreign Minister harangued the conquering heroes.

It was the Albanian affair that gave

Rodlow Willard

A click of your Kodak can capture so much happiness. Every sunshiny little girl and boy should have a Snapshot Biographer, to save these moments for future reference... Are you filling the job in your family?

When a snapshot "almost takes your breath away," chances are it was made on Kodak Film

THERE'S so much satisfaction in getting the snapshot you want—such disappointment in missing it. That's why most people have made up their minds about film, and use Kodak Film as a matter of course.

They know that any camera is a better camera loaded with Kodak Film—experience has proved it. Why not join them this week end . . . bring back snapshots you'll treasure always?

If you're using an average camera, Kodak VERICHROME Film will give you best results, day in and day out. It takes care of reasonable exposure errors. It performs brilliantly even when the weather isn't just right. You can count on Verichrome every time.

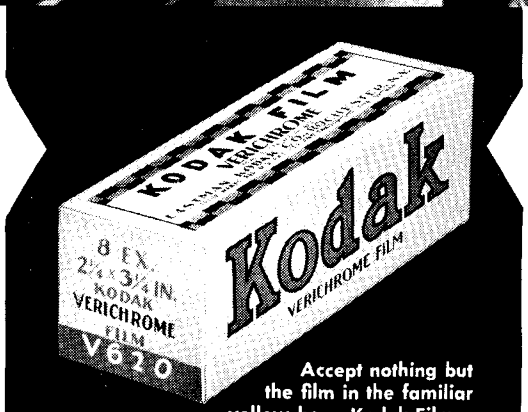
• • •

NEW—*An Important Safety Margin:* An exclusive "skiving" process provides, in all popular Kodak Film sizes, a safeguard against light leak along the edges of the film—an extra assurance of better pictures with Kodak Film . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

• • •

KODAK'S NEW COLOR SHOW—AGAIN THE HIT OF THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Last year and this, millions of people have marveled at the beauty and drama of Kodachrome full-color pictures projected on a 187-foot screen, longest in the world. And every day now, in increasing numbers, they're seeing the newer, better show. Also at the Kodak Building—expert advice on picture taking at the Fair. Don't forget your Kodak.



Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

Now A Better G-E Refrigerator Than Ever-For Less Money!

WITH CONDITIONED AIR!

A Statement By The General Electric Company

WE BELIEVE the new 1940 General Electric Refrigerator to be the finest product of its kind ever offered to the American public—one that will cost you less to own than any other refrigerator you could buy at any price.

"You'll Always Be Glad You Bought a G-E!"

AN EASY WINNER!

CONDITIONED AIR Keeps Foods Fresher Longer!

Controlled Humidity and Temperature, and Constant Circulation of Sweet, Clean, Freshened Air.

MEATS STAY MARKET FRESH DAYS LONGER

1. New G-E Cold Storage Compartment automatically controls humidity for keeping meats fresher longer.

AIR IS SWEET AND FRESH— NO STALE ODORS

2. New Air-Filter revitalizes the cool, circulating air—practically eliminates transfer of food odors.

YOU CAN KEEP FRESH VEGETABLES INDEFINITELY

3. New G-E Humi-Dial provides proper humidity for keeping varying quantities of vegetables garden fresh.

General Electric Refrigerator Now Gives You More Usable Space, Greater Convenience and Better Food Preservation At the Lowest Prices in G-E History!

TODAY you can have the greater convenience, fast freezing speed and quiet, dependable performance of a big, new 1940 G-E for little more than the price of the cheapest refrigerator. Enjoy the genuine economy and satisfaction of owning the best! Only a few dollars added investment now gives you the extra quality and extra years of trouble-free service for which G-E Refrigerators are world famous. Choose a G-E and have a refrigerator that will serve you quietly, efficiently and economically for years to come.

Easy to Buy! Thrifty to Own!

New advancements in better food preservation and low cost operation make the 1940 G-E Refrigerator the most complete, the thriftiest G-E ever built. Prices are lowest in history and easy terms are available. See the new models at your nearby General Electric dealer's. Sizes up to 16 cu. ft. storage capacity.

SEE G-E

THAT'S THE BUY!

ENDURING ECONOMY—Sealed-in-Steel Thrift Unit. World-famed for economy and long life.

DEPENDABLE PERFORMANCE—Record unparalleled by any other refrigerator. Ample cold-producing capacity for even unusual demands.

PRACTICAL FEATURES—Sturdy all-steel cabinet. Solid Stainless Steel Super-Freezer. Stainless Steel Sliding Shelves. Temperature Dial. Quick Trays. Tel-A-Frost. Interior Light. Thrift-o-meter.

SELECTIVE STORAGE ZONES—All 4 needed zones. Sub-Freezing Storage; Extra-Cold Storage; Crisping Storage; Safety-Zone General Storage.

A LASTING INVESTMENT—Product of combined research, engineering skill, manufacturing experience of world's largest electrical company.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

the fellow Blackshirts an idea of what manner of man this Muti is, and should have given them an idea of what would happen to some of them when he got to running things. As the commanding officer of the advance guard entering Tirana, Muti rode into the city immediately behind the first squad of motorcycle troops and far in advance of the real army of occupation.

In retrospect it is easy to say that the Albanian business was a comic-opera invasion of a little country by a big one and that the Italians could not possibly fear the Albanians.

The Italian army, no, but Muti personally, yes. He certainly could have, for Albanians have a well-earned reputation for being fierce, imprudent feudists and excellent sharpshooters.

Feeling ran high against Italy among the tribesmen of the Albanian hills. It is true that any outbreak against a handful of Italians in the advance guard would have been ruthlessly and quickly checked. But it is equally true that the three-foot-wide Muti, revolver in hand, striding up the middle of Tirana's main street, disposing troops to cover and deploying motorcycle squadrons, would have made a swell target for a sniper. Those who saw the man in action all got the impression he would have been just as cool, just as efficient if he had been under fire.

Dress Rehearsal

Physically Muti reminds one of Tommy Loughran. He is just under six feet tall. He moves easily with a natural grace. He has something the Philadelphia light-heavyweight "fencing master" never had. Muti is a killer in the ring sense if not otherwise.

He is shy on fanfare. He is at home in the bivouac but embarrassed in the Fascist chamber of the corporation where he sits beside Mussolini, clasping and unclasping his hands and looking down at his big feet. The last time the dictator and the gun-toter were together Mussolini spoke to him several times, as if to encourage Muti to relax and enjoy his new prominence. But it didn't work out very well.

Lately Muti has taken up golf because Ciano likes the game. He is timid about getting into plus fours and tight shoes. American Ambassador William Phillips, and Allan Rogers, second secretary of the Rome embassy, spied Muti recently threatening a dandelion with a driver and dressed to the nines. This is a far cry from the earlier party leaders jumping over barriers of bayonets and leaping the rumps of moving baby tanks to prove their political valor. Some occasionally came to grief; one was stuck like a pig in hurdling a bayonet row two years ago.

Muti doesn't need or like that kind of showmanship. He does not have to wave his arms to impress anybody or to raise his low voice. He casts his dark brown eyes on you and right away you can see he is annoyed at you.

Starace was detested by Italians for his formality and his insistence on what amounted to servility from subordinates —a servility dressed up in military discipline.

One of the first things Muti did was to advise subordinates or local leaders who came to see him to stop turning Fascist meetings into rigmaroles of Blackshirt behaviorism or disciplinarian exhibitionism.

At thirty-seven Muti had fought in three wars. Born May 22, 1902, in Ravenna and, like Mussolini, a Romagnolo, he was only fifteen when, by lying three years onto his age, he was accepted as a volunteer in the infantry. He saw service in 1917 and 1918. He became a gangster in 1919. He was one of the first to join the Fascist party as a skull-cracking, catch-as-catch-can tough guy. He was repeatedly wounded in street fighting and there is no easier road to Fascist glory than to have been socked on the head with a Communist brick or winged by a Socialist bullet.

When the late Gabrielle d' Annunzio, the poet lover of the immortal Eleonora Duse, occupied Fiume, Muti was one of the legionnaires who captured the Adriatic seaport. He commanded a unit of Fascist militia in the March on Rome in 1922. He didn't go in a sleeping car but by motor truck and on foot and on some of the way saw snappy street fighting.

He volunteered in the Ethiopian War. He was a lieutenant in the Desperate Squadron and became Ciano's bodyguard, but it was before that that he met Ciano. Muti, like Ciano's Chef du Cabinet, the Sicilian poet Fillippo Anfuso, and a few others, were members of the radical element of Fascism. They had a hangout in the Café Aragno diagonally across the street from the Palazzo Chighi in Palazzo Umberto in Rome.

One of the frequenters of the café's so-called inner salon was the author Gian Borgese. Another was reported to have been Sandro Sandri, who died in the bombing. There the Fascists and Liberals, like Borgese in the early days of the Mussolini regime, mixed it frequently in the historic room. Rare was the day tnat table or chair didn't crack a skull as Matteotti's supporters clashed with the Mussolinians.

Fascist Fundamentalists

In those fights always were Ciano and Anfuso and Muti. These three are inseparable now as they were then.

Whereas Mussolini, like a fullback with a ball trying to find a hole somewhere in the opponents' line, had to adopt a swivel-hip kind of diplomacy in his foreign relations and in his internal policies was obliged to alter the character of Fascism at least in externals, the younger Fascists, Ciano and Muti, clung to fundamentals.

It would be hard to prove this. It might mean Ciano's head for him to admit that he is in favor of freedom of the Fascist press or at least that he is against the overrigid control that exists now. Ciano, I know from personal, intimate knowledge, thinks Abraham Lincoln was one of the greatest men who ever lived because he was "one of the true democrats of the modern world." He thinks Shakespeare is literature's greatest dramatist, and Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass shares on his bookshelf the place of honor with Machiavelli's Prince.

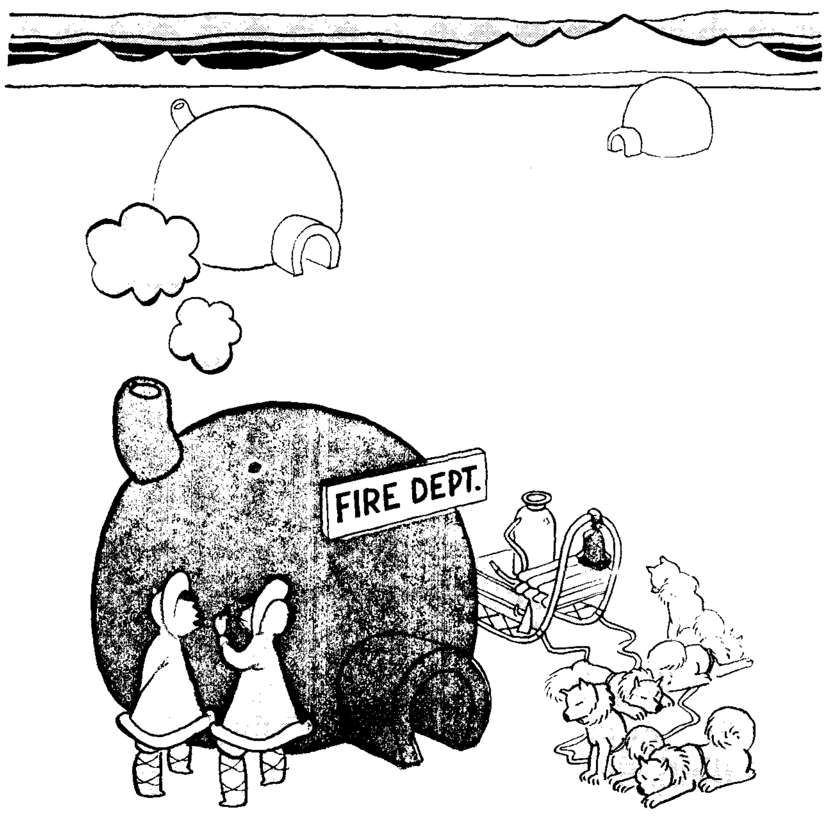
He personally never wanted the Berlin-Rome Axis. But he used the nuisance value of Italian-German collaboration as a powerful lever to pry loose from England an admission that Italy must share guardianship of the Mediterranean with Great Britain.

This was proved to me by an important lieutenant of Ciano's, who said: "Without the Axis we would never have had the Anglo-Italian pact of friendship." England and Italy in April, 1937, with the Spanish War raging and with Italian troops mounting guard on the Egyptian-Libyan frontier, signed a treaty of amity that has proved to be an important document in Italy's case for participation in the war.

Italian intervention in Spain was largely Ciano's idea. Certainly the conduct of the Fascist share of General Franco's war was Ciano's. What was known as the "Bureau" was established in Palazzo Chighi, and with the Italian defeat at Guadalajara and a few other reverses Ciano's political life frequently hung by the hair that sustained Mussolini's temper.

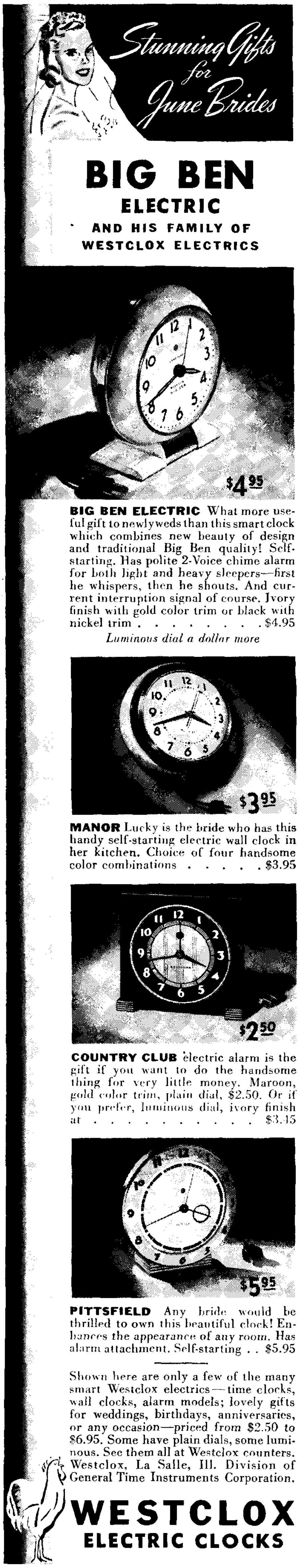
Ciano, however, was anything but a front man for Mussolini. Il Duce was training him in statesmanship and leadership for that inevitable day when he must yield power. In the past Mussolini has frequently said he would some day give way to a younger man.

But while Ciano, despite his youth, was able to establish himself as a figure in world affairs—he is only thirty-six years old—through his administration of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the contacts that gave him with Europe's diplomats, he never had a chance, until the time came to break with Berlin, to take hold of internal politics. This, in Italy, always coincides with a change in



"I only hope the kids in the neighborhood never find out it's strawberry sherbet!"

AL KALLIN


Stunning Gifts for June Brides

BIG BEN ELECTRIC
AND HIS FAMILY OF WESTCLOX ELECTRICS

$4.95

BIG BEN ELECTRIC What more useful gift to newlyweds than this smart clock which combines new beauty of design and traditional Big Ben quality! Self-starting. Has polite 2-Voice chime alarm for both light and heavy sleepers—first he whispers, then he shouts. And current interruption signal of course. Ivory finish with gold color trim or black with nickel trim $4.95

Luminous dial a dollar more

$3.95

MANOR Lucky is the bride who has this handy self-starting electric wall clock in her kitchen. Choice of four handsome color combinations $3.95

$2.50

COUNTRY CLUB electric alarm is the gift if you want to do the handsome thing for very little money. Maroon, gold color trim, plain dial, $2.50. Or if you prefer, luminous dial, ivory finish at $3.45

$5.95

PITTSFIELD Any bride would be thrilled to own this beautiful clock! Enhances the appearance of any room. Has alarm attachment. Self-starting . . $5.95

Shown here are only a few of the many smart Westclox electrics—time clocks, wall clocks, alarm models; lovely gifts for weddings, birthdays, anniversaries, or any occasion—priced from $2.50 to $6.95. Some have plain dials, some luminous. See them all at Westclox counters. Westclox, La Salle, Ill. Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.

WESTCLOX
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

route in Italy's international politics. This last one was no exception.

The disappearance of Starace, of Dino Alfieri as Minister for Popular Culture and of the secretaries for War, Aviation and the Ministry for Foreign Exchange among others—all mesmerized by the belief that Nazism could whip the world—meant a change in the direction of Italian foreign policy. When Italy broke with Germany because Hitler refused to heed Mussolini's warnings against war, Ciano got his chance.

Now there is a Ciano man as Minister for Popular Culture. He is Alessandro Pavolini, anti-German and vigorously anti-Bolshevik. A Ciano man, Ruffaello Riccardi, is chief of the Ministry of Foreign Exchanges, and with these the youthful Foreign Minister controls the press and radio, and economic relations with foreign nations.

Strong Enemies Make Strong Friends

Through Muti, Ciano controls the Fascist party. If Starace was a sycophantic shadow of Il Duce, Muti has become the towering big brother of Ciano. There is a Ciano man as ambassador to London. Ciano's candidate was chosen as ambassador to Ankara. Ciano's brother-in-law is Counsellor of Embassy in Berlin and is the key man in the Hitler camp.

The diplomatic service, once a hunting ground for mediocrities and for broken-down counts who knew their social protocol but didn't know much about pacts and history and international relations, has been overhauled on a civil-service basis and now, or so friends of Ciano maintain, nobody gets in except on merit. So Ciano controls the diplomatic service.

Machiavelli taught Ciano that a powerful enemy makes also a powerful friend. Governor of Libya, Balbo was an enemy of Ciano and a contestant for post-Mussolini leadership. The Libyan exile and the young Foreign Minister are now fast friends. They lunch together at the beach at Castel Fusano and amazed onlookers last year by walking together, arms about shoulders, in public.

Dino Grandi, the spade-bearded former ambassador to London, is now Minister of Justice. He too was a rowdy of the Aragno Café in the old days. He too was once in line for Mussolini's rattle. He too opposed Italian entry into the current war as a German ally. And now he is a Ciano friend.

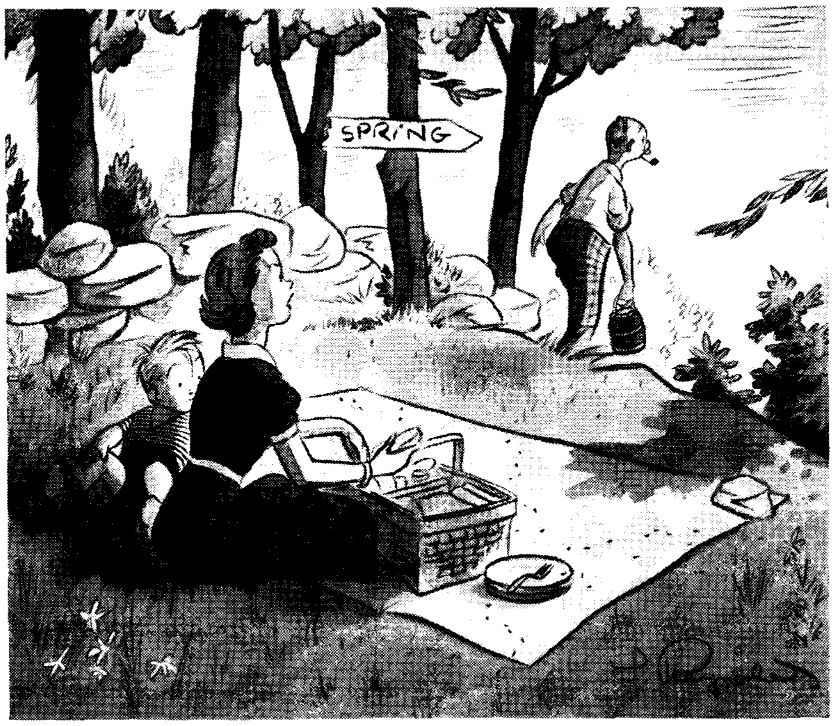
In Ethiopia, Ciano got along fine with Rodolfo Graziani, scourge of the Arabs in Libya in the War of 1922 and hero of Italy's southern front against the Abyssinians. Ciano didn't get on so well with the chief of staff, the Marquis Badoglio, because Badoglio dared to wire Mussolini, "How shall I treat Ciano, as a minister of state (Ciano was then Undersecretary for Press and Propaganda) or as a captain in the air force?" Mussolini telegraphed right back, "Treat him as a minister when he is on the ground and as a captain when he is in the air."

Of course Badoglio, a king's man, still is Chief of Staff, but the field marshal is getting old. And it was the field marshal, the young Fascist recalls, who during the march on Rome asked King Victor Emmanuel for a regiment of troops and a few "rusty machine guns to disperse this blackshirted rabble." Ciano may make Badoglio eat those words.

Ciano has even been nice to Crown Prince Umberto, the glamor-boy heir to Emmanuel's throne, once a bitter opponent of Fascism. It is whispered in the café's of Rome that Ciano and the prince get along very nicely now, and that when the time comes for the succession there is less likelihood than ever that the streets of Italy will flow with the blood of civil war.

Ciano is even building up a personal Virginio Gayda. The highly pro-Nazi editor of *Giornale d'Italia*, a touted "mouthpiece of Mussolini," lately has been taking a back seat to Guglielmo Ansaldo, a Ciano man and editor of Ciano's own *Telegrafo Di Livorno*, a daily. Mussolini has his *Popolo d'Italia* and Ciano his *Telegrafo*.

But the big weapon in Ciano's hand is Muti, that same Muti who made 160 successful bombing expeditions in Spain and dared once to engage enemy planes in singlehanded combat and came out alive. Measured by every standard he is just the man Ciano needed to keep the Italian people in line. Muti's name in the plural means *mute* in English. When he was appointed he is supposed to have sent Mussolini a telegram saying, "I assure Your Excellency that the Italian people will remain as they always have been—Muti." It doesn't make as good a joke in English as in Italian. But maybe it wasn't a joke, but a prophecy.



"If you can't find your way back, dear, just follow any ant"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

$1000.00 of

OLD LINE LEGAL RESERVE

LIFE INSURANCE

At ONLY 77¢ per month (at age 21)*

Act Now! Rates Advance Soon!

Here Are Present Low Monthly Premiums, less 9½% Guaranteed Dividends at Your Age.

Age		Age		Age	
21	$ .77	33	$1.06	45	$1.64
22	.79	34	1.09	46	1.70
23	.81	35	1.13	47	1.79
24	.83	36	1.16	48	1.87
25	.85	37	1.21	49	1.95
26	.87	38	1.25	50	2.04
27	.90	39	1.29	51	2.15
28	.92	40	1.35	52	2.27
29	.95	41	1.39	53	2.39
30	.97	42	1.45	54	2.53
31	1.00	43	1.51	55	2.66
32	1.03	44	1.57		

*Owing to low rates at which this policy is offered, the minimum amounts issued are: ages 21 to 45 $1.500: ages 46 to 55 $1,000. Any larger amount may be applied for.

POSTAL

LIFE OF NEW YORK

has paid out more than $50,000,000.00 to policy holders and their beneficiaries during 35 successful years. Mail coupon.

Postal's Modified "4" Whole Life Policy

a full Legal Reserve Life Insurance Policy with all Standard provisions, cash and loan values, Automatic Premium Payment Clause and Guaranteed 9½% Dividends, gives you about twice the protection now that the same money ordinarily buys.

Rates shown in table are one-half the permanent rates beginning the fifth year.

Act at Once! Rates Advance Shortly!

In a few weeks Postal Premium rates will be increased. By acting at once you can save money for the entire life of this policy. Tens of thousands have bought from Postal Life of New York. Insurance is vital.

MAIL COUPON TODAY AND SAVE.

Postal Life Insurance Company
511 Fifth Ave., Dept. M-667
New York, N. Y.

POSTAL HAS NO AGENTS

Mail me without obligation complete information about your low cost Modified "4" Whole Life Policy at my age.

Name ____________
Date of Birth ____________
Occupation ____________
Street ____________
City ____________ State ____________

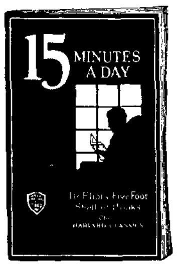
YOU TOO WILL ENJOY -15 Minutes a Day

What is your home like? Does it contain worth-while books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of current novels or the daily newspaper—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow?

We all want our homes to be real homes, warm and hearty, where the latch string of welcome is prominently displayed, a place where our friends will want to come and return again and again. To make our homes attractive and to draw about us interesting and entertaining friends, we too, must be interesting and entertaining.

Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator, and for forty years President of Harvard University, chose for his Harvard Classics, the texts that are the backbone of college training. Enlightenment, stimulation, a release from reality, an ability to soar to new heights of thought, explore new worlds of interest and experience new realms of enjoyment are in store for those who own

Dr. Eliot's
Five-Foot Shelf
of Books
(The Harvard Classics)



The Harvard Classics is now offered at the lowest price in its history. The cost per volume is actually 1/3 of that of the ordinary current novel.

Send for the famous book, FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY. It is yours without obligation and without cost.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE BOOKLET

P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Avenue, New York City

I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day" describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading. 416 H.S.

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss ....
Address ....

Britain's Best Bet

Continued from page 18

to describe him as looking like any Middle Western businessman.

There are other precedents that he has broken. Usually, a newly arrived ambassador calls on the Secretary of State, spends only five or ten minutes asking him to arrange a meeting with the President, and a week or ten days later presents his credentials at the White House, again spending only a few minutes. Lothian went directly to the White House the day after his arrival in the United States, was received in the President's office instead of in one of the State department's and remained for an hour and a half. This is probably a manifestation of the belief he has always held that direct discussion is the best way of solving problems.

In 1937, for instance, he put in a plea before the House of Lords for the "human touch" to end a deadlock during Gandhi's attack on provincial governors in India. "I think," he said, "there are possibilities of bridging this gulf by personal contact which never could be accomplished by legal statement. If Zetland (Secretary of State for India) himself visited Gandhi, it would be all to the good."

He Knows About America

Described once in a newspaper article as "Modern as a six-o'clock sporting extra," he likes to drive his own car at terrific speed and usually travels by airplane.

He is even modern enough to recognize the existence and importance of the United States. There is probably no one in England today who knows this country as well as he does. As secretary of the Rhodes Trust he has been coming over here every year since 1925, keeping in close touch with the heads of our universities, meeting people and talking to them, and has been in forty-five states of the Union.

He has studied our history, actually read our Constitution, is a great believer in the federal system of government, understands the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine and our policy of isolation, pointing out that the present American attitude is exactly that of Great Britain herself during her own period of "splendid isolation" in the nineteenth century.

Unlike the average British statesman who remembers "Uncle Shylock" only when he needs him, he has always advocated an intimate relationship between the two English-speaking nations and has gone so far as to say it was a tragedy that American history had no part in British education. In various speeches he has asserted that Great Britain could not have emerged the victor from the World War except for the assistance of the United States before and after her entrance; and in July, 1938, and April, 1939, he demanded that Britain reopen the question of war debts. The government's only reply to that was that the debt question never had been regarded as closed.

According to him the British tend to overestimate the unity between the United States and England while Americans overestimate the differences between the two countries. The French are criticized in England for not understanding the working of the Anglo-Saxon mind, but he thinks that the English appear equally unable to understand the working of the American mind. That he understands the working of the American mind was made abundantly clear in a recent speech he made at Chicago where he led off with a pretty compliment to the Middle West. He said that in Europe people heard mostly about New York and the East and the Far West—particularly Hollywood—but recently they had come to realize that "the real heart of America beats beyond the Alleghenies and that it is there that the real decisions about American policy are made."

Until he was "torpedoed" over here as ambassador, as he put it, Lord Lothian never stood completely alone in the public limelight. He remained more or less behind the scenes. He has been connected with four extremely important enterprises: the formation of the Union of South Africa; the Round Table, a quarterly that played an enormous part in the development of the British Commonwealth; the Versailles Peace Conference, and the Indian Constitution. The first is probably the greatest success that the British can point to in this century; the third was a failure, and the fourth remains an open question.

Had he been born a member of the lower or middle classes, instead of the aristocracy, his career would no doubt have seemed far more colorful and spectacular than it does. His father, Major-General Lord Ralph Drury Kerr, was the third son of the seventh Lord Lothian, a member of the Scotch family that dates back to the twelfth century and was tagged "The crabbed Kerrs." His mother, Lady Anne Fitzalan Howard, was the daughter of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk and, as such, a member of the foremost Catholic family of England. When Philip Kerr was born on April 18, 1882, his father was stationed in Ireland, but a few years later the family went back to Scotland, where they lived in the country near Edinburgh. There were six children: Philip; David, who was killed in action in 1914; Mary, who died in infancy; Anne; Margaret; and Minna, who married Captain Francis Wendell Butler-Thwing, the only son of the president of Western Reserve University.

Background of an Ambassador

Philip Kerr was sent to Roman Catholic Oratory School at Birmingham and finished his education at New College, Oxford. In 1904 he went to South Africa to work on the Railway Committee of South African Railways. From 1905 to 1908 he was assistant secretary of the Inter-Colonial Council of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, and then he became secretary of the Transvaal Indigency Commission.

In South Africa he met Lord Milner, who had been the governor of Cape Colony and who from 1902 to 1905 was governor of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colonies. Kerr became a member of what was known as "Milner's Kindergarten," a group of young Oxford men including Lord Tweedsmuir and Lionel Curtis who assisted Milner after the Boer War and later helped to form the Union of South Africa.

Kerr and his friends were profoundly influenced by reading a life of Alexander Hamilton, and The Federalist. These two books convinced them that the best solution for international problems was some form of federation, a belief he still holds and has long advocated as the true solvent of Europe's troubles. In 1908 he embarked on his first journalistic adventure, The State, a magazine advocating the union of South African colonies.

In 1910 he returned to England where he became first editor of the Round Ta-

TIRED
in the morning?...
TRY THIS
at bedtime tonight...
For
Clear-Eyed Morning Freshness

... Modern, scientific way to help replenish vitality while you sleep. Try it! See if you don't wake up feeling more energetic mornings.

Do you wake up tired in the mornings? And then have frequent "let downs" during the day—times when your mind and body turn logy and drowsy in spite of yourself?

Now there's a modern, drugless way that offers you a *natural* aid to sounder sleep—and clear-eyed morning freshness. A way that helps Nature rebuild tired bodies and minds during sleep.

Called New, Improved Ovaltine, it is not a medicine in any sense of the word. It is a pure food-drink that does two highly important things.

How It Acts

First:—When taken just before bedtime, new, improved Ovaltine helps the body relax normally. Relieves that feeling of "inner tension."

Second:—New, improved Ovaltine contains a special combination of food elements to help revitalize you *while you sleep*.

It's specially processed to make it easy to digest. So its revitalizing food elements can be readily utilized, even when the bodily functions are slowed down, as they are during sleep. Thus it helps rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells to meet the morrow's needs.

Try taking the new, improved Ovaltine regularly—commence tonight. See if it doesn't help you wake up feeling far fresher in the mornings—clear-eyed, buoyant and "alive." See if there isn't a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

Phone your grocer or druggist for a tin of Ovaltine. Or mail the coupon below for a free trial supply.

Mail for Free Sample

OVALTINE, Dept. S40-C-5
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a generous free sample tin, postpaid. (Offer not good in Canada.)

Name............................
Address..........................
City.............State............

Ovaltine THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

You've Heard About It.. Read About It
... now see it!

50 WASHINGS LATER
Special
DURING SSS DEMONSTRATION
MODEL 351 $59.95
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN FAR WEST AND SOUTH
Apex

SPIRAL SAFETY SUDS
DEMONSTRATION
at your nearest Apex Dealer's

See lovely cotton prints that have been washed 50 times in laboratory tests without any perceptible wear or loss of color values. Washed not 10 or 20 times—but 50 times! See how the spiral agitation of the Apex Spiral Dasher quickly builds a bountiful supply of Oxydol suds and gently removes all trace of dirt.

The APEX SPEEDLINER WASHER
with exclusive SPIRAL DASHER washes
Cleaner and Faster

In recent tests by one of America's largest independent testing laboratories, the Spiral Dasher washed cleaner and faster than four other leading makes. The results of these unbiased tests show that Apex washed 35% more effectively, or accomplished a given degree of cleansing 31% more quickly, and was 43% more consistent in cleaning performance than the average of the four other washers tested. • The Apex Spiral Dasher is scientifically designed with perforations, ridges and spreader cups to wash clothes almost as human hands would wash them. See how its broad, curved vanes gently swish and flex the clothes, with each movement of the dasher, washing them cleaner, fresher, brighter. See this beautiful, durable washer before you buy... it will last for years. Compare it feature by feature with washers that sell for $10 more. It's the buy of the month! The Apex Electrical Mfg. Co., Cleveland.

APEX APPLIANCES ARE BACKED BY 27 YEARS OF MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE

ble, a quarterly dealing with international affairs and surveying critically the whole English-speaking world and which, as has been said, had a great part in the shaping of the modern British Commonwealth of Nations. He was editor of the magazine until 1916 when he became secretary to Lloyd George. He was active at the Paris Peace Conference and is credited with authorship of the covering letter handed to the Germans before the treaty was ratified.

In 1922 Philip Kerr resigned as Lloyd George's secretary, refusing any title of recognition for his services, but he was awarded the rare Cross of the Companion of Honor. During the next three years he devoted himself mostly to travel and journalism. Always deeply interested in education, he became secretary of the Rhodes Trust in 1925, an appointment he held until last year when he was named ambassador to the United States.

In 1930, at the death of a cousin, he succeeded to the title as eleventh Marquess of Lothian, becoming as well Earl of Ancram, Earl of Lothian, Viscount of Brien, Baron Ker of Newbottle, Baron Jedburgh, Baron Ker of Kersheugh. He also inherited some 28,000 acres of land, the font at which Mary Queen of Scots was christened, the saddle of the Bruce and three country houses: Blickling Hall in Norfolk; Monteviot in Roxburghshire and Newbattle Abbey in Midlothian, one of them complete with the ghost of a lady who is reputed to ride around the countryside on moonlight nights, driving a coach and four and holding her head in her lap while a headless dog runs alongside. He gave Newbattle Abbey to the Scottish Universities as a center for adult education.

When he is in England, he lives at Blickling, a magnificent place with beautiful gardens, which once belonged to Anne Boleyn's father. His Scottish house is a wartime hospital with his sister Margaret as commandant. During the week he lives in a flat in London.

A considerable fortune went with all this but, inheritance taxes being what they are in England, he had to sell the famous library of illuminated manuscripts and incunabula and many other things in order to pay them off. The library brought over four hundred thousand dollars at the Anderson Galleries in New York.

You Can't Dodge a Title

The title and inheritance added little to Lothian's stature. As Philip Kerr he had been an important figure in England and most of his friends still refer to him by that name. There is an impression that, had it been possible, he would have set the title aside, for, inasmuch as a peer cannot step onto the floor of the House of Commons, a title is apt to be more of a drawback than an asset in the career of an ambitious statesman. But that couldn't be done; in England if you inherit a title you're stuck with it.

The following year he became a member of the government as chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and he went to Russia with Lady Astor and Bernard Shaw. They saw Stalin but since he was traveling with two of the most adept space-grabbers and scene-stealers of our time, little was heard about his part in the expedition. The newspapers reported that Lady Astor asked Stalin when he was going to stop killing people and that Shaw fell asleep at the races but they made no mention of Lord Lothian's remarks or activities.

In 1932 he became parliamentary undersecretary of state for India and went to that country as the chairman of the Franchise Committee whose function was to lay the franchise foundation for a system of responsible government in India, both provincial and federal. A difficult task in a country where only about eight per cent of the population are literate, where there are ten languages, two main religions, the caste system, prejudice against according women the vote and where one third of the country is governed by medieval princedoms. He remained six months and worked out a system for giving to all classes, including the poorest, some hope of being able to influence the government in their own interests, which the home government was satisfied was as practicable as possible under the difficult circumstances. During a later visit he had several conversations with Gandhi, whom he describes as the only man of whom one can honestly say that he is both a politician and a saint.

The Liberal's Weakness

After his return, he gave up active participation in the government except as a member of the House of Lords and continued to travel, making several trips to Germany during which he met Hitler and the other leading Nazis. The rumor arose that he was pro-German and had Fascist leanings. This was started partly by a man called Cockburn, who invented the term "Cliveden Set" for the group that gathered at Lady Astor's country place (a "set" that, according to her and the others, never existed), and also by the fact that he made several speeches asserting that Germany had some legitimate complaints against the Treaty of Versailles and suggesting its revision before Hitler tried to revise it. He has the liberal's weakness for being able to see the other fellow's side of a question.

In 1937, in a speech at Chatham House, he said that he did not think it was possible to say that Germany alone was responsible for the last war. When Wickham Steed arose to remind the speaker that in 1919 when the Germans protested against the text of the draft of the Treaty of Versailles a very able and penetrating reply had been written, putting the case very cogently, of which Mr. Philip Kerr had been the author, Lord Lothian replied that the reason he had changed his mind in regard to war guilt was that in 1919 his reply was based upon information then available to the British public during the war and after four years of continuous propaganda. He had since read a large number of books published in English in regard to the origins of the war, of which the best were the American, and they all pointed to the fact that the information obtained in 1919 was neither accurate nor complete. He was not in the least ashamed of having changed his opinion.

All of these passages in his speeches were more spectacular and made better copy than the ones in which he reiterated his belief in the democratic form of government. As far back as 1933, for instance, he asserted that the dictatorships were no more successful in preventing war or ending unemployment or returning prosperity than the democracies; rather the reverse. And, in 1937, discussing the prevalent fear of Fascism that was stronger in England than the fear of Communism he said, "I see myself no fundamental difference between the two systems of government."

As a gentleman, he had of course been unable to understand the gangster mentality of Hitler, but in 1939 he read the unexpurgated edition of *Mein Kampf* (like most other British statesmen he had for some strange reason failed to take this turgid piece of literature seriously) and promptly made a ringing speech calling for general conscription in England. He was being true to the

Lothian family motto, *Sero sed serio*—Late but in earnest!

In private life Lord Lothian displays the same qualities that he does in public life. He is a thoughtful talker, has a dry humor and is an independent thinker. He is a convert from Catholicism to Christian Science. In his own words, he decided that Christian Science was "the goods" twenty-five years ago and has since seen no reason to regret the change. Lord Lothian hasn't taken a drink in twenty-five years and he doesn't smoke. He drinks incredible quantities of orange juice; there is always a pitcher of it on his desk and a tall glass at his place at table. England may not be buying fruit from the United States any more but her ambassador seems to be doing all he can to make up for it. However, he doesn't impose his teetotalism on his guests; cocktails are always served before dinner, wine during the meal, and whisky and soda after for those who want them.

Fair Game for the Ladies

Lord Lothian is the second bachelor to be sent to the United States as ambassador from Great Britain. The first was his mother's uncle, Lord Lyons, who was here during the Civil War. The new ambassador caused great flutter among the women of Washington. He is tall, healthy-looking and Roman-nosed. When he first arrived in Washington, Dr. Harry Kerr, one of the well-known physicians of the capital, remarked that he wondered if they were in any way related but said he would be able to tell because all Kerrs had the same kind of teeth. After seeing him he decided that they were related. To the outsider there is nothing curious about Lord Lothian's teeth except a distressing gleam of gold that would imply he hasn't been completely Americanized. He usually wears horn-rimmed spectacles but in spite of these remains a handsome figure of a man, and with this attribute added to a great name, position and fortune, should in theory be regarded as fair game for the ladies.

He gets on well with women and apparently enjoys talking to them but they are put off by his excellent habits and detached politeness.

He enjoys entertaining and it is lucky that at the moment he can do so in the way which he prefers—small, informal parties. He is very proud of being Scotch and insists upon being referred to as a Scotsman.

He has the English love of gardens and flowers as well as sports. Golf is his favorite game—he used to play in the seventies but now complains that his swing has deserted him. It is his great regret that he now hasn't time for more than one game a week. He also likes fishing and tennis. Reading, music, the countryside, with occasional theaters and movies are his favorite diversions in that order. He doesn't like the radio and says he'd rather read a newspaper any time than listen to it.

His day begins at seven and he arrives downstairs at nine and reads all the New York and Washington papers. From then on he describes it as "one damn' thing after another." Ordinarily the embassy staff consists of about forty people; at the moment there are one hundred and ten, including a barrister who is an expert on international law and the ambassador's four personal secretaries—three women and a man. His office, a large room with comfortable leather chairs, has a door leading into the chancellery, which makes close contact with his staff possible. They enjoy working for him because he doesn't bother about small details, but the trained diplomatic attachés find it a bit bewildering to work for a man who leaves all matters of diplomatic procedure to them and cares nothing about protocol.

Lord Lothian has had to face some difficult problems brought on by the war. First there was the sinking of the Athenia which, because of several accusations made by the Germans, made it imperative for him to convince this government that she carried no arms and was not sunk by a British mine. The Graf Spee incident got him involved in the discussion of the Panama neutral zone. In November he had to issue the announcement that the British government was again going to launch the navicert, a commercial certificate granted to American exporters, designed to provide that the goods in question were not being exported to Germany and so could be passed through the blockade. After the invasion of Finland he was invited to a reception at the Soviet embassy and sidestepped that for a time with a plea of previous engagement. The examination of American mails by the British for contraband and to secure evidence as to how Germany was trying to evade the blockade created the greatest hullabaloo of all and was the one that he handled the most adroitly. The inside story is naturally a state secret but the ultimate outcome was that after the first stiff note sent to Great Britain, it was announced that such notes no longer would be made public but the matters in question would be settled by diplomatic discussion.

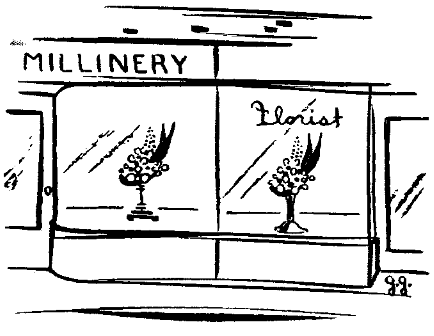
With Hope for the Future

The question of Allied war aims keeps recurring too. In a speech to the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations he mentioned two objectives in war aims that seemed to him clear: freedom for all nations of Europe and some security against constantly recurring wars of aggression. It was in this same speech that he enlarged upon one of his pet theories—the ultimate foundation of a federated United States of Europe as the only final solution of the European problem.

Propaganda, which has become the great American bogeyman, must begin to seem like one to him too now, for every time he opens his mouth he risks being accused of talking propaganda.

In spite of this, however, his speeches have had a good press and only one government official has accused him of spreading propaganda. Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts wrote an open letter to Secretary Hull in which he said that Lord Lothian's speech in Chicago was, "a clear violation of diplomatic privileges and immunities," and that another such violation should be followed immediately by a request to the government of Great Britain for the ambassador's recall. It doesn't seem to have troubled Lord Lothian much. He is never bothered by small difficulties and has the British ability to think in centuries.

He is apparently one of the few men in public life today who look forward to the future with any optimism. He regards the present situation as a severe crisis but adds that in all crises of history the issue is between a great advance or a great setback. Crises mean that the old order is perishing and that something new must be born.



SOME LETTERS ARE SHORT
SOME ARE MEDIUM
SOME ARE LONG
ROYAL

MAGIC* MARGIN takes care of ALL letters INSTANTLY

ONLY ROYAL HAS IT!

AMAZING how this startling, new typewriter improvement *automatically* saves time, cuts costs!

SECRETARIES: Take an inventory of the day's typing . . . the letters . . . the memos, special reports, and briefs. Each, to look right, demands its exact margin. On old-style typewriters, that means *hand-setting*—a tedious struggle with margin "stops"—a waste of time and temper.

EXECUTIVES: But it needn't mean that any more! MAGIC Margin sets margins *by a flick of a finger.* Not only does it reduce time-cost . . . it frees every operator to "set up" every letter perfectly.

With MAGIC Margin (a patented Royal feature) the operator can *instantly* (1) arrange left- and right-hand margins—balance the white-space for short, medium and long letters; (2) indent paragraphs and quotations; (3) set up any series of points. MAGIC Margin takes complex forms in its stride—invoices, envelopes, and cards.

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 2 Park Ave., N. Y. Factory: Hartford, Conn. *World's largest company devoted exclusively to the manufacture of typewriters and typewriter supplies.*

CALL ROYAL... Give the New Easy-Writing Royal THE DESK TEST...it costs nothing. And it will prove everything. In your office, with your own operators . . . Compare the Work!

*Trade-mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Copyright, 1940, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

EASY-WRITING

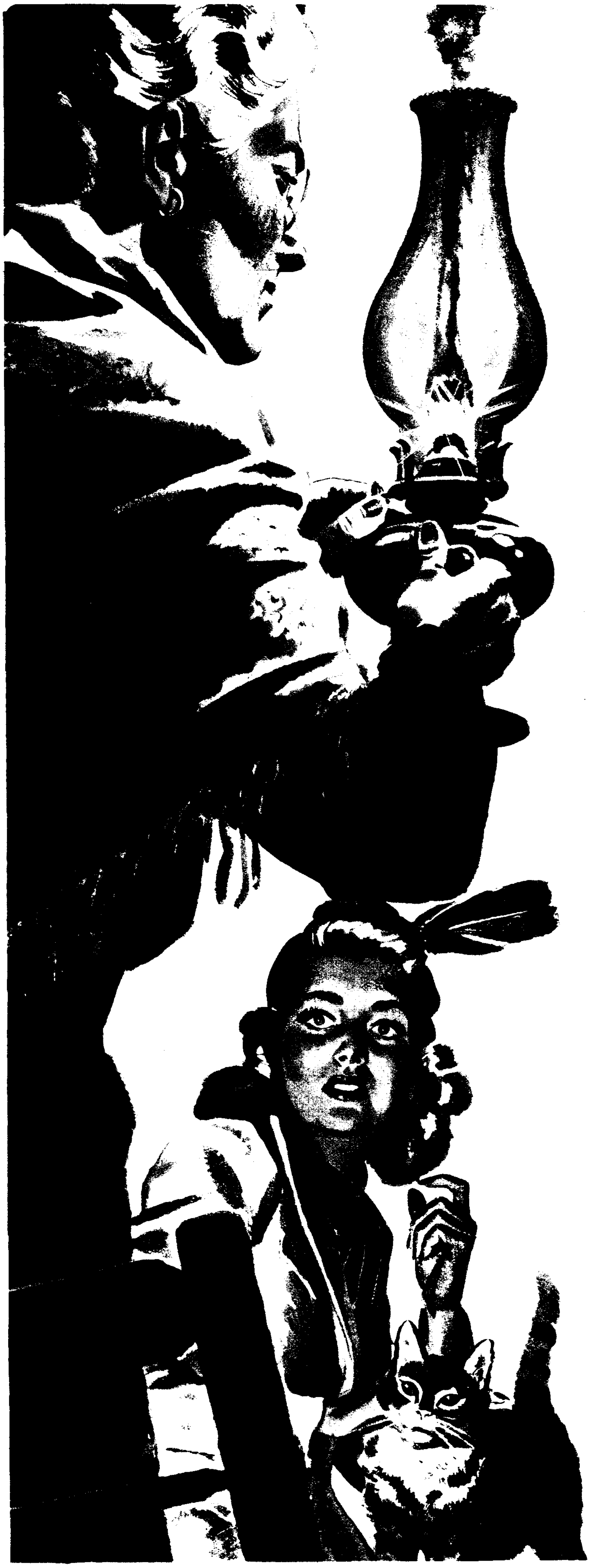
ROYAL TRADE MARK WORLD'S NO. 1 TYPEWRITER

The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



"Cherry," Emma said suddenly, interrupting the girl's flow of talk. "I wanted to see you. I'd rather tell you than write"

The Story Thus Far:

KNOWING almost nothing concerning her past, Charlotte ("Cherry") Rawlings has been a student at a school for underprivileged girls for thirteen years, when one of her guardians—Judge Judson Marshbanks, of San Francisco, calls on her. The judge informs her that old Mrs. Porteous Porter, of San Francisco, needs a secretary; and that her other guardian ("Emma," once her mother's nurse, now Mrs. Porter's companion) wishes her to take the job.

A few days later, Cherry, comfortably established in Mrs. Porter's beautiful home, is hard at work. And presently, although she has little time for pleasure, she is seeing much of, falling in love with, Kelly Coates, a young artist.

But she is far from happy. Mrs. Marshbanks, the judge's mother, snubs her; Amy, debutante daughter of the judge's dead brother, Fred, patronizes her, looks down on her; and Fran, the judge's young wife, "uses" her so that *she (Fran) and Kelly Coates can meet clandestinely,* without the judge's suspicions being aroused!

Then comes a series of shocks: Emma, in a confidential moment, informs her that her mother had been Emma's sister! Concerning her father (of whom Cherry knows nothing), the old woman will say nothing. . . . Mrs. Porter, an invalid, dies; and following the reading of her will (by the terms of which, Cherry is to receive fifteen hundred dollars)—Judge Marshbanks, in an unguarded moment, divulges the fact that his brother, Fred—Amy's father—had been Cherry's father, and that he had never married Cherry's mother.

Crushed, wretchedly unhappy, Cherry turns to the one person who can comfort her: Kelly Coates. He gives her his sympathy, does what he can to cheer her up; and after that they meet often—sometimes at Topcote, Kelly's house near Sausalito, sometimes elsewhere. And Cherry soon learns that Fran, while making it appear to her that she is meeting Kelly secretly is, as a matter of fact, avoiding him. . . .

Cherry, preparing to enter Stanford, takes a room in Palo Alto. A short time later, she runs up to San Francisco, goes to the Marshbanks home. The judge's mother meets her, tells her that she is unwelcome at the house. Then, to her amazement, Kelly asks her to marry him! Suspecting that he still loves Fran, Cherry will not listen to him. . . . In the judge's chambers, the judge and Cherry have a talk. Cherry says: "Your mother asked me not to come to the house any more."

The judge frowns. "My mother did?" he says.

"Yes," Cherry replies. "She said it wasn't—decent."

VII

"H'M!" the judge said, gravely enough. "I'm sorry she did that. You know how much we all like you, and what reason I have for feeling that I've something to make up to you. Fran was saying only a day or two ago that you'd forgotten us."

"I'll never forget you! But there's more to it than that. Amy came in while your mother was talking to me the night she said that. I'd reached the house before Amy did, and I was in my room, reading, and your mother came in and said how much she resented my being there. But you see," Cherry interrupted herself to say in self-defense, "you see that I didn't know any reasons for my not coming, when I was first there. I didn't know I was her granddaughter as much as Amy was!"

"How much did Amy hear?"

"Well, your mother had just said that if I didn't break off all my relationships there, she'd have to let everyone know, and Amy too, that we were half sisters. And she said that would hurt my father, and my mother, too. And I said that that meant injuring the reputation of her own son! Amy heard that."

"And guessed the rest?"

"Guessed that it was *you,* instead of your brother Fred. After your mother had gone Amy said that she always had suspected that I was—" Cherry's throat thickened, she looked at him imploringly—"that I was your daughter."

"I see," he said thoughtfully.

"I didn't contradict her—I don't know what I thought for a few minutes—but I couldn't say anything. I kept trying to think which would be worse, telling her, or letting it go and talking some day to you."

"Fran and I were in Los Angeles then?"

"YES. And then I went to Palo Alto and didn't see you, and I knew that your mother cared more about keeping it from Amy than anything else, and I hoped that Amy wouldn't talk. But now Amy's back, and she wants me to come in to spend the night with her next Saturday, and go to the Quatres Arts Ball, and I don't know what to do!"

"My mother's a proud woman, Cherry," the judge said, after a silence during which he had marked a neat, firm row of crosses on a scratch-pad. "She's had a sad life. My father's illness ended her social interests, after twenty years in which her position had been everything any woman wants—big house, opera box, jewels, Europe. Two years later my young married sister died in childbed, and that embittered her; she's never been the same. The baby died, too; it was a crushing blow to my mother. I was away at the time; Fred was married, and she was a good deal alone with my invalid father. She had queened it here in San Francisco; she seemed to have nothing left. Fred's wife was heiress to all this money Amy'll have, but she was a delicate girl and years went by and there was no child. Fred was restless and unhappy and altogether things weren't in any too good shape when I decided to give up Washington and come home.

"My mother had been living in an apartment hotel and hating it. Fred and his wife, Amelia, had had a little place in Burlingame. But after years, five or six years, I think, she was going to have a baby, and everyone was anxious that this time it should go right. Old Wellington, her father, was an immensely rich man; he was going to come on from New York for the event, and do everything for the baby. Fred, who'd been restless and unsatisfied, settled down all of a sudden. Mother had opened the city house by this time, and they were all together. The baby was coming in November—"

"I know. I'm four days older than Amy," Cherry, listening absorbedly, put in as he paused.

"But you came two months too soon.

(Continued on page 69)

On Don Jaime Street

Continued from page 16

down Don Jaime, moving in and out of the other saloons and dance halls to leave his brief greeting. Turning into Border he paused at the edge of Curran's barn and had a thorough look at the horses.

As soon as he departed from the precincts of the Louvre the swamper came to the doorway and watched him. The swamper said over his shoulder: "'What's he doin' in town this time of mornin'?"

The barkeep murmured: "Doc Halliday's comin'."

"Ah," said the swamper, and stroked his stained mustache with the back of a hand.

Curly Jack moved past Curran's barn, watching one man wheel a barrow along Border's dust with a moment's strict interest. Out beyond the end of Border morning's sun streamed across the desert's tawny dust and silver cacti; in the distance a haze lay over Old Mexico. Curly Jack strolled onto the north side of town and paused momentarily by Boot Hill, idly considering the unmarked and inglorious mounds of those who had died by violence and in shame. Afterward he crisscrossed Dragoon, prowling through alley and street like a restless cat, and at last came to the end of Lode Street and put his shoulder to the corner of Schermerhorn's butcher shop, once more indifferent.

Life moved thin and slow through Dragoon. One woman—the heavy and handsome Poker Belle—came out of Don Jaime and entered Lanahan's general store. Mrs. Gerrish and her daughter Hope appeared at the head of Stafford and moved forward with their parasols lifted against the sun. Curly Jack watched the girl, who was nineteen, with an appreciative eye and then he looked at Mrs. Gerrish and the indifference changed to an odd wonder as though something new disturbed him. These two women turned the corner and went on toward Lanahan's, cool and serene in the dust and rawness of this town, leaving behind the clearest picture of immaculate grace.

Mrs. Gerrish said: "We'll stop at Lanahan's first to see if the ginghams came in from Tucson. You should walk with your shoulders straighter, Hope."

Beyond Lanahan's a young man paused in the doorway of the Wells-Fargo office, black arm protectors half covering his white shirt sleeves. He stood still with his eyes on Hope Gerrish and could not catch her attention; just before she passed into Lanahan's with her mother she looked over her shoulder and smiled at him.

IN THE half shadows of Lanahan's store, dark shelves ran to a high ceiling, and the odors of leather and coffee and fabric blended to make a pleasantly stale air. At the far end of the counter Poker Belle gave her order to Lanahan in a brusque voice. Poker Belle's glance went to Mrs. Gerrish, covertly appraising her and her voice dropped a full tone. Mrs. Gerrish stood at the counter with a sweet unawareness of the other woman's presence; in a moment, having finished her business, Poker Belle departed from Lanahan's, leaving behind the rustle of her broad-striped silk dress and the rank emanation of lilac cologne. Hope Gerrish cast an oblique glance at her mother, conveying a dramatic distaste.

The ginghams had not come. Mrs. Gerrish moved to the street and paused. "Hope," she said, "it is not good manners to express your feelings in public."

"The odor was rather strong."

"Where would she learn good taste?" asked Mrs. Gerrish.

Hope said, "I think I'll walk to father's," and moved down Lode with her parasol swaying daintily under the sun. Mrs. Gerrish tarried before Lanahan's to make certain minor adjustments to her dress. From the corner of her eyes she saw her daughter go slowly past the Wells-Fargo doorway and stop and show a lady's charming surprise when young Neal Curzon came through the doorway to speak to her. Mrs. Gerrish silently said, "That was properly done," and went along Don Jaime Street, keeping to the outer edge of the walk.

The town drunkard lay asleep by the Pavilion and the Louvre's swamper brushed the refuse of an evil night across the walk in rank clouds. Of this street Mrs. Gerrish had a most complete knowledge and yet walked through it and seemed to see nothing.

AT THE newspaper office she left the information she wished printed regarding an oyster supper at the church, and was squired gallantly to the door by Dragoon's eccentric whisky-drinking editor, Sam Gault. Returning up Don Jaime she met her daughter in front of the freight office, which was her husband's business. The two of them strolled leisurely homeward under the streaming sunshine.

"Neal is coming over tonight."

"You arranged it very well," said Mrs. Gerrish. "It is important never to let a man know he is being sought. Your manners are excellent, though I think you should speak of him as Mr. Curzon and not use his first name until you are engaged. Men set a value on those niceties, though they do not know it. Now we shall bake cookies. I must teach you how to make the date-filled nougat. My mother gave me the recipe many years ago when we lived in Cleveland."

"You are very fond of old things," said Hope.

"They are," murmured Mrs. Gerrish, "like little lamps shining far over the desert."

Curly Jack followed Don Jaime to the last gray house sitting opposite the newspaper office and entered it without notice. He rolled up the front room's window shade to command a view of the street and pulled two chairs together, stretching himself on them; igniting a fresh cigar, he lay back in comfort. Poker Belle came downstairs in her silk dress and came obediently to him, attractive and buxom, with great, black eyes now carefully studying his humors.

She said, "I hear Doc Halliday's coming to Dragoon," and by the streaky laughter of his eyes she had her answer. "Curly," she added, "you better bring your boys in. If Doc comes he won't come alone."

"Belle," he said, "get yourself a new dress. Make it a little plainer; make it—"

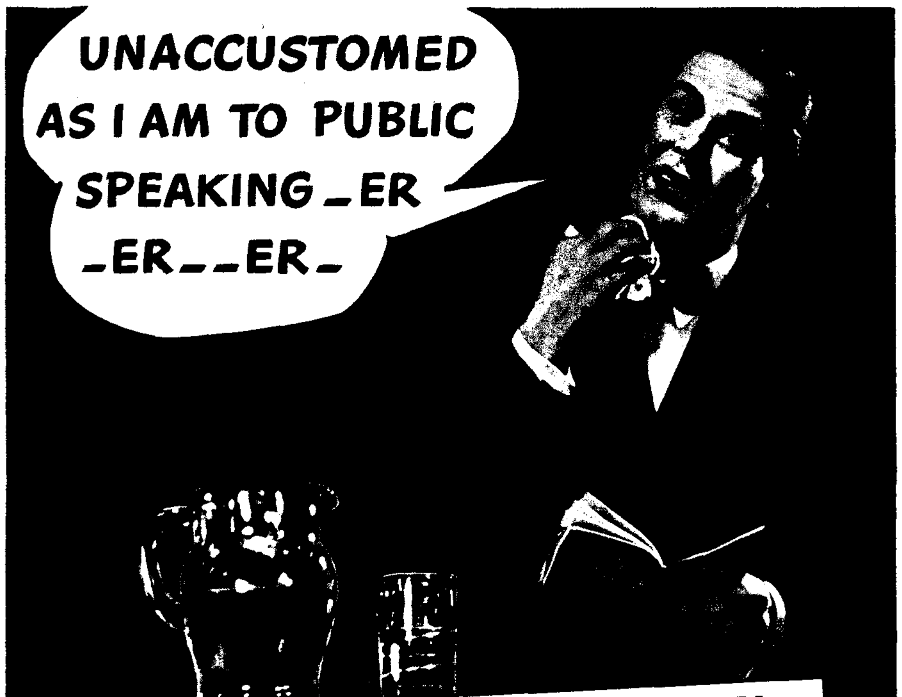
"Like Mrs. Gerrish's." Poker Belle looked upon him with an unresenting wisdom. "It isn't the dress."

"Something else? Well, get it."

"I'd have to start fifteen years back to get it, and if I had it I wouldn't be here. This is Don Jaime Street. They live up at the head of Stafford."

He rolled back in the chair. He worked the answer around his head, the mask of strange speculation returning to his face. His lids crept nearer together. "I run this town but they don't know we're alive. Why's that? What makes it that way—"

She reached out a hand to ruffle his

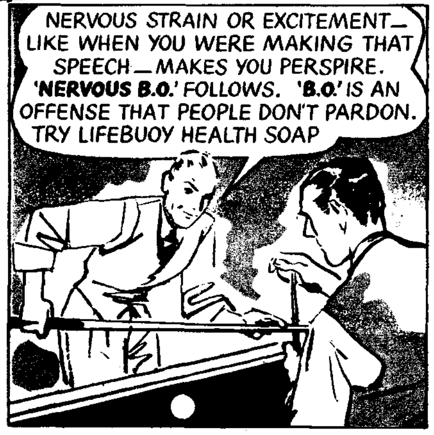

UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO PUBLIC SPEAKING—ER—ER——ER—

HOW TOM PERSPIRED! THE NATURAL RESULT WAS

NERVOUS B.O. (NERVOUS BODY ODOR)

...as Tom learned later

FUNNY THING—THE MORE PEOPLE I MEET, THE FEWER FRIENDS I SEEM TO MAKE
CAN YOU TAKE A FRIENDLY HINT—ABOUT 'NERVOUS B.O.'?


NERVOUS STRAIN OR EXCITEMENT—LIKE WHEN YOU WERE MAKING THAT SPEECH—MAKES YOU PERSPIRE. 'NERVOUS B.O.' FOLLOWS. 'B.O.' IS AN OFFENSE THAT PEOPLE DON'T PARDON. TRY LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

WHAT A SOAP! WHAT A REAL WAKE-UP LATHER! LIFEBUOY IN MY BATH EACH DAY CHASES 'NERVOUS B.O.' AWAY, AND KEEPS IT AWAY—MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A KING!

THE SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT "NERVOUS B. O."

When you're thrilled, worried, or worked up, you get nervous perspiration. "Nervous B.O." follows unless proper precautions are taken. Don't risk your popularity. Stop "nervous B.O." with Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath. Lifebuoy is *different*. It contains an exclusive, hygienic *deodorizing* ingredient. More people use it for their bath than any other soap. Get Lifebuoy today.

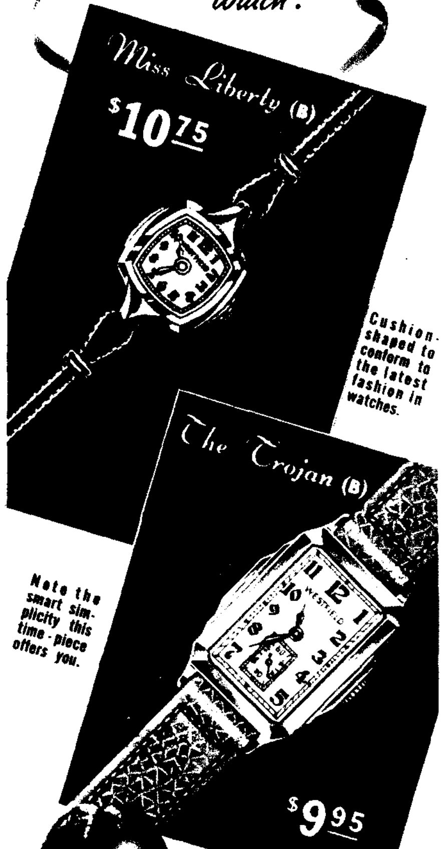
—I'D LOVE TO, BUT I'M BUSY THIS EVENING, AND I'M LEAVING FOR NEW YORK TOMORROW ON A BIG PROPOSITION
SHE THOUGHT
TOM'S ALWAYS SO WELL GROOMED—NEVER HAS 'B.O.' I'LL BET HE USES MY SOAP, TOO—LIFEBUOY
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy—Its Protection lasts and lasts

ONLY WESTFIELD OFFERS VALUES LIKE THESE!

America's Lowest-priced FINE watch!


Miss Liberty (B)
$10⁷⁵
Cushion-shaped to conform to the latest fashion in watches.
The Trojan (B)
$9⁹⁵
Note the smart simplicity this time-piece offers you.

It's amazing how much more your money buys in a Westfield. More beauty, dependability ...and fine workmanship.

Better Built—Better Styled—Lower Priced!

WESTFIELD WATCHES

WESTFIELD WATCH COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

hair. "Ah, don't think about that. It won't do you any good."

He looked up, sharp now. "You ever think about it?"

"Quit talking about it, Curly."

The noon whistles were blowing from the mines as Ben Gerrish came along Don Jaime with the liver-colored pup behind him. He turned and said, "Stay there," and reached Lode in time to see the Tucson stage enter the street, its four horses slacking down from a dead run. Flat against the wall of Lanahan's store young Ben watched Ike Ball tool the stage exactly before the hotel porch and clap on the brake. A solitary passenger encased in a long yellow overcoat crawled from the stage, bearing marks of travel. Ike Ball threw down the reins to a waiting hostler and descended, a wire-drawn man with a pair of agate, autocratic eyes set in a mahogany face whose features had an Indian inexpressiveness. A goatee pointed his chin. He saw young Ben and said, "Hello there, son," and young Ben said in a smothered voice, "Yes, sir," and walked homeward with his head down, in imagination flicking flies off the ears of the stage's lead horses with the sweep of a fifteen-foot whip.

THE gold piece was a round, small weight in his pocket while he ate his meal; the problem of it had been with him all morning. In time of hurt, when he needed sympathy, it was his mother he sought; but this was a practical matter before him now and therefore he kept it to himself until he walked back toward Lode Street with his father. "Curly Jack gave me this," he said, taking the gold piece from his pocket.

He knew what his father would say, yet dreaded to hear it. His father looked down at the gold piece. "Did you earn it, Ben?"

"No, sir. He just gave it to me."

"Ah," said his father in that cool tone young Ben knew so well. They crossed Lode into Don Jaime, seeing Curly Jack come from the Pavilion, and as they went forward the warm day grew cold to Ben and his heart began to swell against his chest. Curly Jack's face came about with that streak of brightness in the narrow apertures of his eyes.

"My son has something for you, Jack," said Gerrish.

Young Ben brought out the gold piece and held its round coldness in the warm sweat of his palm. Curly Jack faced Gerrish, his body stiff and his chest arched. He no longer smiled.

"I gave it to the boy."

"Tell him why you can't keep it, Ben," said Gerrish, unbreakably courteous.

"I didn't earn it," said Ben.

Curly Jack moved his shoulders. "It was a gift. It was free."

"Nothing's free," answered Gerrish.

THE expression of puzzled wonder again broke vaguely across Curly Jack's face. He stood still, as though searching for an answer to this strangeness, and presently lifted the gold piece from young Ben's palm and wheeled away. Young Ben rubbed his wet hands against his shirt, feeling the quick tap of his heart. But the dread left him. His father had stared back at Curly Jack's streaky eyes and his father's voice had been, for a moment, harder than Curly Jack's. He looked up at his father and was very proud. The liver-colored pup came forward, all bones and skin and feet; he sat down at Ben's boots and his tail threshed the walk. Young Ben said tentatively: "He doesn't belong to anybody, father."

"Don't be late," repeated Gerrish, and turned back to Lode. Young Ben tucked the pup under his arm and went on to the school. He left the pup at the foot of the steps and said: "Stay there."

Gerrish walked to his office. He paused at the door with his thoughts remaining on his son and presently he turned about and went up Stafford. When he stepped inside the house, his wife came from the kitchen, startled because of this break in routine. "What's wrong?"

"It's a dog that Ben wants. He has spoken of it before."

"A dog would be good for him."

He said: "I happen to know it is Poker Belle's dog. I'd have to make a bargain with her."

Mrs. Gerrish straightened her shoulders. "No. I don't want him to touch anything that belongs to Don Jaime Street. I hate that dirty, beastlike place. It has destroyed every decent thing in Dragoon. No, I don't want—"

"He has taken a fancy to that dog," said Gerrish gently.

She watched him a long while and at last dropped her shoulders. "If you think best," she murmured, and went back to the kitchen. Gerrish returned down Stafford and walked directly to Poker Belle's house.

The sun moved west in the bluest, clearest of skies and heat began to press through town and slowly the town livened. The solitary passenger from the Tucson stage strolled into the newspaper shop and introduced himself to Sam Gault:

"Name's Aaron Shotwell, member of Congress from New York State, member of the Committee on Public Lands, touring the West."

"Honored," said Sam Gault, suppressing his habitual irony. "Take the least dusty chair, Congressman."

"So this is the Babylon of the desert—the wildest town between St. Louis and the Pueblo of Our Lady of the Angels?"

"Babylon," observed Sam Gault, "was a camp before my time. Still, I imagine Dragoon might spot it a few points and come out with the most balls in the rack."

AT FOUR o'clock a lean and dusty man with a great hank of hair hanging below his hat brim rode in from the desert and pulled up at McSwain's watering trough. While his horse drank, this rider rolled himself a cigarette, his eyes striking at the town from beneath the concealment of the hat brim. He put a match to the cigarette, and his turning head stopped its motion when he found Curly Jack stationed idly by Lanahan's store. He looked upon Curly Jack with a complete blankness and turned the horse and loped out of Dragoon.

Curly Jack threw away his half-smoked cigar and chose a fresh one. Another man walked from McSwain's stable and stopped by. Curly Jack motioned at the disappearing rider. "He'll go back to tell Doc Halliday I'm here. They'll be in tonight, Link."

"I'll go get the boys," said Link.

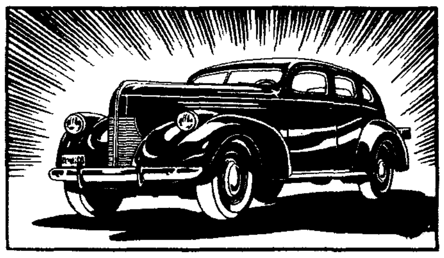
"Yes," said Curly Jack, the smile dancing in his eyes. From his place by Lanahan's he watched young Ben Gerrish come up Don Jaime from the school and turn to his father's office, the liver-colored pup following close. A six-horse team climbed out of Pedro Wash and stopped at the end of Border, a small crowd slowly drifting forward. Sam Gault sauntered up Don Jaime and joined Curly Jack; the two of them walked on to the wagon.

"That the piano?" asked Sam Gault.

"Yeah," said the teamster. Curly Jack's cigar tilted upward between his teeth. He looked curiously at the thick mahogany legs, carved and bowed, showing beneath the protective tarps. "What piano?"

"Gerrish's," said Gault.

Young Ben passed the freight office and saw his father beckon, and went in. "The dog," said his father, "belongs to Poker Belle but she has no use for it. You are to carry twenty armloads of



One-Two AND YOUR CAR LOOKS New!

Mobil-gloss

Mobilgloss

It's double-acting—cleans and polishes at the same time

• Mobilgloss is a double-duty cleaner and polish. First it dissolves grease and takes off grime and traffic film. Then it brings back the original color and lustre of your car—leaves a beautiful, long-lasting polish that makes your car look like new. Quick results—easy to use. Get some today.

Mobilwax

• If, in addition, you want a wax finish for further protection, use Mobilwax, a special blend of tough, long-lasting waxes in easy-to-apply cream form. It goes on evenly, and rubs up with little effort.

Buy where you buy Mobiloil or Mobilgas

Mobil Specialties

SOCONY-VACUUM

MOBILGLOSS • MOBILWAX • MOBIL STOP-LEAK
MOBIL HANDY OIL • MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY • MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

wood from her shed to her back porch. Then you may take the dog home."

"Yes, sir," said young Ben, and turned out. His father's voice called him back. "Ben," he said, "always do more than you promise. Make each armload a full one."

Young Ben went down Don Jaime Street with the liver-colored pup obediently behind, turned into a short alley and came to Poker Belle's shed. It was fifty feet from shed to back porch and the twenty armloads, faithfully performed, took him an hour.

When he was through, he tucked the pup under his arm and returned home. In his own shed behind the house, young Ben found a piece of rope with which to tie the liver-colored pup. "Just for a few days, so you won't go back to Don Jaime." He discovered a burlap sack and made a bed for the pup. Then he went into the house.

The new piano was a great, black-shining square of elegance under the light. His mother sat on the piano stool, her fingers running along the keys. She had her eyes shut. She pressed one key softly, and then her fingers formed a chord and she turned about and young Ben was astonished to see that she was near to crying. His father moved over the room, smiling down. He said: "Like home, Rose?"

She said: "I'll teach Hope to play. I'll teach Ben." She was suddenly terribly in earnest. "We must never let them forget anything."

AT EIGHT o'clock, night closed about Dragoon, soot-black, velvet-surfaced. Elsewhere the land lay empty, shadow and shadow pressing upon it, discreet in its mystery and beautiful, the formless edge of mountains shaped against lesser black. The stores on Lode were closed, presenting blank walls to the glitter of Don Jaime Street's saloons and dance halls. On that short way men moved in errant waves from walk to walk; they batted through the swinging doors, their feet made a steady shuffle on the boards, their aimless traveling brought up the street's alkali dust. From the Pavilion rolled the steady melody of guitar and violin, the tramping of dancers, the call of voices and the high, sharp laughter of women.

One man, early drunk, stood in the middle of the street, swinging his arms around him in destructive circles; somewhere a woman stridently cried and the music went on and a gun exploded and all this revelry pulsed like the beat of blood in the jugular, echoing along Lode and dying against the withdrawn, distant life at the head of Stafford.

The night marshal came into the jail office on Border Street, fresh from sleep, and found the day marshal ready to be relieved. The night marshal was a lean, blond man with gray-green eyes, on whose dry face latent danger lay as a shadow. He said: "Anything new?"

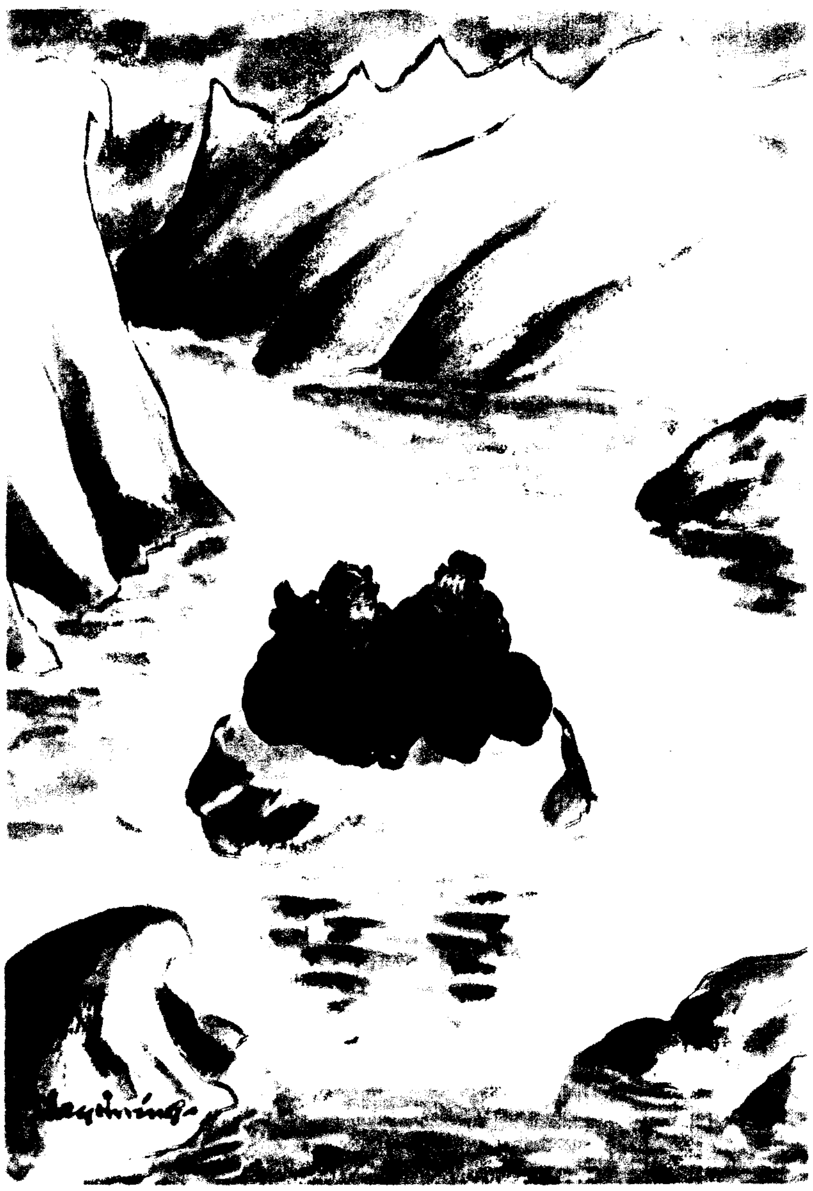
"Curly Jack's in town. They say Doc Halliday just arrived. Both got some boys with them."

"So," said the night marshal. He took pains with his cigar; he strapped on his gun. "That's been comin' a long while."

"You want me to hang around?"

"No," said the night marshal.

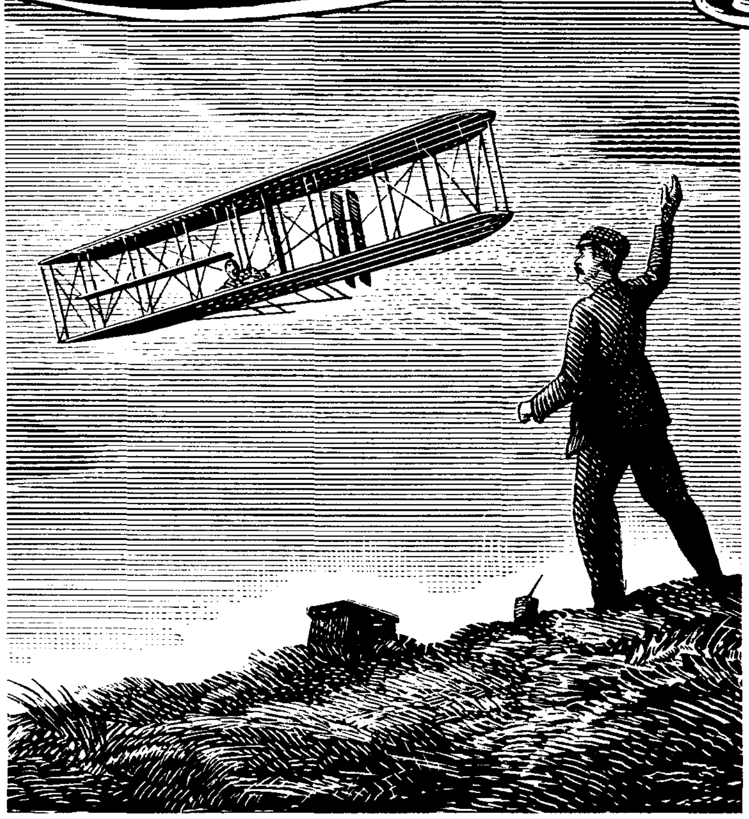
The day marshal turned out of the office. The night marshal lifted and dropped the gun in its holster to test it, gave himself a short glance in the wall



"My wife thinks I'm in Reno"

JAY IRVING

37 years ago . . . in 1903 . . . Wright made his famous flight



313 YEARS AGO . . . IN 1627

the Haigs were making Scotch!

Thousands of other brands of Scotch whiskies have appeared since 1627—but only Haig & Haig can proudly point to a 313-year-old history of continuous satisfaction! And yet—despite this exclusive distinction—Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame!

PINCH BOTTLE 12 YEARS OLD

Haig & Haig
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
HAIG & HAIG

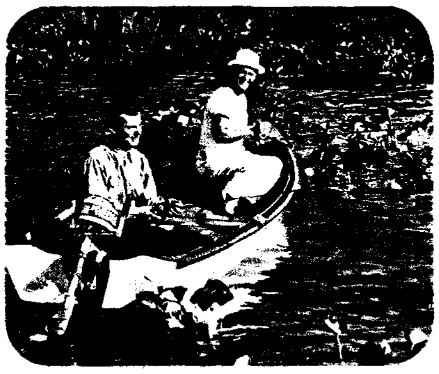
Haig & Haig

THE OLDEST NAME IN SCOTCH

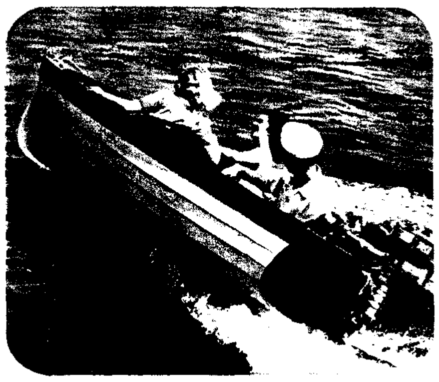
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

LIFE,



LIBERTY,



and the pursuit of
HAPPINESS!

DOWN the road from your home—not many miles—there's a stretch of blue water entirely surrounded by sunshine, white clouds and happiness. *Yours* to enjoy. It's a shame, Mister, if you and your family don't take advantage of it!

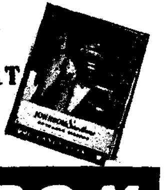
There's a man in your town who will tell you how to go about it. Look in your classified phone book, under "Outboard Motors," *for your Johnson Dealer.* He knows all about boats and motors. He'll give you expert advice on what to buy—and where and how to use it.

Here's a tip: Don't fool around with anything but the best. "Free" hours are too precious to waste on poor equipment.

You'll want a Sea-Horse, of course. It's "tops." It's packed with quality features, including: 1—Perfected Alternate Firing for silken smoothness; 2—Built-in Underwater Exhaust for quiet; 3—REVERSE for easy maneuverability. Remember this: *only Johnson has all three!*

JOHNSON MOTORS
304 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

JOHNSON DEPENDABILITY
as low as $49.50 F.O.B. FACTORY
11 great models for 1940, and 8 of them are the world-famous Perfected Alternate Firing Twins!



FREE HANDY CHART
Complete data and specifications on the 1940 Sea-Horses. New features and models! Sent free. Write!

JOHNSON
SEA-HORSE
OUTBOARD MOTORS

mirror and stepped to the street. Coming to Don Jaime, he had his practiced look at the crowd, saw the things that needed to be seen and set out on his nightly rounds.

In his room at the hotel the congressman poured a pair of drinks, one for himself and one for Sam Gault. He stood at the window, viewing the sullen shining of light on Don Jaime and the dust rising like clouds of brimstone and sulphur around the moving mass of men. The tremor of Don Jaime, its shrill echoes and its growling undertone, came through the window at him.

"Nothing," said the congressman, being half drunk and very clear of head, "could be like that. It is a scene out of Dante, upon my soul. In a town like this not one decent thing could thrive, no kind impulse take root."

"Congressman," said Sam Gault, "you travel with good whisky. Let me have that bottle."

CURLY JACK crossed Don Jaime, moving men aside with a push of his shoulder, and stopped in the alley shadows beside the Pavilion. He searched Don Jaime with his glance, closely watching the double shadow of two men standing at the Louvre corner. Somebody moved past the Pavilion and paused by the alley's mouth, murmuring, "Halliday's in Kilrain's place—he's standing at the bar," and moved on into the crowd.

Curly Jack went along the alley to a side door of the Pavilion and opened it; he stood against the wall until Poker Belle left her partner on the floor and came obediently to him, sequins glittering around the low-cut front of her dress, her skin white against piled-up black hair. He said irritably, "Come on," and led her into the alley.

"What's up, Jack?"

He didn't answer. They walked side by side through the alley, turned across Lode at its dark end and moved out toward the low hill behind town.

She said: "Halliday's in town. Curly, I wish—"

They were at the head of Stafford, watching the house lights stream out through the muslin-draped windows. They were in the shadows, looking across the width of a thirty-foot street whose width was a bay and on whose far shore the houses of the genteel showed strange and distant lights.

"A funny thing," he said. "You can't hear Don Jaime Street when you're standing here."

"Let's go back."

He faced the Gerrish house, long silent, struggling with his wonder, annoyed by it but held by it. A young couple moved in from the edge of town—Neal Curzon and Hope Gerrish—walking arm in arm. They stood by the porch, softly laughing and gently whispering, and passed into the house.

"Listen," said Curly Jack. "That piano."

"There's a piano in the Louvre, Curly. Let's go back."

"I do what I please in this country, Belle. I can make a man smile and I can make him beg. Nobody in this town has got nerve enough to touch me. I could turn Don Jaime Street inside out if I wanted. But those people in that house—they don't know I'm alive. Why's that, Belle?"

"Come on," she said. "We don't belong here."

"Why not?" he said, in a resentful voice. "I walk where I please. Nobody stops me. Why not?"

But she pulled him around into Stafford. At the corner of Lode he stopped, looking across at the mouth of McSwain's stable. He said: "Go on, old girl. I'll see you later."

She took his arm, her strong perfume rising to him. Her shoulders lifted, and her face in these shadows was pale and mute. She was a big and emotional woman but she held back her feelings, as she had learned to do, and turned across Lode to Don Jaime.

He had seen the blur of motion in McSwain's. He moved across Lode and threaded an alley and arrived at a side door of Kilrain's saloon. He opened the door and looked in. Halliday had been here but Halliday was gone, and so now he retreated and ducked along the rear alleys to Border and entered Don Jaime from the lower end. Light touched him briefly as he moved forward through the crowd; it flashed against his eyes and showed the faint sweat damp on his face. He passed the night marshal and said, "Hello, George," and came to the head of Don Jaime and crossed to Lanahan's. He placed his back to the store, watching Don Jaime. In a few minutes he was tired of waiting and moved to Stafford again, going along it toward the Gerrish house—impelled by the puzzle that wouldn't leave him.

He had his left flank close against the side of a building. He watched his right—the darkness over there and the break of building walls. The voice, when it arrived, shocked him immeasurably:

"Hello, Curly."

He wheeled full around, seeing nothing. He wheeled again and froze when he heard laughter above him and looked up to see shoulders poked half through the second-story window of the butcher shop. He heard the voice again—Halliday's cool and provoking voice, "So-long, Curly," and as he drew his gun in one futile motion Halliday's bullet tore through his chest and dropped him.

The noise of Don Jaime Street came forward in faint, murmuring waves. The gun's echo ran on and on and died in the silence beyond town. Face down on the walk he heard Halliday's boots rattle through the butcher shop and fade. After that he was alone. He turned on his side and he pushed himself to his knees, facing the head of Stafford, and from this position he saw the lights of the Gerrish house shining out and he heard the tinkle of the piano. Someone ran toward him with a gasping breath and in a moment Poker Belle's big warm arms enclosed him.

"Curly, why did you let them—?"

"Listen, Belle. Hear that piano?"

"It's from the Louvre, Curly."

"Louvre piano never sounded like that. Belle?"

"What you want, Curly?"

"Why don't they stop that damned piano? I'm out here. I'm dying. Don't they know that?"

"Curly," she said, and watched his head bob down. She sat in the dust, this heavy woman, with her bare shoulders bowed over a dead man, crying and saying things to him he had never heard while alive. Nobody came along. She was alone in the shadows of Stafford Street.

MRS. GERRISH sat before the piano, thinking of songs she had played as a young girl in the East. A single shot broke on Stafford somewhere, its echo creeping through the house wall. She sat still, rigid inside, and presently turned—holding dread out of her eyes. Neal Curzon and Hope sat on the sofa, alternately taking turns at the stereopticon; she saw them touch hands as though by accident, and look at each other with an absorption that made nothing else important. Young Ben sat on the floor with the pup spraddled on his lap. He rubbed his hand down the pup's silk ears, and his face was held in its dream. They had not heard the shot. Looking across to her husband she caught his nod, and turned back to the piano, relieved. Inside the four walls of this house Don Jaime Street was only an echo which meant nothing.

PHILADELPHIA 1876
MADRID 1877
MATANZAS 1881
1881
BARCELONA 1888
1889
PARIS 1900
CHICAGO 1893
BORDEAUX 1895
CARTA DE ORO
RUM
Ron
Bacardi Superior
DE
BACARDI Y C
ESTABLISHED IN 1862
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
89 PROOF-4/5 QUART
PRODUCE OF CUBA
And…

HIGHEST AWARD OF ALL
—the World's Patronage!

DIFFERENT—delicate—subtle—
that's why BACARDI won the world's acclaim. For 78 years BACARDI Gold Label has been supreme for tropic mellowness, liqueur smoothness and delicious taste. Drink it straight—or in soda, in an old-fashioned, or collins, and savor the flavor!

There are four popular Bacardi types: Bacardi *Gold Label* and Bacardi *White Label*, the finest rums of Cuba . . . Bacardi *Amber Label* and Bacardi *Silver Label*, Puerto Rico's finest, at a saving.

BACARDI
The world's finest RUM. 89 Proof

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

Distributed by Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.C. Copr. 1940

The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 64

That's all part of the story. Well! My wife and I and little Greg got here just a week or two before Amy was born, and what we learned was rather confusing. It seems that Emma's sister, Charlotte Rawlings—much younger than she—was sometimes at the house, and that Fred had seen this girl, and had taken advantage of her. Emma knew nothing of it until almost the end when Lottie came to her and told her. Emma felt that nobody must know, that her sister's secret must be kept now, of all times, when Fred's wife, who wasn't any too strong, was expecting her own baby any day.

"But poor little Lottie couldn't bear it. One night she suddenly appeared in my brother's room, as he was reading to his wife, and accused him of having ruined her life!"

"If I was the baby," Cherry said, hardly breathing, "I must have been born just about that time, too."

"You were only a few days old. Your mother, poor Lottie, was perhaps weak and feverish, hardly knowing what she was doing."

"But she couldn't have come to the house. She'd have been too weak."

"She may have been in the house with Emma. I have always suspected that Emma had her there and the baby was born there. However it was, she rushed into Amelia's bedroom—the bedroom of 'Mrs. Fred' as we used to call her, to distinguish her from my wife and my mother—and there was a sad scene. To Amelia, gentle, dignified little thing that she was, it must have been a fearful shock. Fred had been reading to her, when poor Lottie came in. She'd lost all control of herself; she was sobbing bitterly—"

"Did she say anything about the baby?"

"No. Amelia never knew about the baby. Of course I don't know what she said," the judge admitted, with a faint frown. "But whatever she said, it didn't last long, for Amelia fainted, and when she came to she was very ill, and the baby was born within the hour. Emma came hurrying down and took Lottie away, and a few days later Emma left my mother, and she and Lottie went to live somewhere in the country.

"Fred was killed in a motor smash a few years later, and Amelia didn't survive very long. My mother took charge of Amy, and the money my brother left for you I administered as best I could. Emma had sent her sister to this school of Saint Dorothea's for a while, when she was little but Lottie hated it and came back. 'A school of character,' as the catalogue says, and she wanted you sent there.

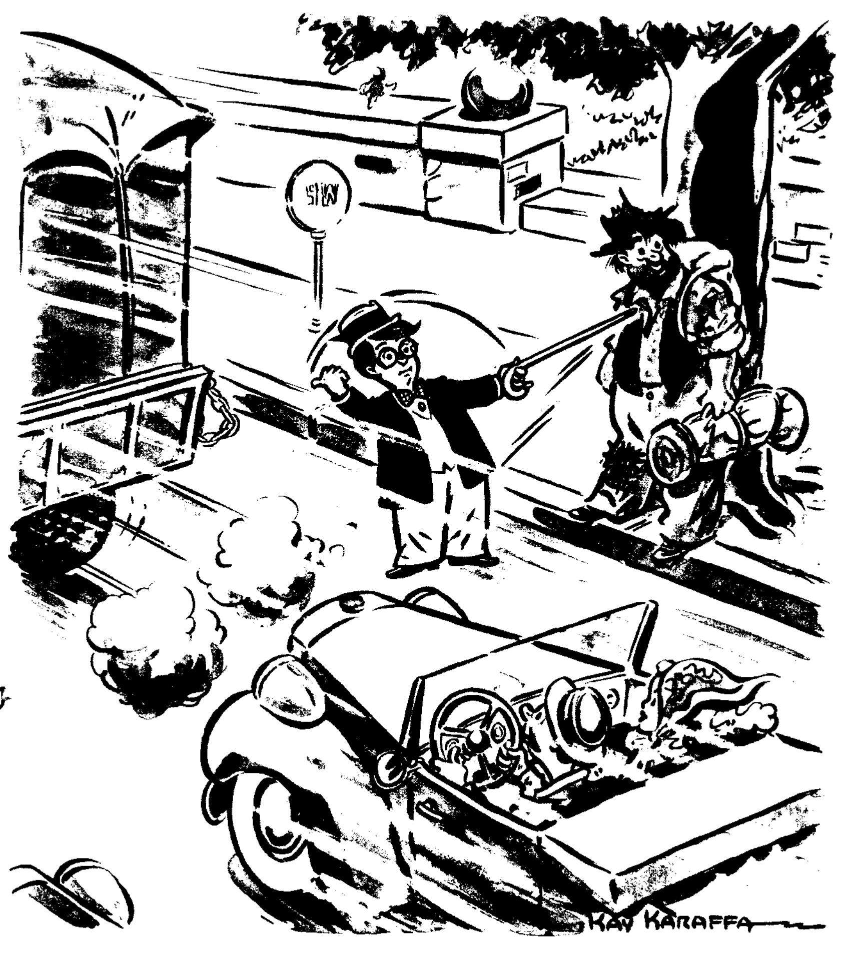
"And I hope," the man finished, smiling, "that character is exactly what you've got, Cherry. I look to you for great things. Now, about this matter of my mother," said the judge, ignoring Cherry's stricken silence, "she doesn't want Amy to be distressed by this, and she'll not say another word about it. You come to the house when you like, give Amy as much friendship as you can and leave the rest to me."

Cherry was standing; she came over to his chair, bent over him swiftly, and he felt her warm lips against his forehead.

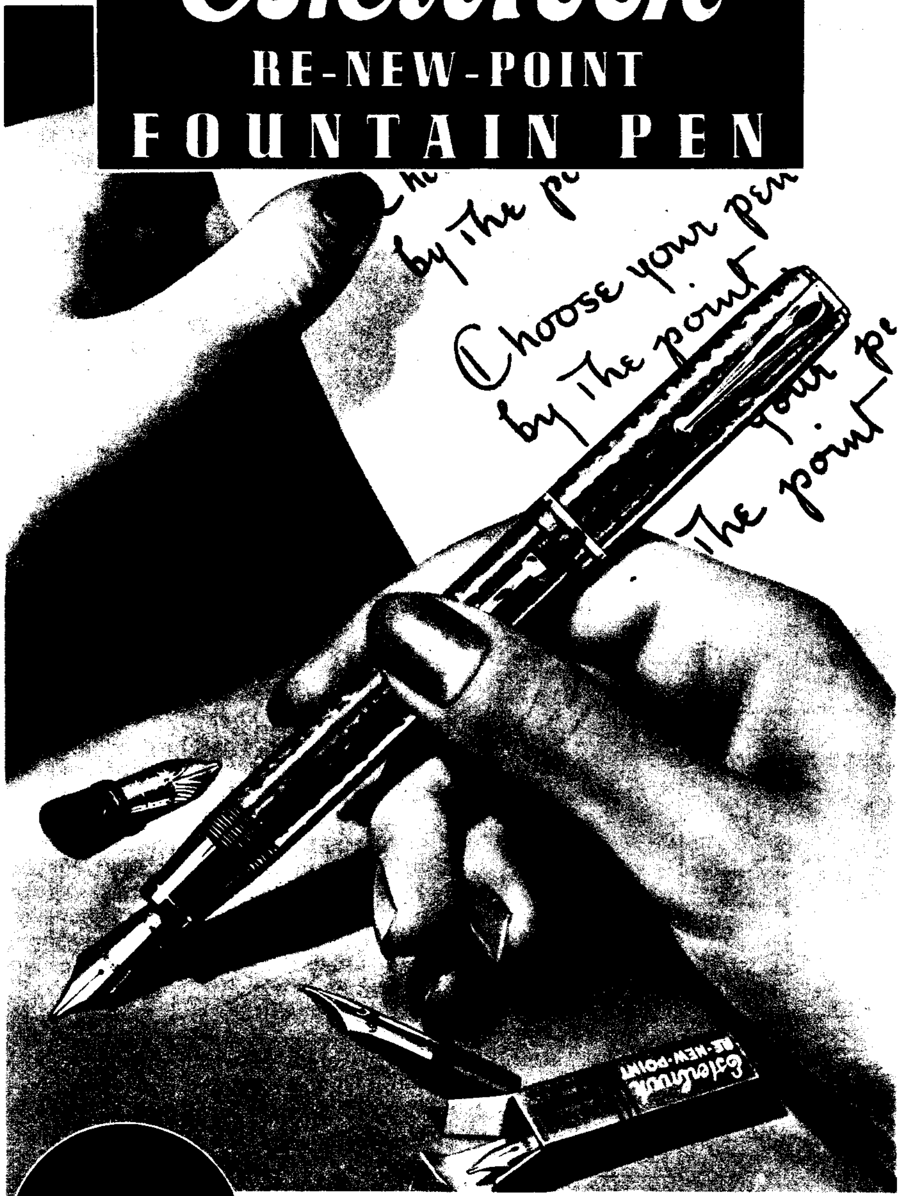
"I love you! There's never any trouble for anyone where *you* are!" she said, and was gone.

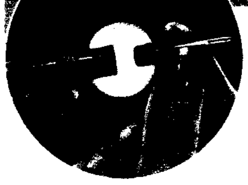
"OH, THE relief, Kelly!" she wrote him from camp. "The relief of doing something you simply don't want to do, and having it *over,* and your soul as clear as a bell! The judge was a saint, as

USEFUL EUSTACE



KAY KARAFFA





Esterbrook
RE-NEW-POINT
FOUNTAIN PEN

For a real writing thrill
Choose Your Pen by the Point!

Your hand has many individual characteristics that determine the style of pen point that will suit you best. Esterbrook is the only fountain pen at any price with such a wide range of renewable pen point designs. In no other pen will your hand find a point so exactly suited to your style of writing.

18 Re-New-Point Designs

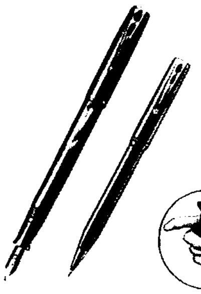
Duracrome, a metal especially developed for pen points makes this wide choice possible. Esterbrook Re-New-Points also free you from point repair delays. You can always duplicate your favorite point *exactly* and screw the new Re-New-Point in the pen barrel yourself. The Esterbrook Pen Company, Camden, N. J., or The Brown Brothers, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Complete FOUNTAIN PENS $1.00 *and up*
Black or Colors

Esterbrook Re-New-Points fit every writing style and purpose
DURACROME RE-NEW-POINTS 25c
Osmiridium-tipped 50c *and* 75c

Esterbrook PUSH PENCIL
to match your Esterbrook Pen $1.00 *and up*
A push of the thumb feeds the lead. It is the only Push Pencil with the *non-jamming* continuous guide tube for lead ...and the tip that grips the lead firmly at the writing point.

FOR SALE BY LEADING FOUNTAIN PEN DEALERS
(Prices slightly higher in Canada)



How the NEW YELLO-BOLE pipe stem splits smoke stream...and makes smoke MILDER

NEW TWO-WAY BIT
Smoke comes out in *two* places, instead of one—
Smoke goes up over tongue, circulates in mouth—
Concave tongue-rest. Smoke from one outlet can be shut off by tongue
$1
NEVER AGAIN WILL I SMOKE A CHEAP PIPE
UP OUT OF THE CHEAP PIPE CLASS

Again! Yello-Bole pioneers in pipe-construction with a new Bit that's a hit because it takes care of pipe-smokers' peculiarities! *First*, it divides the smoke into two parts. This makes it *cooler and milder*. Tastes better because smoke is diffused. *Second*, if you're a "wet smoker," you can "plug" the *lower* smoke-outlet with your tongue—and draw only on the *upper* outlet on *top* of the bit, high in your mouth.

REAL HONEY—SEALED IN THE BOWL

Like other Yello-Bole models, these Two-Way Bit pipes are treated with real honey—no "breaking-in"! The pipe keeps "curing itself." And like all Yello-Boles it has the double-action Condensor and moisture-trap in the stem (*non-clogging*). Get one today, and taste the difference! (Pipe pictured, No. 22, is 5⅝ in. long.)

Anyone can enjoy the pleasure of a pipe, if they'll read "All About Pipe Smoking." Send for this guidebook, free. Address YELLO-BOLE. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

YELLO-BOLE

usual and things stay as they are! . . .

"When will you see me? When college opens. For three delicious weeks before that, as soon as we close camp, Rebecca and I and a darling girl named Lucie Fargo are going on a wild cruise. Up to Victoria—we'll actually be out of America, imagine!—and on the way home we're going to stay with Lucie's grandmother, who has a country hotel. That's up in Mendocino County, not far from Aunt Emma's place; it's only about thirty miles. So I've written Aunt Emma that I'm coming over to see her.

"I wrote you that I've made the entrance exams and am admitted; credits to spare too, so score one for Saint Dorothea's! Life is all exciting."

And she signed it "Your devoted and obedient Marchioness."

BUT despite high spirits she dreaded the visit to Emma, and was glad that it was to be put off until the end of the holiday. By that time perhaps it wouldn't seem important, it wouldn't be an ordeal. Whatever it meant, somehow she felt that she must make it.

In due time she and Rebecca and Lucie were off into a world of freedom and laughter and good companionship. They drove along the ocean coast, and into high mountains, and through valleys where great rivers raced.

It was all glorious and restful and exciting. To have climbed into the car at the kitchen door of the Pringle house in a quiet California town and to descend from it in what might have been an English city was a sort of miracle. English voices and accents, English beds and English names—fruit tart and brawn and Melton Mowbray pie. The girls could not rejoice enough in the novelty of it, or in the thrill of the still autumn air, and the glory of their first look at the turning leaves.

So that when they were back in California with the great mountains and the days of laughter and change and adventure behind them, Cherry felt herself older, wiser, braver, and she shook off the little instinctive wincing of her spirit at the thought of encountering Emma again, and on a certain sober September afternoon presented herself at the door of Emma's cabin with nothing more than a little shyness in her manner.

Emma lived in a lumber country. Cherry, for her drive of thirty miles, had borrowed the car, leaving the other girls with Lucie's grandmother. She parked it at the foot of the steps that led from the road straight to the door of Emma's main room, conscious already of a sense of thankfulness that she had her means of escape so close and ready.

The door was half open; there were no locks in Upper Camp. The interior of the room was dark, the walls rough pine board and batting, the furnishings simple and useful and homemade. There were crushed cushions on a couch before a cold fireplace in which a pyramid of gray ashes stood.

Emma had been lying on the couch, evidently napping; her sallow middle-aged face was spotted and flushed with sleep. She welcomed Cherry pleasantly enough, but without an embrace, and put the girl into a chair at the hearth while she started a fire and lighted one dim kerosene lamp.

"I leave those ashes for warmth," she explained, "it gets so cold here, already. Well, Cherry, I was rather expecting you today, but when three o'clock came I thought it would probably be tomorrow."

"Lucie had to see her grandmother—" Cherry launched into explanations, and a description of her trip.

"Cherry," Emma said suddenly, interrupting the girl's flow of talk, "I wanted to see you. I'd rather tell you than write you. I'm going to be married."

Cherry stared at her in amazement, laughed delightedly.

"Lumberman?"

"No. A man I used to know twenty years ago. You've never heard his name; nobody has. He's not an American; we shan't live in America."

"Aunt Emma! But who is he?"

The plain face flushed as Emma turned from stirring the fire.

"I'd rather you didn't know."

Cherry sat back, snubbed and humiliated.

"I'm sorry," she said stiffly.

"I don't mean it the way you think I do," Emma pursued, in her slow, painstaking fashion. "I mean that it will be better for you and everyone if you don't know. I will be gone from here—now that I've seen you—in a day or two. I shall lock the door, get into my car and drive away. I've no friends here, although they're all kindly neighbors. I'll meet—my friend next week, be married, sell my car and go away. It's better so."

"But, Aunt Emma, why?" the girl said, recovered from her moment's setback, and full of sympathy. "Even if it's only to write each other, once a year, it's *something*. You're not—" She laughed as at an absurdity. "You're not trying to hide something, are you?"

"I've hidden something for twenty years," Emma said quietly. In the shadows Cherry could not see her face. "It touches you nearer than it does me," the older woman continued. "I want you to know it, even though it may make no difference in the way you live, and what you feel and do. What I did was wrong. Whether it's a prison offense or not I don't know. I'm risking that. I'm risking your not caring enough, or anyone's caring enough, to follow me—to have me traced. I can tell you in a few words."

Cherry sat staring, with her face colorless and her eyes blazing, and her lips unable to utter a sound.

"I don't think I heard what you said, Aunt Emma," Cherry said faintly, after a long while.

"Yes, you heard me," Emma said. She repeated what she had said before. "You ought to know—not that you ever can prove it!—that you aren't Charlotte Rawlings at all, Cherry. You ought to know that you're Amelia Marshbanks."

CHERRY swallowed with a dry throat, essayed to speak, failed. She seemed able to make nothing more than a cawing, choking sound.

"You said, Aunt Emma—?" she stammered after a silence and stopped. "You didn't say that I'm Amy—?"

Breath failed her again. The other woman looked at her somberly.

"I'll tell you what happened," Emma said in her characteristic unemotional way. "I'd have sworn twenty years ago that wild horses couldn't drag it out of me. But you're different from what I thought you'd be. Everything's different. Time was when I wanted everything good in the world to come to Amy Marshbanks. But she isn't like Lottie; she isn't like her mother. She's proud, superficial; proud as her grandmother is. They've made her like that. Well! Let it go.

"I went down to the city last week to see the judge about moving my account from the bank," Emma pursued. "I have it all in traveler's checks now. I can take it with me. When I called at the Marshbanks house, Amy was going up the stairs with two other girls. She saw me waiting there in the hall; she didn't even give me a nod. 'It's just one of Granny's old servants,' she said. I think I made up my mind at that minute to tell you that *you're* the one who ought to have the money, *you're* the one who ought to be going to the dances and to Honolulu and to Europe!

ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

"It won't do you any good, Cherry. There's no proof. No one knew except Lottie, and she's been dead these thirteen years."

Silence. Silence. After a while Emma's voice again:

"I was twelve years older than Lottie; my mother died when she was two. She was pretty the way Amy is, only slighter and smaller, with Amy's kind of hair. After my father died we lived with an aunt and uncle; they weren't always kind to me, but everyone adored Lottie. When my aunt died I kept house for my uncle and Lottie was my baby. When she was six I took her to her first school and hung around at noon to see the little things come running out, and my shy little Lottie among them, with a big girl holding her hand.

"I did her homework with her, and got up her costumes for school plays and took her shopping Saturdays, buying her new shoes and sailor hats and little ginghams. My father was John Rawlings—he never could do much for us, and when he died and my uncle and aunt died—I was nineteen then—Lottie was all I had left.

"WELL, I married Tom Haskell, and he was a father to her. She was ten, and pretty as a picture. We watched her as she grew up; nothing dangerous must come near her. Innocent—with big eyes always serious at first, and then smiling suddenly, as if the sun had broken out—

"One Sunday we were driving along comfortably, Lottie squeezed in between me and Tom on the front seat and me thinking of the baby we were going to have in a few months—"

"Ah-h-h!" Cherry drew a quick breath of pity and sorrow. The pine-scented shadows of the place seemed to be drawing closer about her, deepening, forming a background of more complete silence as Emma began again:

"I suppose everyone has had the experience of driving along and getting hit, and saying afterward, 'I never saw it at all. It was right there and I never saw it!' A truck was on top of us—smashing in from the left. Tom was dead at the wheel; I was broken in two. But little Lottie was protected by our bodies; she reproached me long afterward for 'squeeging' her 'that day Uncle Tom put his head down on the wheel.'

"Three months later I went to the Marshbankses. I tried St. Dorothea's for Lottie—an old friend of mine was a Sister there—but she couldn't stand it, so I boarded her with a fine Irishwoman who had three children. I saw her often, every week nearly, for the old lady can be generous enough to her servants when they remember that they're servants. I was the nurse they'd had years before when the boys were ill; they liked me, and they wanted someone always around because old Colonel Marshbanks was an invalid and they weren't sure when the end might come.

"When she was old enough Lottie went to a nice, simple little boarding school in Belmont, and I'd go and take her out to a picture in Redwood City and for ice cream. Summers they had a camp, and she was happy and good and prettier and prettier.

"Fred Marshbanks, your father, was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, but weak. He had married Amelia Wellington by this time—she was a lovely girl with blue eyes and light hair, but for a long time it looked as if they couldn't have a child, and it broke her heart. Jud Marshbanks was married too, but he lived in the East, and they only saw his little boy now and then. That's Gregory, of course.

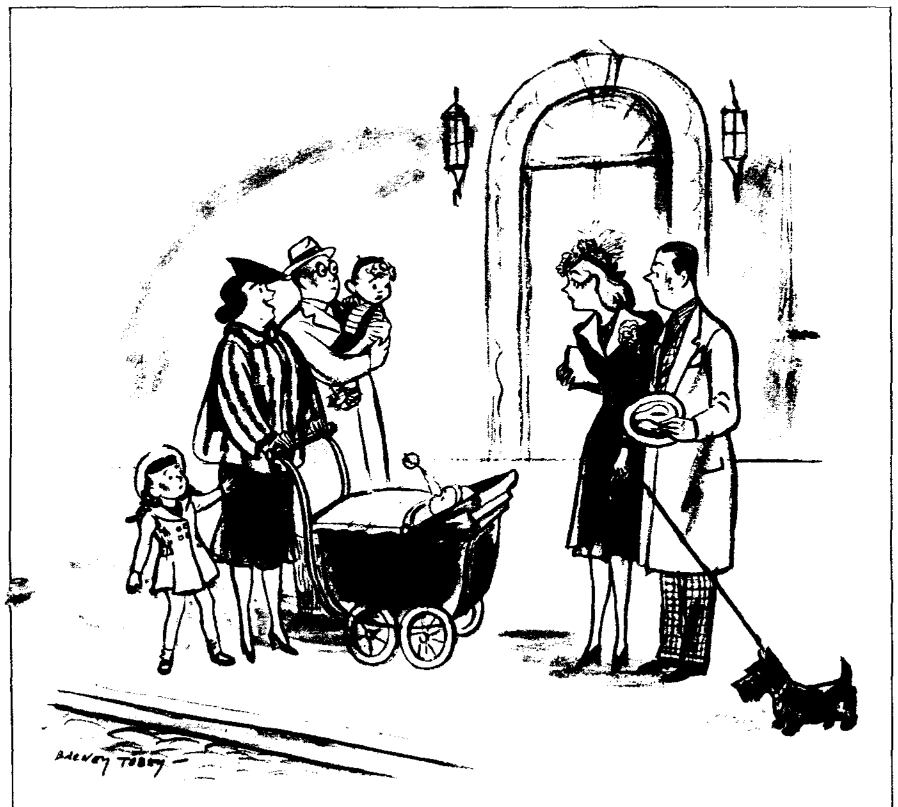
"I wanted Lottie nearer me then, and she'd left school, and boarded down in Redwood City. But she was often with me in the Marshbanks house.

"When Lottie was eighteen and I was thirty I was sewing in my room one night. We were all under a considerable strain in the house, for at last Fred's wife was going to have a baby, and they were terribly anxious for fear something would go wrong again.

"It was eleven o'clock, I suppose, and I was thinking of going to bed when suddenly and quietly my door opened, and Lottie was there. She gave me a terrible start.

"The minute I saw her I knew we were lost somehow, but I didn't know why. She looked pale and changed and she didn't smile or kiss me. She just crossed the room and knelt down at my knee, and said, 'Sis, I'm in trouble.'

"I guess my life—the real living—ended right there," Emma went on, after a moment when only Cherry's dilated eyes and half-parted lips and quickly moving breast showed how absorbed



"Don't you remember? I was the bridesmaid that caught your bouquet!"

BARNEY TOBEY

IN CHEYENNE, RODEO LEADS

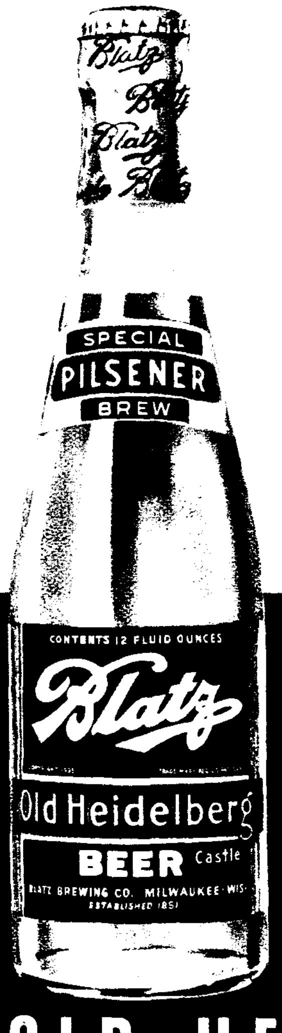
IN MILWAUKEE, BLATZ LEADS

MILWAUKEE is known for its fine beers. And right here in the beer capital of America, Blatz leads all the rest. Milwaukee's beer drinkers prefer Blatz bottle beer above any other brand.

This significant fact is verified by an independent survey of a great American newspaper. It's convincing proof that Blatz Old Heidelberg has a tempting, thirst-quenching flavor duplicated in no other beer.

Try Milwaukee's most popular bottle beer. It's a beer *for those who want the best.*

BLATZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
89 Years of Brewing Experience



Blatz

OLD HEIDELBERG BEER

Copyright 1940, Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

The time has come for Beech-Nut Gum

Bicycling! Tennis! Golf! All sports are extra fun when you refresh with Beech-Nut Gum. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and three flavors of candy-coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.) . . . famous for Beech-Nut flavor and quality.

Beech-Nut Gum

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT GUM
One of America's GOOD habits

she was. "I asked her what kind of trouble, and she cried, and I said over and over, 'What *kind* of trouble, Lottie?' and gradually it came to me—or perhaps it came in a flash—that I knew. Anyway, sitting there with her hands in mine and her face all tears—I'd never let Lottie cry before!—it seemed to me that I'd always known.

"I kept patting her hands, and swallowing, and looking away, and by and by I heard myself telling her, 'All right, darling, I'll take care of you. You mustn't cry. I'm here. We'll get out of this somehow.' When she'd stopped sobbing and was leaning against me, resting her hair against my cheek, I asked her who it was, if I knew the man. 'He'll marry you; any man would,' I told her; 'and after a little while, with your dear little baby, everything will begin to seem right again.' Of course I knew that with a nature like Lottie's it never *would* come right, but I had to comfort her.

" 'Em,' she said, 'he never can marry me. He's married.'

"Then she told me.

"FOR a few minutes the whole world seemed to rock and roar with it," Emma went on, talking in a low tone now, looking into space with narrowed eyes, seeming to be only thinking aloud. "It was as if a gun had gone off. My throat was thick and my head hurt. But I had to keep holding tight to her, telling her it was all right, that we'd get through—we'd get through somehow. Had she told anyone? No, nobody—nobody. She carried that secret for five months, Cherry, and even then she seemed as slim and quick as most girls, unless you knew.

"Well, she crouched there, and I patted her head and I thought and thought. I thought of him, rich and popular and free, and so glad his own wife's child was coming; I thought of him passing me in the hallway, always with some little joke. 'Watch your step, Emma! There's a destroyer in town and the place is full of bluejackets!' and 'Emma, you've not been drinking my brandy again, have you?' And all the time knowing this. And I thought of Lottie going on for months and months, seeing me, planning my off Sundays and my vacation with me and keeping this from me. The bitterness of it seemed to suffocate me, but I said to myself, no, I mustn't die. Lottie'd have no chance at all without me, and I had to save Lottie.

"Fred and Lottie had seen each other lots of times, of course. They all knew my little sister, who used to come in from school now and then and stay with me. She told me—this night she told me what had happened. That in the spring she had come in one late afternoon at the beginning of the Easter vacation to surprise me and hadn't found me there. I'd gone with the old lady to Santa Barbara for two days; there was a stomach doctor there she used to consult. Well, Lottie came in, and didn't find me, and did find Fred. His wife was staying down in Burlingame for a few days, and he was supposed to go down himself to join her. But instead he took Lottie to dinner and they went somewhere to dance, and she told him that she'd always loved him.

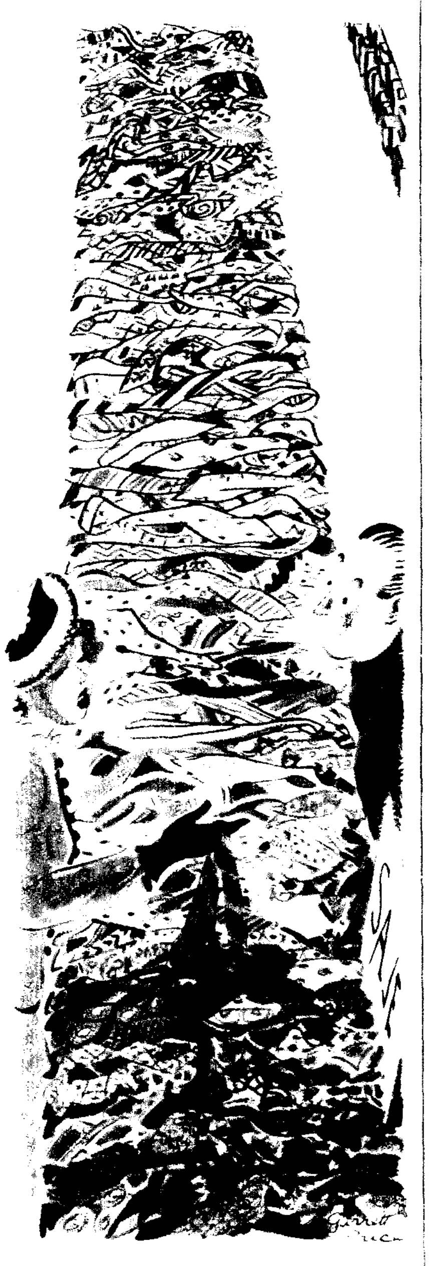
"They came back to the house about midnight; still no one there. Lottie went upstairs and went to bed. I'd left her a message I'd be home the next day. She thought Fred had gone, driving himself down to Burlingame that night. But he came upstairs—

"You're only twenty, Cherry, but you're a woman. That was the only time they were in each other's arms. The only time. She told me that if she had known then how she was to pay for it she would have killed herself rather than ever face me with that news."

The piny, warm darkness of the room, the dying embers of the fire, the swish of low leaves against the roof and the expressionless voice droning on. It was all more than ever like a strange dream.

"To think, Cherry, of the welcome they were getting ready for the Marshbanks baby, and of the way the world would treat my Lottie's unwanted little scrap, seemed to work like some terrible intoxicating poison in me. I put her to bed; she'd stayed at the house often enough; there was no comment by anyone; and if Fred Marshbanks ever had thought of her, he had probably put it all out of his mind, as a moment's foolish mistake months before.

"Lottie went off to sleep, and the next morning she was her quiet little self. Bonifacio, the Filipino servant we had then, brought up my breakfast, and I sent him down for another tray; that went placidly enough. And I began to think—my head was splitting with thinking by this time—if I could possibly keep Lottie safe up there, on the third floor of a big house. Where else would she be so hidden and so safe? I always was upstairs in my room for breakfast, I was as fussy about that then as I am now; my trays always had too much food on them, and Filipinos aren't talkers. I said to Bonifacio that my sister would be with me a good deal. It was none of his business; he didn't care. Lottie could come and go in the quiet hours of the day, and in the evenings. If we'd arranged for years to have this happen we couldn't have arranged it more safely for her.



"I'm afraid there's nothing here"

GARRETT PRICE

"I don't remember that we talked of it much. Weeks went by. Lottie expected her baby in January. She and I went on very quietly, reading the newspapers, sewing, talking. She embroidered beautifully, and I remember that we were marking blanket covers and monogramming napkins for the old Madame. 'Lottie didn't go back to school?' the old lady said to me one day. 'Lottie graduated, and you sent her twenty dollars, Madame.' 'Oh, so I did! She's with you now, Emma?' 'We're embroidering the new linen.' 'Of course. Remember, I'm paying Lottie for that just as if I'd had it done downtown!' That was all there was to that.

"I don't suppose Fred ever knew she was there, much less what else was there—his unborn baby under his own roof! He thought she'd never breathed it to me, of course. Perhaps he didn't know she was going to have one.

"I had arranged for Lottie to go to a good hospital for the confinement in January—"

"January!" Cherry interrupted. "But we were both born in November, Amy and I!"

"Yes, but one of you came two months too early." Emma went on with the story. "I was going to Fred, and if necessary bring in his brother, for the judge had moved out here then, and have them acknowledge his child. But it all came out differently.

"Lottie was quiet, talking with me, planning with me, that sometimes I didn't know what she was thinking inside, whether the thing meant to her what it meant to me. But she felt everything—the shock of it and the shame of it—"

EMMA'S voice stopped for a minute. When she took up the thread of her history again she seemed to have a momentary difficulty in enunciating:

"She'd been as pure as a child up to that night with Fred; she hadn't known how life was. The shock, the horror of what Fred did, meant far more to her than that she was going to have a baby. Motherhood wakes a girl up; she's a woman then, and she begins to bear pain and shame and loneliness and fear like a woman.

"But she didn't complain; she went on very quietly, and we were discussing arrangements for January when I came upstairs one wet November afternoon to find her writhing in bed. Her trouble had come upon her two months too soon and she'd set her teeth and was going through it all alone. The room was dark, and the rain pouring down, and she seemed to me, with her red face and her wild hair and her teeth gritted, like an animal in a trap. I knew what to do; there was chloroform downstairs; I went and got it, and eased her off now and then, and presently I slipped down and telephoned old Doctor Povlitski. He had been a friend of mine when I took the nurses' training course in the hospital, and I knew he would keep our secret.

"The old Madame was out, Fred wasn't home, and Fred's wife was dozing in her room. The doctor came in quietly the side way—I looked out for that—but fifteen minutes before he arrived Lottie's little girl, very tiny, but healthy enough, was born. There was nothing for him to do; he went away, and left her to me. And then I had some thinking to do again, for there isn't any hiding a new baby very long. But she was a good baby.

"Four nights later, Lottie'd been lying there very quietly and the baby was as good as gold, when she said to me, 'What's the excitement downstairs?'

"I was surprised that she'd heard it, for the room I had her in was way at the back of the house, but there had been a good deal of laughing and calling, and so

Blended 33 Times to Make One Great Beer

PABST
BLUE RIBBON

It Takes 33 Separate Brews to Make a Single Glass of This Delicious Beer!

As thousands of beer lovers set down a cool, clear glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon, they say: "Gosh, how do they do it?"

Well, one swift answer is . . . 33 *Blends!* . . . Not one, or two, or five, but 33 separate "brews" from 33 separate kettles!

Each brew is as fine as choicest ingredients and Pabst's 96 years of experience can make it!

But brewing is a *natural* process, and Nature never yields two brews that are exactly alike even with the same formula and strict scientific control. That's why Pabst goes to so much extra work and expense to bring together 33 separate brews in perfect blend—dictated by the Blue Ribbon formula.

As in the finest champagnes, coffee, tobacco, it's expertly balanced *blending* that gives Blue Ribbon its unvarying goodness.

The result is: America's Premium Beer . . . with a smoothness that is unique . . . and a taste that is always the same. . . . Sometime today, have the pleasure of meeting Blue Ribbon.

It's the **BLEND** *that Betters the Beer*

Try **Pabst Blue Ribbon** *and Prove it*

Copyright 1940, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

5 Reasons why it's America's Premium Beer

1—**ONLY PABST** insures quality through *complete* processing of all grains—uses none malted or milled by others.

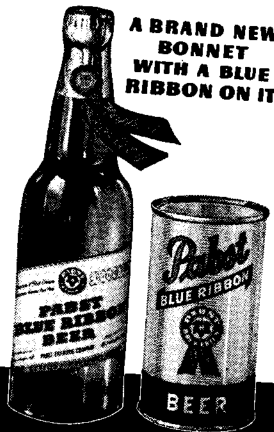
2—**96 YEARS** of brewing fine beer . . . over 20 billion glasses!

3—**FIRST** to introduce brewing of true lager beer to Milwaukee (1851).

4—**28 SCIENTISTS** guard every step from grain to glass . . . grow the pure culture yeast used exclusively by Pabst.

5—**BLENDED 33 TIMES** . . . for flavor, for smoothness, for unvarying goodness.

A BRAND NEW BONNET WITH A BLUE RIBBON ON IT



First in the Homes of America — and the Largest Selling American Beer in the Rest of the World!

CHRIS-CRAFT PHOTO

1940

More Fun days on your Jersey Vacation

New Jersey's where vacation weather comes sooner—stays later. You'll want to, too. *Warmer* water invites you—*Sportier* golf courses say "come now." In mountain stream, lake and ocean, hungry fish are waiting. All the fun of seashore or hamlet, lake or mountains (or even the World's Fair)—are right at your fingertips when you make New Jersey your summer home. Vacation as you like it—there's no premium on the extra days of summer here. What's more, vacation rates and other costs are *really* low. See your travel agent or mail this coupon. Travel America this year.

NEW JERSEY COUNCIL

New Jersey Council, Dept. C54-2, State House
Trenton, New Jersey
Kindly send me three booklets giving authentic information for a New Jersey vacation:
(1) New Jersey; "The Nation's Playground"
(2) Hotel Guide (3) Road Map

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________

I made some errand to go down to Mrs. Fred's room, and then came up and reported. Mrs. Fred's father had arrived, and had brought the baby everything—his pram and chair and crib, his silver bowl and plate, and they'd been opening them up and making a great fuss.

"Well, old Mr. Wellington went away, and the Madame went to her room, and things settled down. As soon as she could be moved I was going to get Lottie to a boardinghouse I knew of. I'd been to see the woman and told her that my cousin's husband was in the merchant marine; I'd even found out the name of a ship that I said he was on. So I was breathing easier, for I thought even if old Madame discovered Lottie's baby, I could cook up some story of a marriage and say that the child had come early, which was true, and that they were leaving immediately.

"SO I settled her and the baby off for the night, and went to my room. This was maybe eleven o'clock. I was undressed, and just getting into bed when I heard the baby cry and went into Lottie's room.

"Her bed was tumbled and she was gone. I rushed back into the hall, all the doors in every direction were closed, and I ran to the stairhead and saw lights in the hallway below and Lottie crossing it. Then I heard Lottie's voice in Amelia's room—Mrs. Fred's room, and then Fred shouting. I don't know how I got down there. Mrs. Fred had stumbled back toward her bed and was staring at Lottie. There was a terrible silence when I got there, and then Amelia said in a whisper, 'You lie!'

"'I don't lie,' Lottie said. She was so weak that she was leaning against a chair as if she had no bones in her body, and her voice was hoarse and weak too. 'Ask him!' she said. 'He had what he wanted from me seven months ago; he said it was right; it was no sin because we loved each other! And it's not fair, it's not fair that your child will have everything—wealth and position and cribs and bowls—and all I get is disgrace!' Poor little Lottie, she was beside herself, she didn't know what she was saying.

"'Don't,' Fred said, 'oh, *don't* let my mother know about this!' Amelia looked at him, and her face was like chalk. 'Fred, it isn't true?' she said. 'Yes,' he said very quietly, 'it's true.'

"That was all I heard. I got Lottie upstairs; I was afraid it had killed her. She was crying wildly by that time, and I had a terrible time quieting her. But after a while she sobbed only now and then, and her eyes closed—dreadfully sunk they were, and her face was so bloodless—I was creeping back to bed again when the old Madame called me. Amelia was having hysterics and for a few minutes it seemed as if we couldn't bring her around. From screaming with laughter she went into real screaming, and in a few minutes I told Fred to call the hospital and tell her doctor we were taking her there—that the baby was coming. But we didn't have time to move her. Old Mrs. Marshbanks was coming in and out of her room in her wrapper now—no good at all—and Fred was beside himself with terror. 'Can it live if it comes now?' he asked me in the hall. I said it could, but when the poor tiny baby slipped into the world it didn't look as if it could last an hour.

"The doctor was there then and had brought a nurse; they had the ambulance at the door and they said Amelia was sinking—it was only a matter of minutes unless they could get her to the hospital for a transfusion. Fred had rushed on ahead to have his blood tested, and Madame went with the doctor and Amelia. 'I'm afraid the baby won't live,' the doctor said to me, for you were as blue as an iceberg and about as cold."

"I was!" Cherry exclaimed in a stricken whisper. Her fascinated eyes never left Emma's eyes gleaming in the shadows.

"Yes, it was you. Your little fists were almost transparent; your poor little knees bent up against you like a dead bird's feet, your eyes were sunk into your head, and your mouth was open, cawing, as if you couldn't get air. I did what I could with hot water and an eyedropper, fixed the crib, tearing open the packages of blankets and new beautiful monogrammed sheets, laid you in them with a hot-water bottle at your feet and ran upstairs to tell Lottie and get my night wrapper.

"'Mrs. Fred's had her poor little baby,' I said to Lottie. 'It's a valvular case, I think. It can't live the night through. I'm going down to sit by it and wait until the old Madame comes back.'

"Then I went downstairs and began a long vigil. Once Mrs. Marshbanks telephoned—horrible the bell sounded too, in the dark winter night. Fred's wife was very low. How was the baby? I had to say something cheerful; I said she looked much better now that she was washed. It was about five o'clock when Fred came in. I'd been within hearing of the child all the time, but I'd gone into the dressing room to drink a cup of coffee and twice I'd been out to the telephone in Mrs. Marshbanks' room.

"He looked deathly; they'd taken a pint of blood from him, saving Amelia's life, he said. But she was still in a terrible state, and had wanted him beside her, holding her hand. He came in to fling himself down for some sleep. But first he took a look at the baby.

"'Why, Emma, she's small but she'll make the grade. She looks like a different baby!' he said. I went over and looked down expecting to see you, breathing your very last, maybe—but instead I recognized Lottie's child."

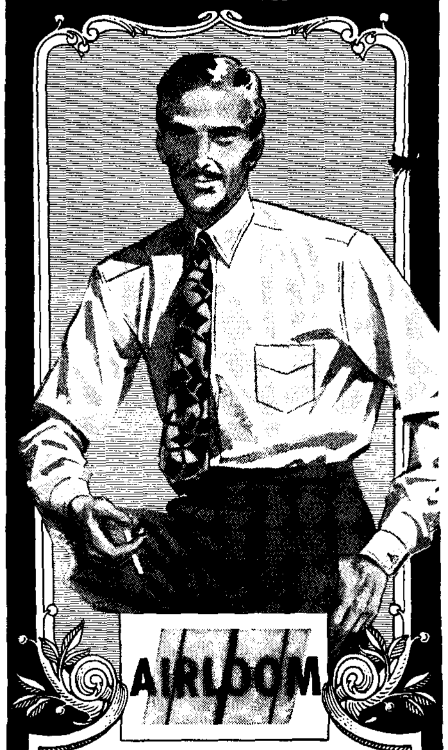
Emma's breath had been coming shallow and fast as she reached the last phrases. Now she was perfectly still, and the room was still. But Cherry could hear the wind whining in the redwood branches outside.

"She'd changed them—changed us!" Cherry said in a whisper.

"Lottie. She'd slipped downstairs while I was out of the room, put her own baby into the crib, carried you upstairs. I don't know," Emma said, "whether—if I'd had time to think, if I'd had my wits about me—I mightn't have told him, then and there. But I was like a person struck senseless. What it meant to me, what it meant to Lottie, what it would give Lottie's baby if the other baby died, and if Lottie mightn't be in danger of—oh, I don't know what, prison maybe—if they found her out. Anything!

"I STOOD there, struck silent, and before we turned away Mrs. Marshbanks and old Mr. Wellington were in the room. 'Not living, Emma?' she said, coming to the crib. 'Living!' Fred said, 'and she looks all right! She's tiny, but she looks all right.' 'Why, little girl,' the old man said, in that kind voice of his, 'you may stay with us yet. This is good news for Amelia,' he said, 'and we'll get it to her right away. Yes,' he said, 'you catch onto my finger as if you had a good deal of spunk, baby. Emma, I thank God for this! The doctor told us it was one chance in a hundred. My little granddaughter looks pretty well, to me!'

"That finished me. I couldn't say a word then. I thought of the little thing upstairs, perhaps dead already. It came to me that this would save Lottie from shame, from responsibility. She was only nineteen. She didn't love—how could she love?—her baby. It was Fred's child, after all, and it might save his wife from bitter grief, perhaps from death, to have it to raise as her own.


WILSON-*EXCLUSIVES*
SANFORIZED

AIRLOOM

YOU'LL feel the temperature drop the moment you get into an AIRLOOM. This cool, light, porous texture makes the perfect summer shirt. AIRLOOMS in Wilson-*Exclusive* shirts are $2.

CONGO TIE
Shown on shirt, $1
In selected stores or write
Wilson Brothers, Chicago

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE AND AN EXTRA MILE TO
Stop over in St. Louis

EVER SEE MONKEYS RIDE BIKES?
Thrill to our Zoo stars.
EVER SEE LINDBERGH'S TROPHIES?
St. Louis is their home.
EVER SEE OPERA UNDER THE STARS?
Our Muny Opera is world-famous.
EVER SEE OL' MAN RIVER?
He's right on our doorstep.
EVER SEE A PANDA?
We have two . . . stop and see them.

Historic as the Mason Dixon Line . . . modern as the Yankee Clipper. Going north, east, south, west, St. Louis is worth your while.

To assure the success of your visit, let Hotel Mayfair be your host. Here you'll find hospitality to warm your heart . . . guest-controlled air-conditioned rooms to cool your night's rest . . . famous food and drink . . . bath, radio, ice water in every room.

At Hotel Mayfair, the town's at your doorstep. Circle St. Louis on your roadmap or time table . . . and stop at the Mayfair.

Rates—$3.50 or less, single; $5.00 or less, double. Special rates for families.

COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED
HOTEL
Mayfair
Eighth & St. Charles • St. Louis, Mo.
Nearby Parking and Garages

"I don't think I thought it all out, Cherry. But anyway, I acted as if I had. I heard my own voice saying, 'She's had a bath and some sleep, and she does look stronger.' I was trembling all over, as I am now, remembering it, but I said it easily enough. Immediately Fred burst into tears; he was a tenderhearted fellow, and he'd grown up some that night. The judge and old Mr. Wellington said they'd go back to the hospital and wait until Amelia was awake, and give her the good news; Mrs. Marshbanks said she must have some coffee and sleep.

"Fred followed me into the hall. 'Emma,' he said, 'you know what your sister said last night, after my wife fainted?'

"I was so tired—so frightened, all I could do was nod.

" 'Was it true?' he asked me. 'Is she going to have a baby? Emma, she couldn't! We'd had such a happy time that evening, and she was so sweet, so little and young and loving. I've been married six years, and Amelia and I have always wanted a baby. . . . It couldn't be that Lottie—! Tell me that she was scaring me, that she's not going to have a baby!'

" 'No, she's not going to have a baby,' I said, looking him right in the eye.

" 'Oh, thank God, thank God! If she heard anything or guesses anything I can tell my wife that!' he said. 'Tell her I'm sorry. That I've always been sorry.'

"He went into his room. I went upstairs to Lottie's room. She was lying in bed, wide awake, with a rested, triumphant expression in her eyes.

" 'My little girl,' she said in a whisper, 'will have what she's entitled to. This one will be no worse off. Look at her, Emma, she can't live. Who's hurt? Little Charlotte's with her own father, and a nameless little baby gets buried.'

"I couldn't speak about it. The world seemed to have gone to pieces about me. I didn't know where to begin thinking, much less talking. I went over and looked at you. It would have killed Amelia Marshbanks to give up the healthy child that was asleep downstairs and put the leaden little thing that was you in her place. You seemed hardly breathing; for days you flickered between life and death. And if you had gone, Lottie's baby was safe and you no worse off.

"They moved their baby to the hospital that first day. A nurse came and bundled her up, asking me for blankets and a silk veil for the little face, and saying to me, 'This is a very important baby, you know. We think her grandfather's going to give us the new maternity ward.'

"WELL, that's all. You know all the rest. You went on breathing; you were dying, but you didn't die. Every hour seemed the last but it wasn't. Days went by, and Lottie and I took you to the country. I'd told Fred, after that night, that of course I'd go; he needn't be afraid he'd ever see us again. But later he sent for me, and when I confessed that my sister had had a child—*his* child—he then made the provision that you know of. You grew strong and big, much stronger than Amy, and I tried—" The speaker's voice thickened; there was a pause.

"I tried not to like you, Cherry. When you came to Mrs. Porter's I tried to remember poor Lottie's triumph and her revenge. But it wasn't any use. You nursed me, you brought me Cappy—"

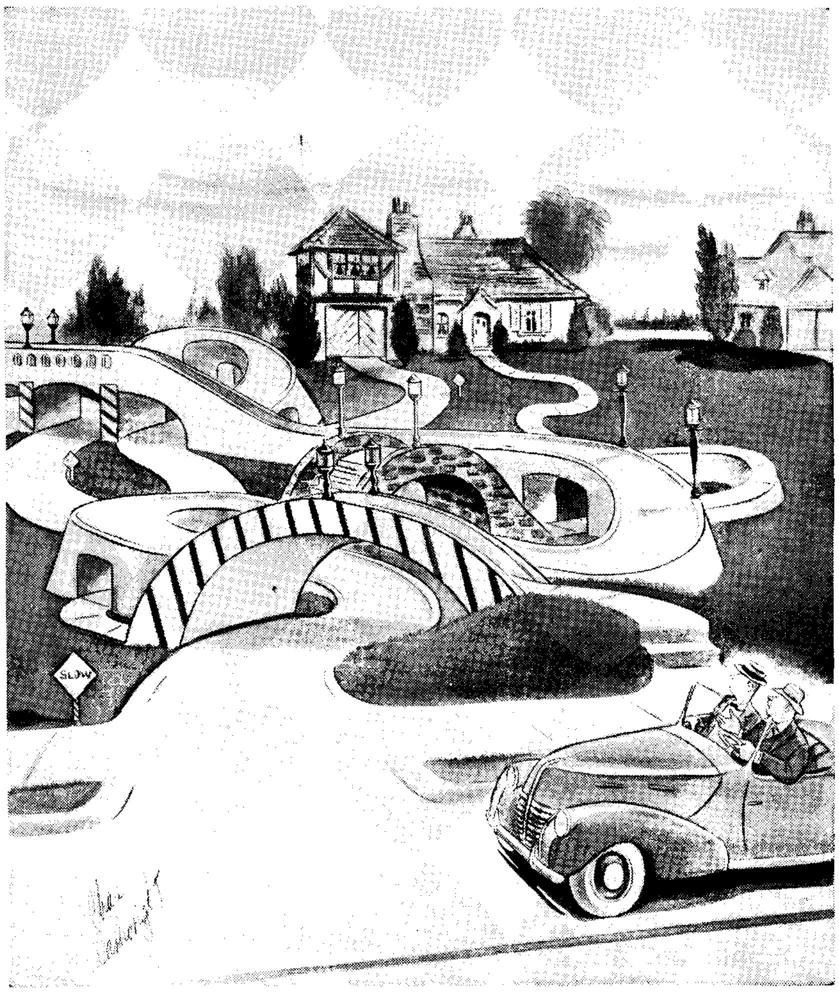
Emma stopped abruptly, stroking the cat, who had jumped into her lap.

"That's all," she said, and there was another silence.

"Who knows, Aunt Emma?" Cherry said then, hoarsely.

"Nobody knows. Lottie died of pneumonia when you were seven. No one else knows." She paused. "In a few weeks, if you like, you can tell the judge this. For I think he knows something," Emma said. "It is only my idea; there may be no foundation for it."

(To be continued next week)



"—and this is the home of our highway commissioner"

CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

COME ON ALONG!

It's time for you to see amazing America!

● Everything has conspired to make this the best year in history for exploring the limitless attractions of your own country. It is *"Travel America Year"* by Presidential proclamation — by the trend of world events — by the convenience and low cost of motor bus transportation.

Never has Greyhound offered so much comfort and luxury, at such low fares! To its present great fleet of Super-Coaches (the last word in motorized transportation) are now added hundreds of *new-type* Super-Coaches, completely air-conditioned and even more brilliantly designed for travel ease. Both of the big World's Fairs, every popular vacation spot and great city are reached directly by Greyhound or connecting lines. And remember—the assured saving in fare means *extra* clothes, *extra* miles of travel, *extra* pleasure every day of your trip!

LAKE IN A VOLCANO, OREGON

HISTORY-BOOK LAND, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

HIGHWAY THROUGH A TREE, CALIFORNIA

only $69.95 for Grand Circle Tour of America Including BOTH WORLD'S FAIRS

UNDERGROUND BOATING, HOWE CAVERNS, N.Y.

OLD FAITHFUL (EVERY 70 MINUTES)

BUSES GO TO SEA, KEY WEST, FLORIDA

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

New York City . 245 W. 50th Street
Cleveland, O. . East 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa. . Broad St. Station
Chicago, Ill. . . . . . 12th & Wabash
Washington, D. C. . . . . 1110 New York Ave., N. W.
Detroit, Mich. Wash. Blvd. at Gr. River
San Francisco, Cal., Pine & Battery Sts.
Minneapolis, Minn., 509 Sixth Ave., N.
Boston, Mass. . . . 60 Park Square
St. Louis, Mo., Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Ft. Worth, Tex. . 905 Commerce Street
Charleston, W. Va. . 155 Summers St.
Cincinnati, O. . . 630 Walnut Street
Richmond, Va. . 412 E. Broad Street
Memphis, Tenn. . . 527 N. Main St.
New Orleans, La., 400 N. Rampart St.
Lexington, Ky. . . 801 N. Limestone
Windsor, Ont. . . 403 Ouellette Ave.
Montreal, Canada, Provincial Transport Co. . 1188 Dorchester St., West

The GREYHOUND LINES

For Full Trip Information and Free Travel Booklets

Just mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound Information Office, listed above, to get a most informative pictorial booklet all about: NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ☐, SAN FRANCISCO'S GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION ☐, NEW ENGLAND VACATIONS ☐, MICHIGAN VACATIONS ☐, CALIFORNIA, ALL THE WEST ☐, COOL NORTHWEST ☐, GREAT SMOKIES & SOUTHERN BEACHES ☐, EXPENSE-PAID TOURS ☐. (Please check only the one you desire.) If you want rates and information on any special trip, jot down place you wish to visit, on margin below.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________ CO-5

If that's HOT WATER
...I'm a GLAMOR GIRL
RUUD GAS WATER HEATER WITH MONEL TANK

Now listen, Mr. Glump, cussing out the faucet won't get you anywhere. Either grow a set of whiskers like your grandfather's or go modern and get Monel-protected Ruud Hot Water.

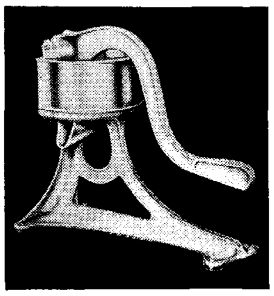
Your troubles are over, when Ruud Hot Water starts to flow in your home. You get *24-hour hot water service* without ever lifting a finger.

Monel-protected means water that is not only hot but *clean.* As clear and rust-free as if it came from a sparkling mountain stream. That's because the solid Monel tank inside the Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater is 100 per cent rust proof. It carries a 20-year guarantee in writing against leaks or failure due to rust or corrosion.

Today—ask your gas company, plumber or dealer in bottled or tank gas to give you all the interesting facts about Ruud Automatic Water Heaters burning gas, the modern money-saving fuel. Write for free booklet, "Go Gas for Hot Water."

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANT This Juicer?



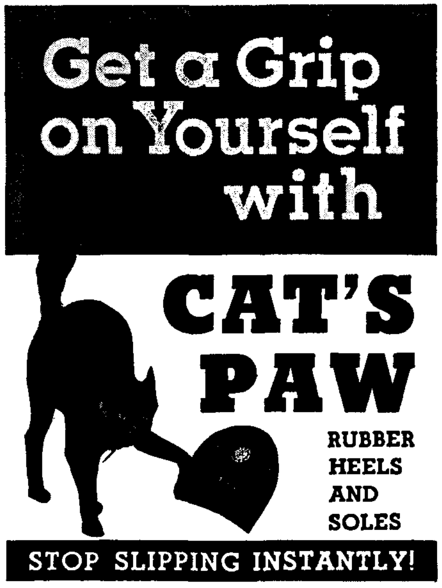
THIS polished aluminum juice extractor will not rust or corrode. Light and powerful, it strains the last drop of juice. Saves time and fruit!

IT'S YOURS for selling only two 1-year COLLIER'S subscriptions at $2.00 each to persons living outside your home. Offer good in U.S.A. only. Simply pin subscribers' names and addresses to this ad. Then, mail with check or money order for $4.00 to—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-18
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

A Boon to Mothers! Thousands of mothers enjoy earning extra dollars in their spare moments when taxes are due and new clothes are needed. Why don't you write for our free booklet?

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department 109, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Beauty and the Bull

Continued from page 20

a long period of rigorous training that began when they were quite young.

Conchita meets all the requirements in the latter respect. Her interest in the art first blossomed when she was eleven. As for temperament, she is delightfully free of that. She gets as much fun out of her performance as the spectators. Perhaps that's one reason why she has come so far.

It was through her love of horses and riding that her interest in bullfighting was awakened. One day when she was eleven—her home at the time was in suburban San Isidro, five kilometers out of Lima—she heard of a riding school that had been opened in the city by Ruy da Camara, a Portuguese who had gone out to Lima as consular representative of his country. She persuaded her parents to let her enroll for high schooling and equitation.

An Expert at Thirteen

Da Camara, her riding master, was impressed by her aptness and they talked much of horses. It was inevitable that bullfighting should be included in these talks. Da Camara had been a famous *rejoneador* back in Portugal, where the skill of the horse complements that of the man and the bull isn't killed. He told his pupil how horses were trained for the bull ring, of the fine co-operation between rider and mount to outwit, outrun and outmaneuver the bull.

Conchita caught the thrill of it and made up her mind to be a fine *matadora* as well as a fine horsewoman. Da Camara, sympathetic with the ambition he had stirred, proved a careful, methodical trainer. As the girl improved in her horsemanship, she was taught the basic routine of bullfighting, both on horseback and afoot. When she was thirteen her training was extended to include workouts with "some little cows," as she put it.

"But they were not just ordinary cows," she explained quickly. "They were cows of a breed that produces fighting bulls for the ring, and consequently afforded plenty of excitement at that stage of my training."

While she was still thirteen, Conchita made her first public appearance, as an amateur, of course, at Lima. A group of public-spirited women decided to sponsor a charity benefit with a bullfight as the closing event. It required no more than a suggestion from her trainer for Conchita to put her bullfight training into practice. She stole the show at the Lima benefit by engaging two small bulls from horseback. As in the fights in Portugal, there was no kill. That was in January, 1936.

A few months later—she was now going on fourteen—Conchita made her professional debut in Lisbon. Da Camara, who had returned to Portugal for a vacation, couldn't resist having his countrymen, who know bullfighting on horseback, see what his favorite pupil, and a girl at that, could do. He arranged two performances for her, cabled the news back to Lima.

During five months in Portugal, she fought several times, won her laurels and returned to Lima. Two years later, on July 28, 1938, she made her first professional appearance as a *matadora,* that is, a fighter on foot, in Peru. Not quite sixteen, she had come a long way in the technique of the ring. She was now a *rejoneadora matadora.*

Conchita's first fight in Mexico was on August 20, 1939, in the national capital, less than a month after she turned seventeen. It all came about as the result of a visit to Lima of Jesus (Chucho) Solorzano, one of the ranking Mexican fighters. Solorzano saw Conchita fight, was impressed, invited her to Mexico to try out her skill on some of the bull-ring stock, cows at first, on his brother's rancho near Mexico City.

With her mother and her manager, she arrived in the capital July 31st. She tried the Solorzano cows, found them exciting, and Solorzano arranged two fights for her. She caught the fancy of the fans and was off like a whirlwind.

Nearly every Sunday since, Conchita has appeared in the ring somewhere in Mexico. She has fought three times in Mexico City; has appeared in the rings at Puebla, Pachuca, Ciudad Juarez where many Americans saw her, Saltillo, Monterrey, Torreon, Guadalajara, Querétaro—nearly every city of size that boasts an arena. In some of them she has fought return engagements, definite evidence of her popularity.

Recently, by reason of the prolonged vivas of the fans, she was awarded the gold trophy as best performer at the traditional *Corrida de Covadonga* at Tampico. This annual affair, in the best Spanish tradition, is one of much gaiety, reminiscent of the grand, brave days of the past. The girls appear in beautiful old Spanish dresses; there is laughter and fun and much applause. Conchita was presented with the *Medalla de Covadonga* at a ceremony in the Spanish center that night after the fight. The inscription reads: "Honor to Art and Valor." Chucho Solorzano fought that day in the same *corrida.*

Matadors are Jealous

But Conchita didn't get the headlines in the reports of the fight sent to the Mexico City press. As has been hinted, it is still a man's world in Mexico and certain prerogatives must be preserved. As, for instance, the past February when Conchita was under contract to appear in the Mexico City ring but didn't because one of the big-shot *toreros* had temperamental pains. It's understandable, though.

Suppose, just for the sake of illustration, Conchita should have first billing in a *corrida* with some of the stellar male performers. Let's say that she should play her bulls perfectly, dispatch them neatly to the wild huzzas of the fans. Then suppose one of the male fighters, following her, should have a poor day. The emotional fans always quick to express disapproval of a poor showing, might yell: "Let Conchita show you how to do it!" Popular bullfighters have to take such things into consideration.

But Conchita takes it in her stride. She has friends among the fighters and countless fans among the populace. "The public is the most important, so far as a fighter's popularity is concerned," she commented. "And the most important thing so far as the fight is concerned is never to lose sight of the bull." She has been grazed, brushed on occasions by a charging bull, but never really hurt. She keeps her eyes on them.

As for her horses, two of them have long scars as souvenirs of ripping horns. But the wounds are nicely healed. Conchita saw to that. To observe her with her stable of highly trained mounts is to know that horses are a major interest in her life. She uses four at present.

Conchita and Manager Da Camara declined at first to put a value on the stable. There are so many things to be considered besides the mere worth of horseflesh. Then they put their heads together and said 30,000 pesos for the four would be somewhere close to the figure. That's $5,000 at today's exchange rate.

"When I was training back in Peru," the girl recalled while the subject of mounts was on her mind, "I used a mare, which is very unusual, for mares are seldom, if ever, used in bullfighting. But she was an unusual mare. Her name was Miss Ruth. It was hard for the Peruvian tongue to get the name right, so she became 'Mizraw.' Prior to leaving for Lisbon, I used her in my farewell fight in Lima. Eight days before I sailed she died. She was one of the best."

The smart, colorful fighting costume used by the girl is of Portuguese cut and make. She also uses the Portuguese saddle, with its heavy wooden stirrups and a lot of shining brass embossing, into which she fits snugly but without restriction of leg or body movement.

Conchita is earning through her skill and daring considerably more than most girls of her age. She gets from 7,000 to 10,000 pesos a performance, which, roughly speaking, is $1,100 to $1,600. Four Sunday afternoons a month at that figure make very interesting reading.

Conchita so far, taking into consideration her performances in Peru and Portugal, has dispatched more than sixty bulls. Judging by her youth and her love of the art—and counting on luck—this is only the beginning.

There have been tentative feelers from Hollywood, offers to appear in bloodless bullfights in the United States, a proposal to make a full-length screen story in Mexico of her life under the title of Bullfighting Blood. The horses and bullfighting have the inside track where her ambition and plans are concerned.

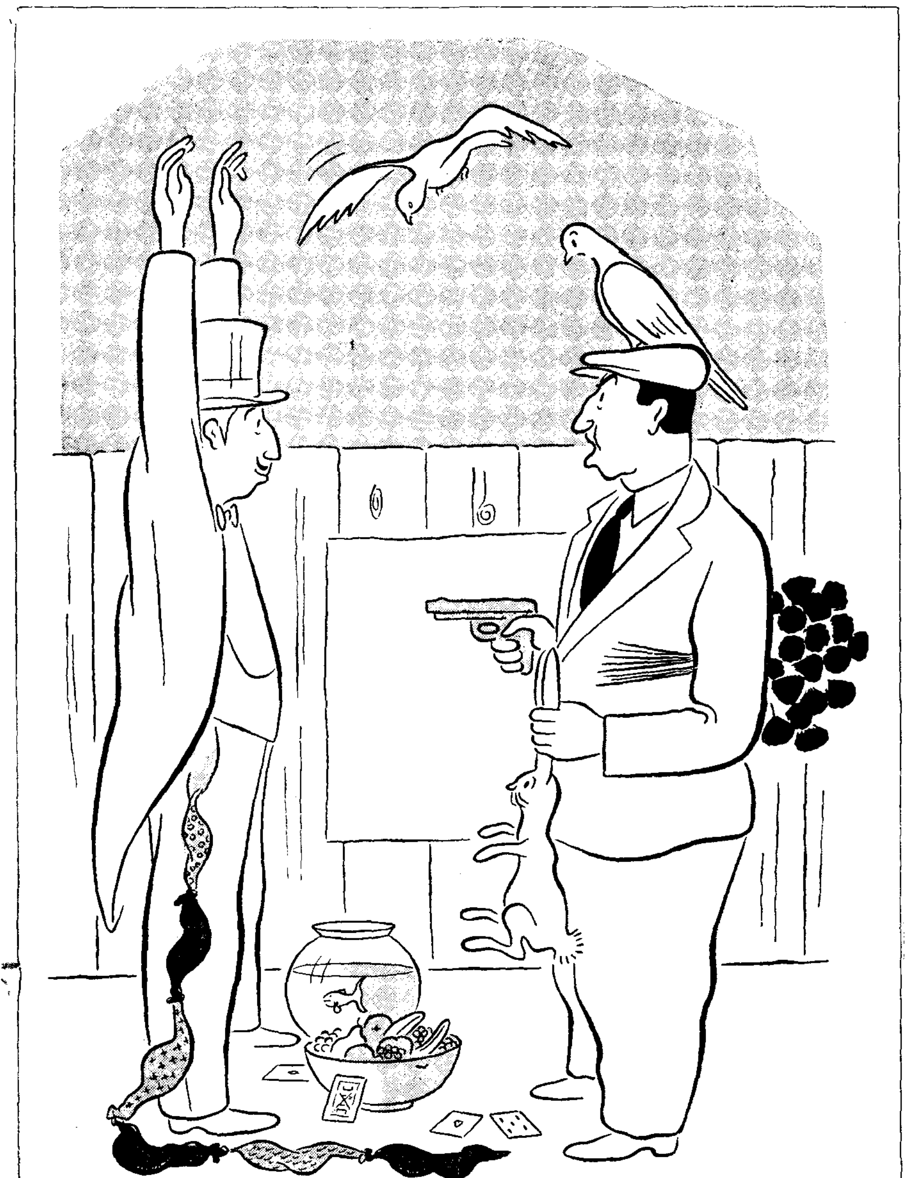
She has her particular field almost to herself. There have been, there are today, a few women exponents of the art of bullfighting. But full-fledged *matadoras*, especially full-fledged *rejoneadoras matadoras*, are very rare. Having earned the title, the slender Peruviana's desire to brighten it up with continuing conquests is not difficult to understand.

The fans call her a Peruviana because she has spent most of her life in Peru. The impresarios so bill her for the obvious reason that origin in a Latin country is as important for a bullfighter as a Russian name is for a ballet dancer.

But between us, in a little flag-waving session, she's really an American. Her father, Francisco Cintron, Jr., was born of Spanish parents in Puerto Rico and graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point. He's now a businessman of Lima where he lives with the other and youngest member of the family, seven-year-old David.

Conchita's mother was born Loyola (shortened to Lola now) K. Verrill, in Connecticut, one of four children of Alpheus Hyatt Verrill, author, illustrator, naturalist and explorer, who since 1924 has been with the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York. As for that item about Irish influence in Conchita's life, it is Grandmother Verrill who was named McCarthy.

Despite her youth, Conchita is rather on the serious side. She speaks English and Spanish without accent and with equal fluency. In the bull ring, on horse or afoot, she fights in all languages, including the Scandinavian.



"Come on now—for the last time—where's your wallet?"

OUT-OF-TOWN but NOT OUT-OF-TOUCH!

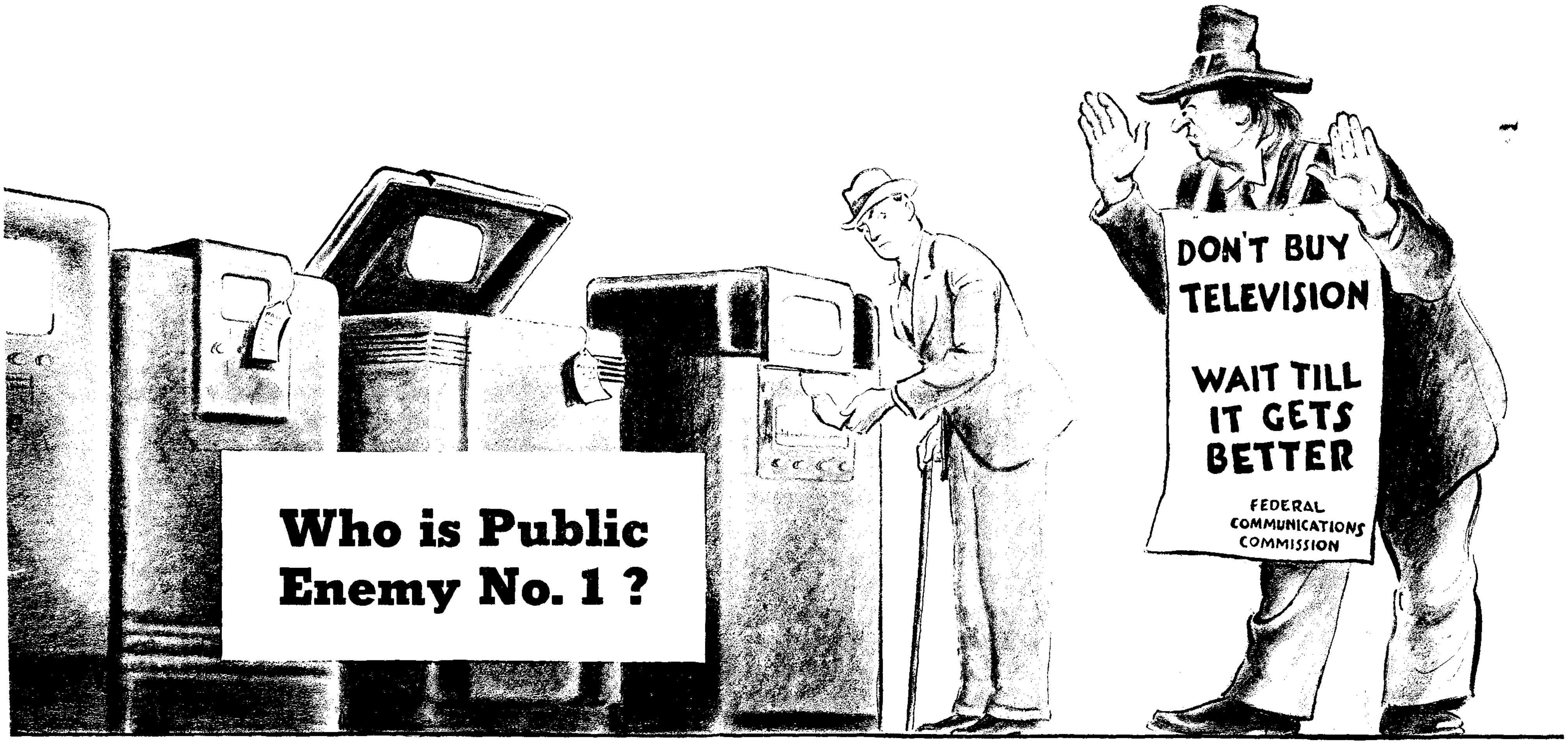
He's a stranger in a strange city. It took him two days to get here. But he's home again in two minutes!

His whole personal world is as near as the *telephone* at his elbow. Across the miles, he's chatting with his wife, chuckling with his children, or reporting to his boss.

The sound of familiar voices lessens loneliness. The news that "all's well" brings reassurance.

When you travel, remember that Long Distance makes life along the way much happier. Rates are lowest every evening after 7 and all day Sunday.

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Direc



Who is Public Enemy No. 1 ?

AS AMERICA'S current Public Enemy No. 1, we give you, not some crook whose scalp federal, state and local coppers yearn to cop, but an arm of the United States government itself.

As America's current Public Enemy No. 1, we give you the Federal Communications Commission—FCC for short.

This board of seven members, each of them drawing $10,000 a year, was set up in 1934 and charged with supervising radio. It replaced the old Federal Radio Commission—a public nuisance in its time, but nothing as compared with the monumental nuisance the FCC rapidly became.

Under the chairmanship of one Frank R. McNinch, the FCC did its best to set up government censorship over radio programs, while piously disclaiming any such intention.

There was the Mae West "Adam and Eve" broadcast excitement—an alleged radio indiscretion, which should have been left to the listeners-in to rap with warning letters to the program's sponsors if they wanted to, not raised by the FCC to the dignity of a national issue.

The FCC encouraged busybodies and professional croakers to agitate against horse opera and superman radio serials for children. This furor culminated in the Orson Welles Martian invasion hoax hullabaloo. The FCC kicked up such a dust about that that the broadcasters, never a very gallant crew, hamstrung themselves with a so-called self-governance code so namby-pamby as to make Will H. Hays of the movies look like the big, bad wolf.

All this was bad enough, in that it was a series of assaults on American intelligence and the right of free speech and free discussion.

Now, however, the FCC has a new chairman, a Mr. James Lawrence Fly, and since Mr. Fly's accession to power last September the FCC has raised itself from a mere monumental public nuisance to the status, in our estimation, of Public Enemy No. 1.

This Mr. Fly is exactly the sort of person we can't see as virtual czar over the nation's 800-odd radio stations and 55,000-plus amateur stations. Born near Dallas, Texas, in 1898, Mr. Fly qualified for the country's biggest radio job by, so far as we can make out, having nothing to do with communications all his life except for a short spell as a telephone-switchboard operator in his early youth.

He is a lawyer; was one of Felix Frankfurter's bright boys at Harvard; wangled a government job in the Department of Justice under President Hoover, and held over into the New Deal. Fly handled some antitrust cases, and did come within shouting distance of electricity by serving several years on the Tennessee Valley Authority's legal staff.

General Hugh S. Johnson calls Fly "The cockiest Fourth New Deal wight who ever figuratively and gleefully cut a tory's throat or scuttled an economic royalist's ship," and thinks that Flip (no, Henry, not Flit) would be a better name for him than Fly.

It was this gent who commandeered $10,000 worth of the NBC's choicest Red Network time one evening a while ago to warn the American people against buying present-day television sets, on the ground that these sets might soon be obsolete. And this was the act, as we see it, that qualified Fly's FCC as Public Enemy No. 1—honorably excepting one member, T. A. M. Craven, who habitually files minority reports flaying the indiscretions of the FCC majority.

Suppose Ford, Winton, Duryea and the other pioneers of the automobile's Bronze Age had been hobbled by government warnings against purchase of their cars, because they would soon be making better cars. Perhaps 1,000,000 of us would now have cars and they would have cost anywhere from $2,000 up apiece, and they would be about as efficient as cars actually became in the year 1910 or thereabout.

Because the automobile industry didn't have a Fly in its ointment, there are now about 30,000,000 cars in this country, most of them superb pieces of machinery and all of them bought at reasonable prices.

Suppose the government, back in the early 20's, had thrown its weight against people's desires for radio receiving sets with morning-glory loud-speakers and an infinite capacity for picking up static on the plea that better sets would presently be obtainable and we'd all be happy. A corporal's guard of us would now own radio sets and these sets would still be primitive, and poverty-stricken stations would still be broadcasting little besides vaudeville ham acts and phonograph records.

The inventors and promoters of any present-day comfort, convenience or mechanical appliance have got to get capital to work with, and the public has got to find the flaws and squawk about them, or the article's development will be badly delayed if it is not prevented altogether.

Fly, by this attempt to slit the economic throats of the alleged royalists of radio, has committed a crime against the economic, mechanical and scientific progress of all of us in this country.

We know of only one remedy. That is for Congress to hamstring Fly and his Communications Commission.

The FCC has one necessary function, and only one; namely, to allot wave lengths so that there will be the least possible duplication and jamming as between radio stations.

Congress should simply cut the FCC's work down to the bare bones of this one necessary function by a statute that cannot be misunderstood.

If these bureaucrats are permitted to go on grabbing more power, as bureaucrats do whenever and wherever they can, they will cripple our radio industry. Thereby, they will ruin one of our important means of communication in peace and war, of mass entertainment, and of mass education.